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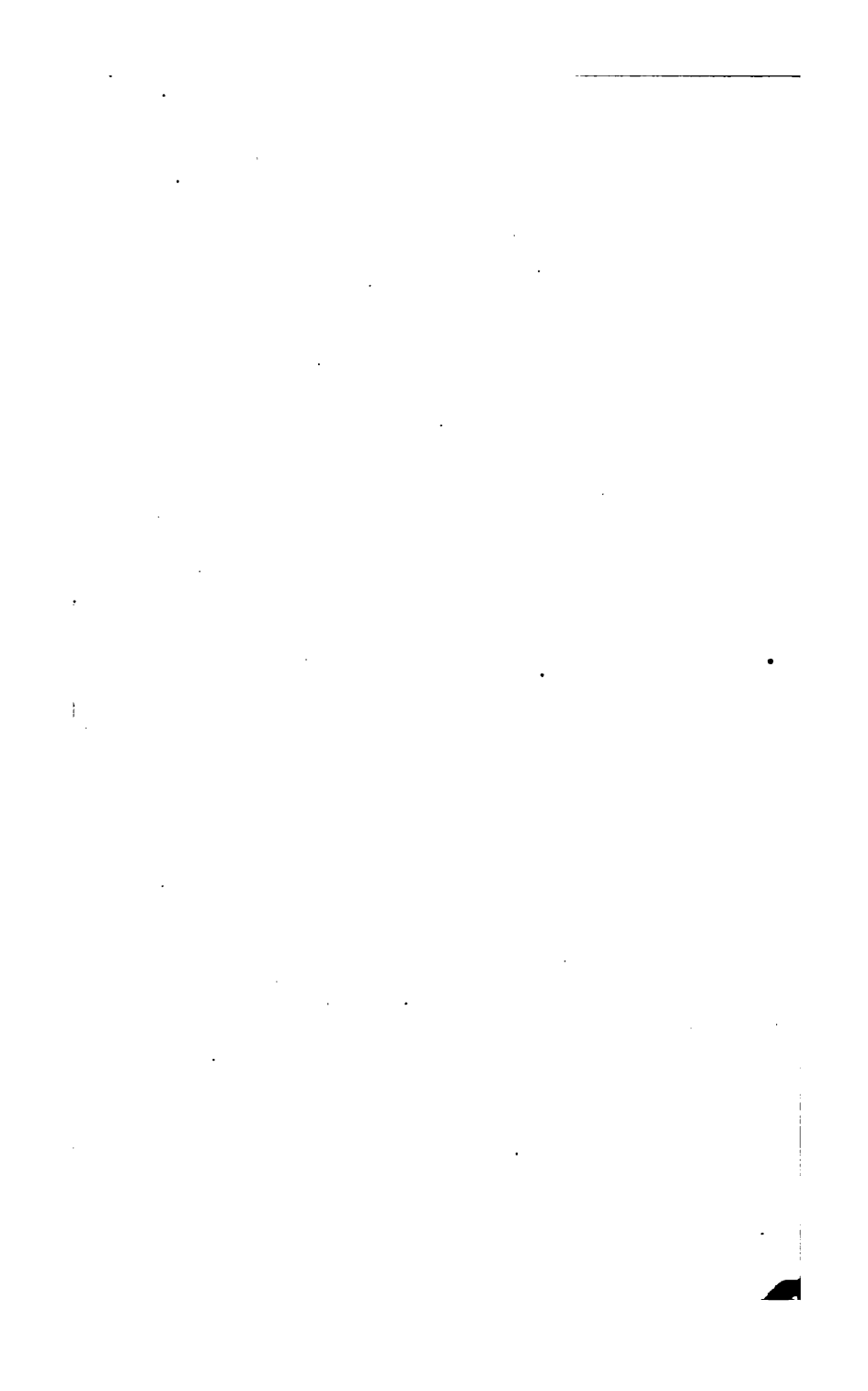
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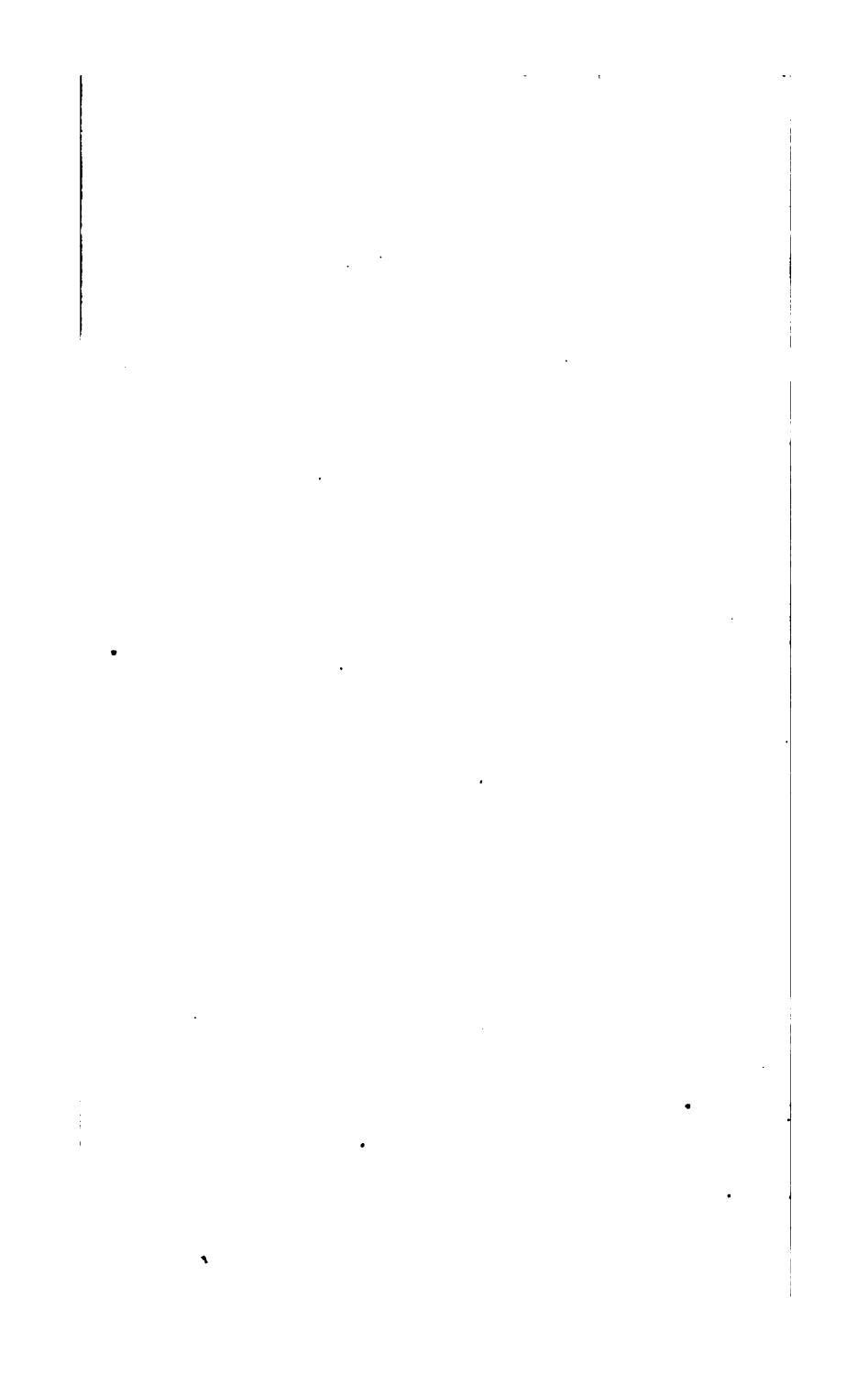
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*From the folklore collection formed
by Lucy Orne Bowditch and Charles
Pickering Bowditch presented to the*
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY



L. O. Bowditch





RHYMES
OF
Northern Bards:

BEING A CURIOUS
COLLECTION

OF OLD AND NEW

SONGS AND POEMS,

Peculiar to the Counties of

**NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE,
NORTHUMBERLAND, AND DURHAM.**

EDITED BY JOHN BELL, JUN.



"NORTHUMBRIA'S SONS STAND FORTH, BY ALL CONFEST,
"THE FIRST AND FIRMEST OF FAIR FREEDOM'S TRAIN;
"EACH BRAVE NORTHUMBRIAN NURSES IN HIS BREAST
"THE SACRED SPARK, UNSULLIED BY A STAIN."

Newcastle upon Tyne:

Printed for John Bell, by M. Angus & Son, and sold by them,
and other Booksellers in Town.

MDCCCXII.

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LINES

SENT TO THE EDITOR AND PRINTER.



Proceed, ye generous friends of Tyne,
And prosperous be your way;
How happy, would our sons incline
To catch the improving ray!
With heart and hand your friendship join,
Bring Taste and Genius forth;
That all may own Newcastle Town,
Emporium of the North.

* * *

PREFACE.

*Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.*

POPE.

"GIVE me the writing of all the Ballads, for the people of England, and let who will be their law-giver," was said by a celebrated orator, in speaking on the manners of the people:—this cheering ray, in behalf of ballad writing, gave rise to the publication of the following pages: for how many of these simple, yet popular effusions, have been lost for want of a repository to give them a chance of living a day beyond the time they were written?—As such, the *Summum Bonum* of my labours is to rescue from the yawning jaws of oblivion the productions of the Bards of the Tyne; and by so doing, hand them down to future ages as Reliques of Provincial Poetry:—But, conscious of the liability of personal allusions in the generality of provincial poems, the words of the poet have been kept in mind:—

"Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
Which tends to make one *worthy* man my foe!"

Those who may have expected a matchless collection; and find it inferior to other poetical selections, will please to think of the following Italian proverb:—

"CHI LAVA LA TESTA AL ASINO PERDE IL SAPONE."

and accept the same from their

Obedient Servant,

THE EDITOR.

Newcastle upon Tyne,
August, 1812. }

VERSES

ON

~~NORTHUMBRIA'S~~ MINSTRELSY.

BY M. R.

WITH taste so true, and genius fine,
The blythsome MINSTRELS of langsyne,
Sung sweetly 'tween the Tweed and Tyne,
Of war and love;
Sounding their melody divine,
Thro' ev'ry grove.

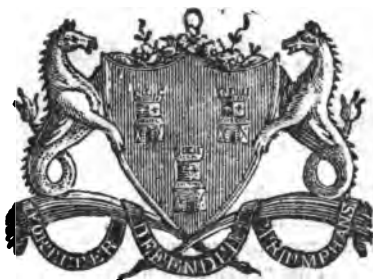
Northumbria's waters, woods, and plains,
Her hills and dales, her nymphs and swains,
Her rural sports, in sweetest strains,
The Poets sung;
Till echo, thro' her wide domains,
Responsive rung.

Lo witty songs and verses *kindle**,
Who could compare with THOMAS WHIFFYEE?
The Cambo blade, who to a tittle,
Describ'd each feature;
At *painting*; too, he varied little
From mother Nature.

Her PIPERS also knew the art
To touch the soul, and warm the heart;
Such chearing strains they could impart,
That cank'ring care,
From ev'ry breast away would start,
To pine *chowhere*.

When at the harvest, every year,
They play'd, the reapers' hearts to chear;
The soft *link'd notes*, so sweet and clear,
Made labour light;
And many a merry jig, I swear,
They danc'd each night.

* Lively.



*Old Tyne shall listen to my Tale,
And Echo, down the bordering Vale,
The Liquid Melody prolong.* AKENSIDE.

SONGS.

WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW.

AS I cam thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate, ●
As I cam thro' Sandgate, I heard a lassie sing,
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple in his chip :
And weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in.

THE NEW KEEL ROW.

By T. T.—To the old Tune.

WHE's like my Johnny,
Sae leigh, sae blithe, sae bonny,
He's foremost 'mang the mony
Keel lads o' Coaly Tyne;

A

He'll set or row so tightly,
 Or in the dance so sprightly,
 He'll cut and shuffle sightly,
 'Tis true—were he not mine.

Weel may the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 Weel may the keel row;
 That my laddie's in:
 He wears a blue bonnet,
 A bonnet, a bonnet,
 He wears a blue bonnet,
 A dimple in his chin.

He's ne mair learning,
 Than tells his weekly earning,
 Yet reet frae wrang discerning,
 Tho' brave, ne bruiser he;
 Tho' he no worth a plack is,
 His awn coat on his back is,
 And nane can say that black is
 The white o' Johnny's ee.

1/2 of a penny

Each pay-day nearly,
 He takes his quairt right dearly,
 Then talks O, latin O,—cheerly,
 Or mairies jaws away;
 How caring not a feather,
 Nelson and he together,
 The springy French did lether,
 And gar'd them shab away.

slink

Were a' kings comparely,
 In each I'd spy a fairly,
 An' ay wad Johnny barly,
 He gets sic bonny bairns;
 Go bon, the queen, or misses,
 But wad for Johnny's kisses,
 Luik upon as blisses,

*softly, 2
 claim*

bound

Scrimp meals, caff beds, and dairns.

*choff:
 small fish*

Wour lads, like their deddy,
 To fight the French are ready,
 But gie's a peace that's steady,
 And breed cheap as lang syne;
 May a' the press gangs perish,
 Each lass her laddy cherish:
 Lang may the Coal Trade flourish
 Upon the dingy Tyne.

Breet Star o' Heaton,
 Your ay wour darling sweet'en,
 May heaven's blessings leet on
 Your leady, bairns, and ye;
 God bless the King and Nation,
 Each bravely fill his station,
 Our canny *Corporation*,
 Lang may they sing wi' me,

Weel may the keel row, &c.

BONNY KEEL LADDIE.

MY bonny keel laddie, my canny keel laddie,
 My bonny keel laddie for me O!
 He sits in his keel as black as the deil,
 And he brings the white money to me O.

Ha'ye seen owt o' my canny man,
 An' are ye shure he's weel O?
 He's geane o'er land wiv a stick in his hand,
 T' help to moor the keel O.

The canny keel laddie, the bonny keel laddie,
 The canny keel laddie for me O;
 He sits in his huddock, and claws his bare buttock,
 And brings the white money to me O.

cabin

THE LITTLE P. D.

'Twas between Hebbroon and Jarrow,
 There cam on a very strang gale,
 The skipper look'd out o' th' huddock,
 Crying, "Smash, man, lower th' sail!
 Smash, man, lower the sail,
 Or else to the bottom we'll go:"
 The keel and a' hands wad been lost,
 Had it not been for Jemmy Munro.

cabin

Fal la!, &c.

The gale blew stranger an' stranger,
 When they cam beside the Muck House,
 The skipper cry'd out—"Jemmy Swinger,"
 But still was as fear'd as a mouse;
 P. D. ran to clear th' anchor,
 "It's raff'd!" right loudly he roar'd,—
 They a' said the gale wad sink her,
 If it was'nt seun thrawn ovrboard.

The laddy ran sweaten, ran sweaten,
 The laddy ran sweaten about;
 Till the keel went bump 'gainst Jarrow,
 And three o' th' bullies lap out;
 Three o' th' bullies lap out,
 And left nyen in but little P. D.
 Who ran about stamping and crying—
 "How! smash, Skipper, what mun a' dee?"

They all shouted out fra the kee,
 Steer her close in by th' shore;
 And then thraw th' painter to me,
 Thou cat feac'd son of a wh—e.
 The lad threw the painter ashore,
 They fasten'd her up to th' kee,
 But whe knows how far she meit gane,
 Had it not been for little P. D.

Then into th' huddock they gat,
 And th' flesh they began to fry,

They talk'd o' the gale as they sat,
 And how a' hands were lost—very nigh.
 The skipper roar'd out for a drink,
 P. D. ran to bring him the cann,
 But odsmash! mun! what d'ye think?—
 He coup'd a' the flesh out o' the pan!
 Fal lal, &c.

upset

MA' CANNY HINNY.

WHERE hast'te been, ma' canny hinny?
 An where hast'te been, ma' bonny bairn?
 Aw was up and down seekin ma' hinny,
 Aw was thro' the town seekin for my bairn;
 Aw went up the Butcher Bank and down Grundin Chare,
 Call'd at the Dun Cow, but aw cuddent find thee there.

Where hast'te been, ma' canny hinny?
 An where hast'te been, ma' bonny bairn, &c.

Then aw went t' th' Cassel Garth, and caw'd on Johnny Fife.
 The beer drawer tell'd me she ne'er saw thee in her life.

Where hast'te been, &c.

Then aw went into the three bulls heads, and down the
 Lang Stairs,
 And a' the way along the Close, as far as Mr Mayor's.

Where hast'te been, &c.

Fra there aw went along the brig, an up t' Jackson's Chare,
 Then back again t' the Cross Keys, but cuddent find thee there.

Where hast'te been, &c.

Then comin out o' Pipergate, aw met wi' Willy Rigg,
 Whe tell'd me that he saw thee stannin p——n on the brig.

Where hast'te been, &c.

Cummin alang the brig again, aw met wi' Cristy Gee,
He tell'd me et he saw thee gannin down Humeses entery.

Where hast'te been, &c.

Where hev aw been! aw sune can tell ye that;
Cummin up the Key, aw met wi' Peter Pratt,
Meetin Peter Pratt, we met wi' Tommy Wear,
An went t' Humeses t' get a gill o' beer.

There's where a've been, ma' canny hinny,
There's where a've been, ma' bonny lam.
Wast'tu up an down seekin for yur hinny?
Wast'tu up an down seeking for yur lam.

Then aw met yur Ben, an we were like to fight;
An when we cam to Sandgate it was pick night;
Cróssin the road, aw met wi' Bobby Swinny:
Hing on the girdle, let's hev a singin hinny.

Aw my sorrow's ower now, a've fund my hinny,
Aw my sorrow's ower now, a've fund my bairn;
Lang may aw shout, ma' canny hinny,
Lang may aw shout, ma' bonny bairn.

DOL LI A.

A Song famous in Newcastle about the Tears 1792-3-4.

FRESH I'm cum fra Sandgate Street,
Do li, do li,

My best friends here to meet,

Do li a,
Dol li th' dil len dol,
Do li, do li,
Dol li th' dil len dol,
Dol li a.

The Black Cuffs is gawn away,

Do li, do li,

An that will be a crying day,
Do li a, &c.

Dolly Coxon's paw'd her sark,
Do li, do li,
To ride upon the baggage cart.
Do li a, &c.

The Green Cuffs is cummin in,
Do li, do li,
An that 'ill make the lasses sing.
Do li a, &c.

THE TYNE.

By J. Gibson, of Newcastle.

ROLL on thy way, thrice happy Tyne!
Commerce and riches still are thine;
Thy sons in every art shall shine,
And make thee more majestic flow.

The busy crowd that throngs thy sides,
And on thy dusky bosom glides,
With riches swell thy flowing tides,
And bless the soil where thou dost flow.

Thy valiant sons, in days of old,
Led by their Chieftains, brave and bold,
Fought not for wealth, or shining gold,
But to defend thy happy shores.

So e'en as they of old have bled,
And oft embrac'd a gory bed,
Thy modern sons, by Riddleys led,
Shall rise to shield thy peace-crown'd shores.

Nor art thou blest for this alone,
 That long thy sons in arms have shone ;
 For every art to them is known,
 And science, form'd to grace the mind.

Art, curb'd by War in former days,
 Has now burst forth in one bright blaze ;
 And long shall his refulgent rays
 Shine bright, and darkness leave behind.

The Muses too, with Freedom crown'd,
 Shall on thy happy shores be found,
 And fill the air with joyous sound
 Of—War and Darkness' overthrow.

Then roll thy way, thrice happy Tyne !
 Commerce and riches still are thine !
 Thy sons in arts and arms shall shine,
 And make thee still majestic flow.

BLACKETT'S FIELD.*

BY J. SHIELD, OF NEWCASTLE.

Tune—*John Anderson my Jo.*

NEAR Blackett's Field, sad hov'ring,
 ('Twas but the other day,)
 Thus sung a melancholy wight
 His pity-moving lay :—
 How comes this alteration strange !
 What can the matter be,
 That the brave Association Lads
 Are under lock and key ?

* On account of the confined limits of the Parade Ground of the Loyal Newcastle Associated Corps of Volunteer Infantry, it was found necessary to lock the door during the time of drill, to prevent the crowd interfering with the evolutions of the corps.—This circumstance gave rise to the song.

Ah! lately, on a Sunday,
 To dine I hardly staid,—
 But from my beef and pudding ran,
 T' attend the gay parade!
 Now I may stay and pick my bones,
 From anxious hurry free;
 For the brave Association Lads
 Are under lock and key!

A dimpling smile still grac'd my cheek,
 Brave D***n when I saw;
 'Twas worth a crown to hear him, too,
 Exclaiming ' *Kiver awa* !'
 But thus to feast my eyes and ears
 No more my lot shall be;
 For the brave Association Lads
 Are under lock and key!

To church now, when the bells are heard,
 With snail-like pace I creep;
 And there, in manner most devout,
 Compose myself to sleep!
 Thus cheerless pass the ling'ring hours,
 So lately fraught with glee,
 Ere the brave Association Lads
 Were under lock and key!

For pity's sake, then, Ridley!
 Thy *turnkeys* straight *discharge*,
 And let thy armed Patriots
 Again be drill'd *at large*:
 So shall my Sunday afternoons,
 In *gazing*, joyous flee,
 When the brave Association Lads
 Ar'n't under lock and key!

Think—urg'd by curiosity,
 To climb the Spital walls,
 Should any of thy neighbours there,
 Sad, break their necks by falls,

O would not such mischances dire
 Be justly charg'd on thee,
 Who keeps the Association Lads
 Thus under lock and key ?

Imagine not thy warriors brave,
 To glory who aspire,
 Whilst thus *confin'd* in Blackett's field,
 Their station much admire !
 Ah ! no ; in *Heaton cellars* they
 Would rather chuse to be,
 Most jovial, *carrying on the war*,
 All under lock and key !

Whilst War's horrific clangours
 Resound throughout the land,
 Still may'st thou, gallant Ridley,
 Thy town's-men brave command :
 And, oh ! that with your martial toils
 Delighted I may be,
 Ope wide the door of Blackett's field ;
 Then break the lock and key !

KIVER AWA'.

LIKE the wolves of the forest, ferocious and keen,
 The French our blest shores may invade !
 But in arms are the *Gotham Invincibles* seen,
 And who's of invasion afraid ?
 With ardour heroic each bosom inflames,
 No dangers impress them with awe ;
 And merry they seem, when thus ——— exclaims,—
 “ Kiver awa', Kiver awa', Kiver awa'.”

Ye matrons be cheerful, ye virgins be gay,
 Your protectors are valiant and true :
 No more feel alarm'd, as your charms you survey,
 At what Frenchmen *may venture to do* ;

No danger shall reach you, no impudent Gaul,
 Shall fill your soft bosoms with awe;
 Whilst in tones energetic, thus ——— can bawl,—
 “ Kiver awa’, Kiver awa’, Kiver awa’.”

No more let the wight, to misfortune a prey,
 For relief to the bottle apply;
 But to chace ev’ry painful remembrance away,
 To *Parade* let him instantly hie;
 There ———, whilst ardently toiling for fame,
 Each thorn from his bosom shall draw:
 Ah! who can be sad, when they hear him exclaim,—
 “ Kiver awa’, Kiver awa’, Kiver awa’.”

Heav’n prosper thee, Gotham! thou famous old town,
 Of the Tyne the chief glory and pride:
 May thy heroes acquire immortal renown,
 In the dread field of Mars, when they’re try’d:
 Amongst them, O ne’er may a *fincher* be found;
 And that mirth they from *duty* may draw,
 Long, long, through their ranks may these accents resound,—
 “ Kiver awa’, Kiver awa’, Kiver awa’.”

November, 1804.

BRITANNIA’S VOLUNTEERS.

By S. G. Kemble, Esq. of Newcastle.

Tune—The Newcastle Volunteers’ quick March.

WHEN unprovok’d, when foreign foes,
 When danger gave occasion,
 Britannia’s Volunteers arose,
 To shield her from invasion.

And still whilst other nations bow,
 And lowly seek alliance,
 Should France transgress again, they vow
 To hurl a bold defiance.

The Sons of Tyne,—a youthful band,—
 With ardent resolution,
 First arm'd to guard their native land,
 Their King and Constitution :

Again, whene'er the cause invites,
 Our liberties revering,
 To guard those dear, those sacred rights,
 They'll go a volunteering.

The shepherd now, beneath his shed,
 At eve the dance provoking,
 Takes up his lov'd neglected reed,
 Long days of Peace invoking.

To plough-shares tho' our swords we turn,
 No more in arms appearing,
 With Friendship still our bosoms burn,
 Kind actions volunteering.

JOHN DIGGONS.

By J. Stawpert, of Newcastle.

Tune—Old England's Roast Beef.

JOHN DIGGONS be I, from a Country Town,
 But the name is se lang and se bad to get down,
 Tho' I've swallow'd it often both morning and noon,
 At present excuse me the pain,
 Oh ! at present excuse me the pain.

Father told I, this morning, with quickness to fly,
 Away to Newcastle, I ask'd him for why ?——
 To learn something there, for her sons now stand high,
 They've been fighting the French off Cadiz,
 They've been fighting the French off Cadiz.

Well, father, says I, but I don't much like ;
 For the Frenchmen, they say, are so given to strike,
 Yes, unto an Englishman ; that's it, you tyke !

Have you never yet learn'd the *sea phrase* ?

Have you never yet learn'd the *sea phrase* ?

Why, as to your *sea frays*, I know not, dear dad,
 But frays in our village are oftentimes bad,
 And it must be much worse for a poor country lad,
 To fight where he can't run away,
 To fight where he can't run away.

At last he insisted I'd come to this town,
 And get some small knowledge of gaining renown,
 Buy myself a blue jacket, and put off the clown,
 And fight for my country and king,
 And fight for my country and king.

But coming up street there, I coud'n't get quick,
 The folks on the pavement were standing se thick,
 So I turn'd myself round, and lean'd over my stick,
 And heard a poor beggar boy sing,
 And heard a poor beggar boy sing.

He sung how that Nelson had lately been shot ;
 Oh ! I verily thought I'd have died on the spot,
 For father told I that lead, e'en boiling hot,
 Wou'd ne'er take the life of this man,
 Wou'd ne'er take the life of this man.

At length the boy prov'd, e'er he ended his song,
 That nature and valour, however so strong,
 Must still bow to fate ; so poor father was wrong :
 And Nelson's gon—dead after all,
 And Nelson's gon—dead after all.

But now I'm determin'd, since this is the case,
 To write to Lord Collingwood straight for a place,
 For they say he's right fond of a North Country face :
 So I may chance to revenge Nelson's wrongs,
 So I may chance to revenge Nelson's wrongs.

Adieu, then, my friends, your best wishes I'll take,
 Oh ! send them all good for your *Collingwood's sake !*
 For your Country and you his life's oft been at stake,
 Then bless him, and thank his brave Tars !
 Then bless him, and thank his brave Tars !

I'll say that I left you all singing his praise,
 And begging of Neptune more laurels to raise,
 That in England you hope he'll soon wear the green bays,
 And be blest with his friends for past toils,
 And be blest with his friends for past toils.

TRAFALGAR'S BATTLE.

By the same.

Tune—Chapter of Kings.

IN a battle, you know, we Britons are strong ;
 A battle, my friends, is the theme of my song ;
 Had it not been for this, and the sake of my king,
 No mortal, I am sure, had forc'd me to sing,
 And Nelson, that great man,
 Who bother'd the Frenchmen,
 At Trafalgar's great battle, and died.

His mem'ry must be to each Englishman dear,
 For his heart in a battle had never met fear :
 Should those that are left e'er encounter another,
 We may hear something new from our Nelson's brave Brother.
 Who fought with that *great man*,
 Who bother'd the Frenchmen,
 At Trafalgar's great battle, and died.

'Tis Collingwood he, our Townsman and friend,
 May heaven send Angels his life to attend,
 To guard him through dangers on Oceans great space,
 Returning in Peace may we all see his face.
 To bless him, caress him,
 In kind words address him,
 Ye Britons and *Sons of the Tyne.*

Though Nelson is dead, yet we ought not to mourn ;
 The laurels that deck his magnificent Urn,
 Are sufficient for mortals that dwell here below ;
 Let Heaven's great King other laurels bestow
 On him we adore,
 Who fought off the shore,
 At Trafalgar's great battle, and died.

Drink a toast, then, my friends, to his dear honour'd shade,
 Each widow, each wife, every matron, and maid,
 And though you lament for the loss of his blood,
 Drink a health to our own, our brave Collingwood,
 Who fought with that *great man*,
 That bother'd the Frenchmen,
 At Trafalgar's great battle, and died.

CHESTER WELL.

By George Pickering, late of Newcastle.

TURKS, Infidels, Pagans, Jews, Christians, and Tartars,
 Kings, Princes, Queens, Nobles, and Bishops, I pray ;
 Ye Hottentots too, who to neatness are martyrs,
 Attend for a while to my wonderful lay.
 At Chester, they tell,
 Is discover'd a well,
 Which eases in man as in beast ev'ry torture ;
 Hyp, glanders, and evil,
 It sends to the devil,
 And silence has seal'd up the pestle and mortar.
 Oh Chester, Oh Chester !
 When maladies pester,
 Thy liquid Catholicon eases our pain !
 Mad Turks, Jews, Philistines,
 Mad Quakers and Christians,
 Are dipp'd into peace and good order again.
 No more of old Bath, oh ye medical asses !
 With nose-kissing cane, and your full bottom'd wigs ;

The Chester Well water in virtue surpasses ;
 Tho' Bath cur'd the scab in prince Lud and his pigs.
 Since the days of old Adam,
 Or Eve, lovely madam,
 No well was e'er found fit for drinking till now :
 As the liquid ye glut,
 'Tis as sweet as a nut,
 While Bath's an emetic for boar, pig, or sow.
 Oh Chester, &c.

The maiden who flies to her pillow in sorrow,
 Who wakes with a sigh to the music of day ;
 By tasting to-night, may be happy to-morrow,
 And warble as blythe as the birds on the spray.
 The tear shall cease flowing,
 Her heart cease its glowing,
 For plighted troth broken, no longer complain ;
 The bow and the dart,
 That occasion'd her smart,
 'Squire Cupid may twang, but their twanging be vain.
 Oh Chester, &c.

And oh let the damsel, whose ringlets appear
 To be mournfully silvering over with grey ;
 Who sees in her glass, with dejection and fear,
 That Time's with'ring hand bids her beauties decay :
 Ne'er let her be fretful,
 But drink and be cheerful,
 The stream both her thirst and her grief shall assuage :
 No more let her mourn,
 For her bloom shall return,
 She shall cast off the sad, sober liv'ry of age.
 Oh Chester, &c.

The gouty old blades who have drank the clear liquid,
 Have snapp'd the fir crutches at seventy-seven ;
 And into the skulls, long incurably stupid,
 A portion of good common-sense has been driv'n.
 E'en the nose of the sot,
 As a heater red hot,
 Or a flaming balloon which philosophy rears,

When dipt in the water,
 The luminous matter
 Goes out with a *hiss*, and the blaze disappears.
 Oh Chester, &c.

Then haste to the Well, both exotic and native,
 A dip and a drink all your sorrows will root out ;
 Ye too who have groan'd 'neath the knife amputative,
 Go plunge, and your heads, legs, *et cæ'tra*, shall sprout out :
 The tribe of empirics,
 Shall howl in hysterics,
 And man shall untortur'd fall into decay :
 The pill and the potion,
 The ungent and lotion,
 In box and in bottle shall moulder away.
 Oh Chester, &c.

NEWCASTLE BEER.

By John Cunningham.

WHEN Fame brought the news of Great Britain's success,
 And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat ;
 Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express,
 To summon the deities all to a treat :
 Blithe Comus was plac'd
 To guide the gay feast,
 And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer ;
 Yet vow'd to his thinking,
 For exquisite drinking,
 Their nectar was nothing to Newcastle beer.

The great god of war, to encourage the fun,
 And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,
 Sent a message that moment to Moor's* for a tun
 Of stingo, the stoutest, the brightest and best ;

B 3

* A great Beer House in Newcastle at that time, kept by Moor, at the sign of the Sun.

No gods, they all swore,
 Regal'd so before,
 With liquor so lively, so potent, and clear :
 And each deified fellow
 Got jovially mellow,
 In honour, brave boys, of our Newcastle beer.

Apollo, perceiving his talents refine,
 Repents he drank Helicon water so long ;
 He bow'd, being ask'd by the musical Nine,
 And gave the gay board an extempore song :
 But ere he began,
 He toss'd off his cann :
 There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear :
 Then sang with great merit,
 The flavour and spirit,
 His godship had found in our Newcastle beer.

'Twas stingo like this made Alcides so bold,
 It brac'd up his nerves, and enliven'd his pow'rs ;
 And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,
 Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours.
 The horrible crew
 That Hercules slew,
 Were Poverty—Calumny—Trouble—and Fear :
 Such a club would you borrow,
 To drive away sorrow,
 Apply for a jorum of Newcastle beer.

Ye youngsters, so diffident, languid, and pale,
 Whom love, like the cholic, so rudely infests ;
 Take a cordial of this, 'twill *probatum* prevail,
 And drive the cur Cupid away from your breasts :
 Dull whining despise,
 Grow rosy and wise,
 Nor longer the jest of good fellows appear ;
 Bid adieu to your folly,
 Get drunk and be jolly,
 And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle beer.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom Physic prescribes,
 Whom bolus and potion have harrass'd to death !

Ye wretches, whom Law and her ill-looking tribes,
 Have hunted about 'till you're quite out of breath!
 Here's shelter and ease,
 No craving for fees,
 No danger—no doctor—no bailiff is near!
 Your spirits this raises,
 It cures your diseases,
 There's freedom and health in our Newcastle beer.

MY LORD 'SIZE;

Or, Newcastle in an Uproar.

By J. SHIELD, of Newcastle.

THE jailor, for trial, had brought up a thief,
 Whose looks seem'd a passport for Botany Bay;
 The lawyers, some *with* and some *wanting* a brief,
 Around the green table were seated so gay:
 Grave jurors and witnesses, waiting a call;
 Attornies and clients, more angry than wise,
 With strangers and town's-people, throng'd the Guild-Hall,—
 All waiting and gaping to see my *Lord 'Size*.

Of stretch'd were their necks, oft erected their ears,
 Still fancying they heard of the trumpets the sound,
 When tidings arriv'd, which disolv'd them in tears,
 That my Lord at the dead-house was then lying drown'd!
 Straight left *tête a tête* were the jailor and thief;
 The horror-struck crowd to the dead-house quick hies;
 Ev'n the lawyers, forgetful of fee and of brief,
 Set off, helter-skelter, to view my *Lord 'Size*.

And now the Sandhill with the sad tidings rings,
 And the *tubs* of the *saties* are left to take care;
 Fish-women desert their crabs, lobsters, and lings, *health*
 And each to the dead-house now runs like a hare.
 The Glassmen, some *naked*, some *clad*, heard the news,
 And off they ran smoking, like hot mutton-pies;
 Whilst Castle-garth Tailors, like wild *Kangaroos*,
 Came, *tail-on-end* jumping, to see my *Lord 'Size*.

The dead-house they reach'd, where his Lordship they found,
 Pale, stretch'd on a plank, like themselves *out of breath*;
 The *Crowner* and Jury were seated around,
 Most gravely enquiring the cause of his death.
 No haste did they seem in, their task to complete,
 Aware that from hurry mistakes often rise;
 Or wishful, perhaps, of prolonging the treat
 Of thus sitting in judgment upon my Lord 'Size.

Now the Mansion-house Butler thus gravely depos'd:—
 " My Lord on the terrace seem'd studying his *charge*;
 And when (as I thought) he had got it compos'd,
 He went down the stairs and examin'd the barge.
 First the stem he survey'd, then inspected the stern,
 Then handled the tiller, and look'd mighty wise;
 But he made a false step when about to return,
 And souse in the river straight tumbled Lord 'Size."

Now his narrative ended—the Butler retir'd,
 Whilst *Betty Watt*, muttering (half drunk) thro' her teeth,
 Declar'd, " in her *breest great consarn* it inspir'd,
 That my Lord should sae *cullishly* come by his *death*." *foolishly*
 Next a keelman was call'd on, *Bold Archy* his name,
 Who the book as he kiss'd shew'd the whites of his eyes;
 Then he cut an odd caper, attention to claim,
 And this evidence gave them respecting Lord 'Size.

" Aw was *setten* the keel, wi' *Dick Stavers* an' *Mat*,
 An' the Mansion-hoose Stairs we were just alongside,
 When we a' three *see'd sumthing*, but didn't ken *what*,
 That was *splashing* and *labbering* aboot i' the tide.
He under " It's a *fluiker*!" ki Dick; " No," ki Mat, " it's owre big,
 " It luik'd mair like a *skyas* when aw furst see'd it rise :"
 Kiv aw—for aw'd gotten a gliff o' the wig—
 Odds marcy! Wye, marrows, becricke it's Lord 'Size.

Sae aw huik'd him an' hawl'd him suin into the keel,
 An' o'top o' the huddock aw rowl'd him aboot;
 An' his belly aw rubb'd, an' aw skelp'd his back weel, *bruised*
 But the wayter he'd drucken it wadn't run oot.

Sae aw brought him ashore here, an' doctors, in vain,
 Furst *this* way, then *that*, to recover him tries;
 For ye see there he's lying as *dead* as a stane,—
 An' that's a' aw can tell ye about my Lord 'Size."

Now the Jury for close consultation retir'd :
 Some "*Death accidental*" were willing to find ;
 Some "*God's visitation*" most eager requir'd,
 And some were for "*Fell in the river*" inclin'd :
 But ere on their verdict they all were agreed,
 My Lord gave a groan, and wide open'd his eyes ;
 Then the coach and the trumpeters came with great speed,
 And back to the Mansion-house carried Lord 'Size.

BOB CRANKY'S 'SIZE SUNDAY.

By John Selkirk.

Set to Music by THOMAS TRAIN, of Gateshead.

HO'WAY and aw'll sing thee a tune, mun,
 'Boyt huz see'n my Lord at the town, mun,
 Aw seer aw was smart, now
 Aw'll lay thee a quart, now
 Nyen' them aw cut a dash like Bob Cranky.

When aw pat on my blue coat that shines se,
 My jacket wi' posies se fine see,
 My sark sic sma' threed, man,
 My pig-tail se greet, man !
 Od smash ! what a buck was Bob Cranky.

Blue stockings, white clocks, and reed garters,
 Yellow breeks, and my shoon wi' lang quarters,
 Aw myed wour bairns cry,
 Eh ! sarties ! ni ! ni !
 Sic verra fine things had Bob Cranky.

Aw went to awd Tom's and fand Nancy,
 Kiv aw, Lass, thou's myed to my fancy ;

Aw like thou as weel
As a stannin pye heel,
Ho'way to the town wi' Bob Cranky.

As up Jenny's backside we were bangin,
Ki' Geordy, How! where are ye gannin?
Weyt' see my lord 'Sizes,
But ye shanna gan aside us,
For ye're not half se fine as Bob Cranky.

Ki' Geordy, We leve i' yen raw, weyet,
I' yen corf we byeth gan below, weyet,
At a' things aw've play'd,
And to hew aw'm not flay'd, *afraid*
Wi' sic in a chep as Bob Cranky.

Bob hez thee at lowpin and flingin,
At the bool, foot-ball, clubby, and swingin:
Can ye jump up and shuffle,
And cross owre the buckle,
When ye dance? like the clever Bob Cranky.

Thou naws, i' my hoggars and drawers,
Aw'm nyen o' your scarters and claws:
Fra the trap door bit laddy,
T' the spletter his daddy,
Nyen handles the pick like Bob Cranky.

So, Geordy, od smash my pit sarik!
Thou'd best had thy whisht about warik,
Or aw'll sobble thy body,
And myek thy nose bloody,
If thou sets up thy gob to Bob Cranky.

Nan laugh'd— t'church we gat without 'im;
The greet crowd, becrike, how aw hew'd 'em!
Smasht a keel-bully roar'd,
Clear the road! Whilk's my lord?
Owse se high as the noble Bob Cranky.

Aw lup up an' catch'd just a short gliff
O' lord trial, the trumpets, and sheriff,

Wi' the little bit mannies,

Se fine and se canny,

Ods heft! what a seet for Bob Cranky.

Then away we set off to the yell-house,

Wiv a few hearty lasses and fellows,

Aw tell'd owre the wig,

Se curl'd and se big;

For nyen saw'd se weel as Bob Cranky.

Aw gat drunk, fit, and kick'd up a racket,

Rove my breeks and spoil'd a' my fine jacket:

Nan cry'd and she cuddled

My hinny, thou's fuddled,

Ho'way hyem now, my bonny Bob Cranky.

So we stagger'd alang fra the town, mun,

Whiles gannin, whiles baith fairly down, mun:

Smash, a banksman or hewer,

No not a fine viewer,

Durst jaw to the noble Bob Cranky.

What care aw for my new suit, a' tatters,

Twe black een—od smash a' sic maters!

When my lord comes agyen, mun,

Aw'l strive every byen, mun,

To bang a' wor Concern, ki' Bob Cranky.

O' the flesh and breed day when wour bun', mun,

Aw'l buy clase far bonnyer than thon, mun;

For, od smash my neavel!

As lang as wour yebble,

Let's keep up the day, ki' Bob Cranky.

BOB CRANKY'S COMPLAINT.

ODD smash! 'tis hard aw can't rub dust off,

To see ma lord wi' wig se fine toss'd off,

But they mak a sang man

Aw can't tell hew lang man,

All myeking a gam o' Bob Cranky.

Ma blue coat and pigtail's my awn, wyet !
 And when to Newcassel I gang, wyet !
 Aw like to shaw town folks,
 Whe se oft ca' us gowks,
 They ar'n't se fine as Bob Cranky.

If aw fin the Owther, as sure as a'm Bob,
 A'll mak him sing the wrang side o' his gob,
 A'll gi'm sic sobbling
 A'll set him hyem hobbling,
 For myeking a gam o' Bob Cranky.

A'll myek his noddle as reed as ma garters ;
 A've a lang stick, as weel as lang quarters,
 Whilk a'll lay ow'r his back,
 'Till he swears ne'er to mak
 Ony mair sangs o' Bob Cranky.

Aw wonder the maist how he did spy,
 What was dyun, when nobody was by—
 Some Conj'rer he maun be,
 Sic as wi' Punch aw did see,
 Whilk myed the hair stand o' Bob Cranky.

Our viewer sez aw can't de better,
 Than send him a story cull letter.
 But writing a'll let rest ;
 The pik fits ma hand best,
 A pen's ovr sma for Bob Cranky.

Nan, whe a'll marry or its very lang,
 Sez, " Hinny, din't mind the cull fellow's sang,
 " Gif he dis se agyan,
 " Our schyul maister's pen
 " Shall tak pairt wi' ma bonny Bob Cranky."

" Ize warrn't, gif aw weer my pillease,
 " An ma hat myed of very sma strees ;
 " He'll be chock full o' spite,
 " An about us will write,
 " An say Ize owre fine for Bob Cranky."

“ Sure, Bobby,” says she, “ his head’s got a crack,”
 “ Ne maiter,” sed I, an gov her a smack.
 “ Pilleases are tippy,
 “ Like shugar’s thy lippy,
 “ And thou shalt be wife to Bob Cranky.”

The Crankies, farrer back nor I naw,
 Hae gyen to Sizes to see trumpets blaw,
 Wi’ white sticks, an’ Sheriff,
 But warn’t myed a sang of,
 Nor laugh’d at, like clever Bob Cranky.

Lord Sizes cums but yence a year, wyet !
 To see his big wig a’ve ne fear, wyat !
 So be-crike ! while aw leeve,
 Thof wi’ lang sangs a’m deav’d,
 Me Lord at the church shall see Cranky !

THE BONNY GEATSIDERS.—1805.

Tune—*Bob Cranky.*

COME marrows, we’ve happen’d to meet now,
 Sae our thropples together we’ll weet now ; *Thropps*
 Aw’ve myed a new sang,
 And to sing ye’t aw lang,
 For it’s about the Bonny Geatsiders.

Of a’ the fine Volunteer corpses,
 Whether *footmen*, or ridin o’ horses,
 ’Tween the Tweed and the Tees,
 Deel hae them that sees
 Sic a corpse as the Bonny Geatsiders.

Whilk amang them can mairch, turn, an wheel sae ?
 Whilk their guns can wise off half sae weel sae ? *Shew*
 Nay, for myeking a crack,
 Through England aw’l back
 The Corpse of the Bonny Geatsiders.

When the time for parading nigh hand grows,
 A' wash their sel's clean i' the sleek trough ;
 Fling off their black duddies,
 Leave hammers and studdies, *smithies*
 And to drill—run the Bonny Geatsiders.

To Newcasel, for three weeks up-stannin,
 On Permanent Duty they're gannin ;
 And sune i' th' papers,
 We's read a' the capers,
 O' the corpse o' the Bonny Geatsiders.

The Newcasel chaps fancy they're clever,
 And are vauntin and braggin for ever ;
 But they'll find themselves wrang,
 If they think they can bang,
 At soug'rin, the Bonny Geatsiders.

The Gen'ral sall see they can loup dykes,
 Or maich through whins, lair whooles, and deep sykes ;
 Nay, to soom (at a pinch) *stann*
 Through Tyne, wad'nt flinch *stann*
 The corpse o' the Bonny Geatsiders.

Some think Billy Pitt's nobbit hummin,
 When he tells about Bonnepart cummin ;
 But come when he may,
 He'll lang rue the day
 He first meets wi' the Bonny Geatsiders.

Like an anchor shank, smash ! how they'll clatter 'im,
 And turn 'im, and skelp 'im, and batter 'im, *stann*
 His banes sall by pring,
 Like a fryin pan ring,
 When he meets wi' the Bonny Geatsiders.

Let them ance get 'im into their taings weel,
 Nae fear but they'll give 'im his whaings weel ; *stann*
 And to Hazlett's* pond bring 'im,
 And there in chains hing 'im ;
 What a seet for the Bonny Geatsiders !

* A Pond on Gateshead Fell, so named on account of the Body of Robert Hazlett being hung in Chains there, September, 1770, for robbing the Mail.

Now, marrows, to shew we're a' loyal,
 And that, wi' the King and Blood Royal,
 We'll a' soom or sink,
 Quairts a piece let us drink,
 To the brave and the Bonny Geatsiders.

BOB CRANKY'S ADIEU.

*On going with the Volunteer Association, from Gateshead to
 Newcastle, on permanent Duty.*

By JOHN SHIELD, of Newcastle.

FAREWHEEL, fareweel, ma comely pet !
 Aw's fourc'd three weeks to leave thee ;
 Aw's doon for *farm'ent duty* set,
 O dinna let it grieve thee !
 Ma hinny ! wipe them e'en, sae breet,
 That mine wi' love did dazzle ;
 When thy heart's sad can mine be leet !
 Come, ho'way get a jill o' beer,
 Thy heart to cheer :
 An' when thou sees me mairch away,
 Whiles in, whiles out
 O' step, nae doot,
 " Bob Cranky's gane—" thou'lt sobbing say,
 " A sougering to Newcassel !"

Come, dinna, dinna whinge and whipe, *whine*
 Like yammering Isbel Macky ; *complaining*
 Cheer up, ma hinny ! leet thy pipe,
 And take a blast o' backy !
 It's but for yen and twenty days,
 The foulks's een aw'll dazzle,—
 Prood, swagg'ring i' my fine reed claes :
 Odds heft ! my pit claes—dist thou hear ?
 Are waurse o' wear ;

Mind cloot them weel, when aw's away ;
 An' a posie gown
 Aw'll buy thee soon,
 An' thou's drink thy tea—aye, twice a-day,
 When aw come frae Newcassel.

Becrike ! aw's up tiv every rig,
 Sae dinna doot, ma hinny !
 But at the Blue stane o' the Brig
 Aw'll ha'e ma mairching Ginny.
 A Ginny ! wuks ! sae strange a seet
 Ma een wi' joy will dazzle ;
 But aw'll hed spent that verrà neet—
 For money, hinny ! owre neet to keep,
 Wad brick ma sleep :
 Sae, smash ! aw thinks't a wiser way,
 Wi' flesh and beer
 Mysel' to cheer,
 The lang three weeks that aw've to stay,
 A sougering at Newcassel.

But whisht ! the sairgènt's tongue aw hear,
 " Fa' in ! fa' in !" he's yelpin :
 The fifes are whusslin' lood an' clear,
 An' sair the drums they're skelpin.
 Fareweel, ma comely ! aw mun gang,
 The Gen'ral's een to dazzle ;
 But, hinny ! if the time seems lang,
 And thou freets about me neet an' day ;
 Then come away,
 Seek out the yell-house where aw stay,
 An' we'll kiss and cuddle ;
 An' mony a fuddle
 Sall drive the langsome hours away,
 When sougering at Newcassel.

O NO, MY LOVE, NO.

By JOHN SHIELD, of Newcastle.

WHILST the dread voice of war thro' the welkin rebellows;

And aspects undaunted our Volunteers show,
Do you think, O my Delia! to join the brave fellows,
My heart beats impatient? O no, my love, no.

At the dawn of the day, their warm beds still forsaking,
To scamper thro' *bogs*, or where prickly *whins* grow, *furze*
When I view them of pastimes so martial partaking,
Do I sicken with envy? O no, my love, no.

Array'd in full splendour, their arms brightly shining,
On *guard* or on *picquet*, when proudly they go,
(For the pleasures of *permanent duty* repining)
Do I sigh to go with them? O no, my love, no.

Or think you that, eager to quell rude disorder,
What time our brave heroes shall face the dread foe,
I've determin'd to serve under Mr Recorder,
In the tip-staff battalion? O no, my love, no.

What means, my lov'd Delia! that frown, now appearing?
Why, why does your brow such severity show?
And wherefore those glances, so cold and uncheering?
Do you think me a *poltroon*? O no, my love, no.

Though I wear not a red coat, my honour's untainted,—
To Coventry ne'er was I fated to go;
But, whilst with the *plan of removal* acquainted,
Can I, cruel, desert thee? O no, my love, no.

Soon war from thy home may a fugitive send thee,
Soon give thee of *keels* and their huddocks to know; *boats - catboats*
In the Voyage to Newburn who'll succour and tend thee; *coast*
Shall the task be another's? O no, my love, no.

Then wear not my Delia! an aspect so chilling,
Nor doubt that with ardour heroic I glow;
But love's dear delights shall I barter for *drilling*?
That smile methinks answers,—“O no, my love, no.”

DELIA'S ANSWER.

WHILST the dread voice of war thro' our island rebellows,
 And aspects terrific proud Frenchmen still show,
 Do you think, O my Colin ! to join our brave fellows
 I e'er would forbid you ? O no, my love, no.

At the dawn of the day, my bed cheerly forsaking,
 I'd scamper thro' *bogs*, or where prickly *whins* grow ;
 On a view of your martial manœuvres partaking,
 I vow ne'er to leave you : O no, my love, no.

Array'd in full splendour, your arms brightly shining,
 On *guard* or on *picquet*, when proudly you go,
 Or on *permanent duty*, do you think that, repining,
 I'd sighing reprove you ? O no, my love, no.

Or when you are called to quell rude disorder,
 Or with brother heroes shall face the dread foe,
 If my honour I trusted to Mr Recorder,
 Will he fail to protect me ? O no, my love, no,

What means, then, my Colin ! that cold sweat appearing ?
 Why, why should your brow such timidity show ?
 And where are those glances so cold and uncheering ?
 Shall I think you a poltroon ? O no, my love, no.

Then, haste, wear a red coat, while your honour's untainted,
 Or to Coventry you may be fated to go ;
 And tho' with the plan of removal acquainted,
 I'll not go to Newburn : O no, my love, no.

Soon War from my home may a fugitive send me,
 And which way, or how, I'm not anxious to know ;
 For I'll follow the lads that are arm'd to defend me :
 Shall the task be another's ? O no, my love, no.

Then wear not, my Colin ! an aspect so chilling,
 Let your breast now with ardour heroic but glow,
 Then love's dear delights will I barter for *drilling* :
 You sure can't refuse me ? O no, my love, no.

THE COLLIERS RANT.

AS me and my marrow was ganning to wark, *pasture*
 We met with the devil, it was in the dark;
 I up with my pick, it being in the neit,
 I knock'd off his horns, likewise his club feet.
 Follow the horses, Johnny my lad oh!
 Follow them through, my canny lad oh!
 Follow the horses, Johnny my lad oh!
 Oh lad ly away, canny lad oh!

As me and my marrow was putting the tram, *staid on wheels*
 The lowe it went out, and my marrow went wrang; *please*
 You would have laugh'd had you seen the gam,
 The deil gat my marrow, but I gat the tram,
 Follow the horses, &c.

Oh! marrow, oh! marrow, what dost thou think?
 I've broken my bottle, and spilt a' my drink;
 I lost a' my shin-splints among the great stanes,
 Draw me t' the shaft, it's time to gan hame.
 Follow the horses, &c.

Oh! marrow, oh! marrow, where hast thou been?
 Driving the drift from the low seam,
 Driving the drift from the low seam:
 Had up the lowe, lad, deil stop out thy een!
 Follow the horses, &c.

Oh! marrow, oh! marrow, this is wor pay week,
 We'll get penny loaves and drink to our beek;
 And we'll fill up our bumper, and round it shall go,
 Follow the horses, Johnny lad oh!
 Follow the horses, &c.

There is my horse, and there is my tram;
 Twee horns full of greese will make her to gang;
 There is my hoggars, likewise my half shoon,
 And smash my heart, marrow, my putting's a' done. *upper st. & hoggars*
 Follow the horses, Johnny my lad oh! *marrow - full*
 Follow them through my canny lad oh!
 Follow the horses, Johnny my lad oh!
 Oh lad ly away, canny lad oh!

WALKER PITS.

Tune—Off she goes.

IF I had another penny,
 I would have another gill;
 I would make the fidlers play
 The Bonny Lads of Byker Hill.
 Byker Hill and Walker Shore,
 Collery lads for ever more;
 Byker Hill and Walker Shore,
 Collery lads for ever more.

When I cam to Walker wark,
 I had ne coat nor ne pit sark;
 But now aw've gotten twe or three,
 Walker pit's deun weel for me.
 Byker Hill and Walker shore,
 Collery lads for ever more;
 Byker Hill and Walker Shore,
 Collery lads for ever more.

 THE BONNY PIT LADDIE.

THE bonny pit laddie, the cannie pit laddie,
 The bonny pit laddie for me, O!
 He sits in his hole as black as a coal,
 And brings the white siller to me, O!

The bonny pit laddie, the cannie pit laddie,
 The bonny pit laddie for me, O!
 He sits on his *cricket*, and *hews* in his jacket, *rr-ran?*
 And brings the white siller to me, O!

THE PITMAN'S REVENGE AGAINST BUONAPARTE.

HAE ye heard o' these wondrous dons,
That make this mighty fuss, man,
About invading Briton's land?
I vow they're wondrous spruce, man:
But little do the Frenchmen ken
About our loyal Englishmen;
Our collier lads are for cockades,
And guns to shoot the French, man.
Toll loll de roll de roll de roll.

Then to parade the pitmen went,
Wi' hearts both stout and strong, man;
Gad smash the French, we are so strang,
We'll shoot them ev'ry one, man:
Gad smash me sark if I would stick
To tumble them a' down the pit,
As fast as I could thrav a coal,
I'd tumble them a' down the hole,
And close her in aboon, man.
Toll loll, &c.

Heads up, says one, ye silly sow,
Ye dinna mind the word, man:
Eyes right, says Tom, and wi' a dam,
And march off at the word, man:
Did ever mortals see sic brutes,
To order me to lift my kutes?
Ad smash the fool, he stands and talks,
How can he learn me to walk,
That's walk'd this forty year, man?
Toll loll, &c.

But should the Frenchmen shew their face
Upon our waggon ways, man,
Then there upon the road, you know,
We'd make them end their days, man:
Ay Bonaparte's sel I'd take,

And throw him in the burning heap,
 And with great speed I'd roast him deed;
parties His marrows then I wad nae heed,
 We'd pick out a' their een, man.
 Toll loll, &c.

Says Willy Dunn to loyal Tom,
 Your words are all a joke, man;
 For Geordy winna hae your help,
 Ye're sic kamstarie fowk, man:
 Then Willy lad, we'll rest in peace,
 In hopes that a' the wars may cease;
 But I's gie ye, Wull, to understand,
 As lang as I can wield my hand,
 There's nane but George shall reign, man.
 Toll loll, &c.

Enough of this has shure been said,
 Cry'd Cowardly Willy Dunn, man;
 For should the Frenchmen come this way,
 We'd be ready for to run, man.
 Gad smash you for a fool, says Tom,
 For if I could not use my gun,
 I'd take my pick, I'd hew them down,
 And run and cry through a' the town,
 God save great George our king, man.
 Toll loll, &c.

THE COLLIERS' PAY WEEK.

THE Baff week is o'er—no repining—
 Pay-Saturday's swift on the wing;
 At length the blythe morning comes shining,
early When kelter makes colliers sing:
 'Tis Spring, and the weather is cheary,
 The birds whistle sweet on the spray;
 Now coal working lads, trim and airy,
 To Newcastle town hie away.

Those married jog on with their *hinnies*, *honeys*
 Their canny bairns go by their side;
 The daughters keep teasing their minnies
 For new cloaths to keep up their pride:
 They plead—Easter Sunday does fear them,
 For, if they have nothing that's new,
 The *Crow*, spiteful bird! will besmear them;
 Oh then! what a sight for to view!

The young men, full blithsome and jolly,
 March forward, all decently clad;
 Some liting up, "*Cut-and-dry, Dolly,*"
 Some singing, "*The bonny Pit Lad:*"
 The pranks that were play'd at last binding
 Engage some in humourous chat;
 Some halt by the way-side on finding
 Primroses to place in their hat.

Bob Cranky, Jack Hogg, and Dick Marley,
 Bill Hewitt, Luke Carr, and Tom Brown,
 In one jolly squad set off early
 From Benwell to Newcastle town:
 Such hewers as they (none need doubt it)
 Ne'er handled a shovel or pick;
 In high or low seam they could suit it,
 In regions next door to Old Nick.

Some went to buy hats and new jackets,
 And others to see a bit fun;
 And some wanted leather and tackets
 To cobble their canny pit shoon:
 Save the ribbon Dick's dear had requested,
 (Aware he had plenty of chink)
 There was no other care him infested,
 Unless 'twere his care for good drink.

[In the morning the dry man advances
 To purl-shop to toss off a gill,
 Ne'er dreading the ills and mischances
 Attending on those who *sit still*:

The drink, Reason's monitor quelling,
 Inflames both the brain and the eyes ;
 The enchantment commenc'd, there's no telling
 When care-drowning tipplers will rise.

O MALT ! we acknowledge thy powers
 What *good* and what *ill* dost thou brew !
 Our good *friend* in moderate hours—
 Our *enemy* when we get fu' :
 Could thy vot'ries avoid the fell furies
 So often awaken'd by thee,
 We would seldom need Judges or Juries
 To send folk to Tyburn tree !]

At length in Newcastle they centre—
 In *Hardy's*,* a house much renown'd,
 The jovial company enter,
 Where stores of good liquor abound :
 As quick as the servants could fill it,
 (Till emptied was quarts half a score)
 With heart-burning thirst down they swill it,
 And thump on the table for more.

While thus in fine cue they are seated,
 Young cock-fighting Ned from the Fell†
 Peep'd in—his "*How dye ?*" repeated,
 And hop'd they were all very well ;
 He swore he was pleased to see them—
 One rose up to make him sit down,
 And join in good fellowship wi' them,
 For him they would spend their last crown.

The liquor beginning to warm them,
 In friendship the closer they knit,
 And tell and hear jokes—and, to charm them,
 Comes ROBIN, from Denton-Bourn pit ;
 An odd witty, comical fellow,
 At either a jest or a tale,

* Sign of the Black Boy, Groat Market.

† Gatehead Fell.

Especially when he was mellow
With drinking stout Newcastle ale.

With bousing, and laughing, and smoking,
The time slippeth swiftly away ;
And while they are ranting and joking
The church-clock proclaims it mid-day ;
And now for black-puddings, long measure,
They go to TIB TROLLIBAG'S stand,
And away bear the glossy rich treasure,
With joy, like curl'd bugles in hand.

And now a choice house they agreed on,
Not far from the head of the Quay ;
Where they their black puddings might feed on
And spend the remains of the day ;
Where pipers and fiddlers resorted,
To pick up the stragglings pence,
And where the pit lads often sported
Their money at Fiddle and Dance.

BLIND WILLIE* the fidler sat scraping,
In corner just as they went in :
Some Willington callants were shaking
Their feet to his musical din :
Jack vow'd he would have some fine cap'ring,
As soon as their dinner was o'er,
With the lassie that wore the white apron,
Now reeling about on the floor.

Their hungry stomachs being eased,
And gullets well clear'd with a glass,
Jack rose from the table and seized
The hand of the frolicsome lass.
" Ma hinny !" says he, " pray excuse me—
To ask thee to dance I make free."
She reply'd, " I'd be loth to refuse thee !
Now fiddler play—" Jigging for me."

D

* William Purvis, a blind fidler so called.

The damsel displays all her graces,
 The collier exerts all his power,
 They caper in circling paces,
 And *set* at each end of the floor :
 He jumps, and his heels knock and rattle,
 At turns of the music so sweet
 He makes such a thundering brattle,
 The floor seems afraid of his feet.

This couple being seated, rose Bob up,
 He wish'd to make one in a jig ;
 But a Willington lad set his gob up,— *mouth ? or as we say "run the rig."*
 O'er him there should none "*run the rig.*" *trick*
 For now 'twas his turn for a caper,
 And he would dance first as he'd rose ;
 Bob's passion beginning to vapour,
 He twisted his opponent's nose.

The Willington lads, for their Franky,
 Jump'd up, to revenge the foul deed ;
 And those in behalf of Bob Cranky
 Sprung forward—for now there was need.
upset Bob *canted* the form, with a kevel, *hammer*
 As he was exerting his strength ;
 But he got on the lug such a nevel, *ear fist*
 That down he came all his long length.

Tom Brown, from behind the long table,
 Impatient to join in the fight,
 Made a spring, some rude foe to disable,
 For he was a man of some might :
 Misfortune, alas ! was attending,
 An accident fill'd him with fear ;
 An old rusty nail his flesh rending,
 Oblig'd him to slink in the rear.

When sober, a mild man was Marley,
 More apt to join friends than make foes ;
 But rais'd by the juice of the barley,
 He put in some sobbling blows. *some*
 And cock-fighting Ned was their Hector,
 A courageous fellow, and stout ;

He stood their bold friend and protector,
And thump'd the opponents about.

All hand-over-head, topsy turvy,
They struck with fists, elbows, and feet,
A Willington callant, called Gurvy,
Was top-tails tost over the seat :
Luke Carr had one eye clos'd entire ;
And what is a serio-farce,
Poor Robin was cast on the fire,
His breeks torn and burnt off his a—e.

Oh, Robin ! what argued thy speeches ?
Disaster now makes thee quite mum ;
Thy wit could not save the good breeches,
That mencef^{ly} cover'd thy bum :
To some s^{lo}p-shop now thou may go trudging,
And lug out some squandering coins ;
For now 'tis too late to be grudging,—
Thou cannot go home with bare groins.

How the warfaring companies parted,
The Muse chuseth not to proclaim ;
But, 'tis thought, that, being rather down-hearted,
They quietly went—" toddling hame."
Now ye Collier callants, so clever,
Residing 'tween Tyne and the Wear,
Beware, when you fuddle together,
Of making too free with strong beer.

THE QUAYSIDE SHAVER*.

ON each market day, Sir, the folks to the Quay, Sir,
Go flocking with beards they have seven days worn,
And round the small grate, Sir, in crowds they all wait, Sir,
To get themselves shav'd in a rotative turn ;

D 2

* Formerly on the Sandhill, and afterwards on the Quay, near the Bridge, were people (chiefly women) who, in the open street, on market days, performed the office of Barber.

Old soldiers on sticks, Sir, about politics, Sir,
 Debate—till at length they quite heated have grown ;
 May nothing escape, Sir, until *Madame Scrape*, Sir,
 Cries, "Gentlemen, who is the next to sit down?"

A medley the place is, of those that sell laces,
 With fine shirt-neck buttons, and good cabbage nets ;
 Where match-men, at meeting, give a kind greeting,
 And ask one another how trade with them sets :
 Join'd in with *Tom Hoggars* and little *Bob Naskers*,
 Who wander the streets in their fuddling gills ;
 And those folks with bags, Sir, who buy up old rags, Sir,
 That deal in fly-cages, and paper windmills.

There pitmen, with baskets and gay posey waistcoats,
 Discourse about nought but whee puts and hews best ;
 There keelmen, just landed, swear may they be stranded,
 If they're not shav'd first while their keel's at the *Fest* ; *place*
 With a face of coal dust, would frighten one almost ; *of parting*
 Thro' off hat and wig, while they usurp the chair ;
 While others stand looking, and think it provoking,
 But, for the insult, to oppose them none dare.

When under the chin, Sir, she tucks the cloth in, Sir,
 Their old quid they'll pop in the pea-jacket cuff ;
 And while they are sitting, do nought but keep spitting,
 And looking around with an air fierce and bluff :
 Such tales as go round, Sir, would be sure to confound, Sir,
 And puzzle the prolific brain of the wise ;
 But when she prepares, Sir, to take off the hair, Sir,
 With lather, she whitens them up to the eyes.

No sooner the razor is laid on the face, Sir,
 Then painful distortions take place on the brow ;
 But if they complain, Sir, they'll find it in vain, Sir,
 She'll tell them there's nought but what *Patience* can do ;
 And as she scrapes round 'em, if she by chance wound 'em,
 They'll cry out as tho' she'd bereav'd them of life,
 " 'Od smash your brains, woman ! I find the blood's coming,
 " I'd rather been shav'd with an au'd gully knife !"

a large knife

For all they can say, Sir, she still rasps away, Sir,
 And sweeps round their jaw, the chop torturing tool;
 Till they in a pet, Sir, request her to whet, Sir:
 But she gives them for answer, "Sit still you pist fool!"
 For all their repining, their twisting and twining,
 She forward proceeds till she's mown off the hair;
 When finish'd, cries, "There Sir;" then straight from the
 chair, Sir,
 They'll jump, crying, "Daresay you've scrap'd the bone
 bare!"

SWALWELL HOPPING.

By J. S. of Gateshead.

Tune—"Paddy's Wedding."

LADS! myek a ring,
 An' hear huz sing
 The sport we had at Swalwell-o;
 Wour merry play,
 O' th' Hoppen day?
 Howay! marrows, an' aw'll tell you-o.
 The sun shines warm on Whickham bank,
 Let's aw lye down at Dolly's-o,
 An' hear 'bout mony a funny prank
 Play'd by the lads at Crowley's-o.

There was Sam, O zoons!
 Wiv's pantaloons,
 An' gravat up owre his gobby-o;
 An' Willy, thou,
 Wi' th' jacket blue,
 Thou was the varra Bobby-o:
 There was knack knee'd Mat, wiv's purple suit,
 An' hopper-a—s'd Dick, a' yellow-o:
 Great Tom was there wi' H—ple's awd eoat,
 An' bucksheen'd Bob fra Stella-o.

When we wour drest,
 It was confest,
 We shemm'd the cheps fra Newcassel-o :
 So away we set
 To wour town gyet,
 To jeer them a' as they pass'd us-o ;
 We shouted some, and some dung down— *stuck*
 Lobstrop'lus fellows, we kick'd them-o :
 Some culls went hyem, some crush'd to town,
 Some gat about by Whickham-o.

The spree com on—
 The hat was won
 By carrot-pow'd Jenny's Jacky-o :
 What a fyess, begok ! *face*
 Had buckle-mouth'd Jock, *with large shagging*
 When he twin'd his jaws for the backy-o ! *last*
 The kilted lasses fell tid pell mell, *promptly*
 Wi'—Tally-i-o the grinder-o—
 The smock was gi'en to slavering Nell ;
 Ye'd dropp'd had ye been behind her-o.

Wour dance began,
 Awd buck-tyuth'd Nan,
 An', Geordy, thou'd Jen Collin-o :
 While the merry black,
 Wi' monny a crack,
 Set the tamborine a rolling-o.
 Like wour forge hammer we bet se true,
 An shuk Raw's house se soundly-o :
 Tuff canna cum up wi' Crowley's crew,
 Nor thump the tune se roundly-o.

Then Gyetside Jack,
 Wir's bloody back,
 Wad dance wi' goggle-ey'd Mally-o :
 But up cam Nick,
 An' gav him a kick,
 An' a canny bit kind of a fally-o :

That day a' Hawk's blacks may rue,—
 They gat monny a verra sair clanker-o :
 Can they de ouse wi' Crowley's crew,
 Frev a needle tiv a anchor-o ?

What's that to say
 To the bonny fray
 We had wi' skipper Robin-o :
 The keel bullies a',
 Byeth great and sma',
 Myed a bu—ly tide o' the Hoppen-o.
 Glead Will cry'd, *Ma-a!* up lup awd Frank,
 An' Robin that marry'd his dowter-o :
 We hammer'd their ribs like a anchor shank
 They fand it six weeks after-o.

Bald pyet Jone Carr
 Wad hev a bit spar,
 To help his marrows away wid-o :
 But poor awd fellow,
 He'd gotten ower mellow,
 So we down'd byeth him and Davy-o :
 Then Petticoat Robin jump't up agyen,
 Wiv's gully to mercykree huz a',
 But Willanton Dan laid him flat wiv a styen :
 Hurro ! for Crowley's crew, boys a' !

Their hash was sattled,
 So off we rattled,
 An' jigg'd it up se hearty-o ?
 Wi' monny a shiver,
 An' lowp se clever,
 Can Newcassel turn out sec a party-o ?
 When, wheit dyun ower, the fidlers went,
 We stagger'd a hint see merry-o :
 An' thro' wour town, till fairly spent,
 Roar'd—Crowley's Crew an' Glory-o !

THE SANDGATE GIRL'S LAMENTATION.

I was a young maiden truly,
 And lived in Sandgate street ;
 I thought to marry a good-man,
 To keep me warm at neit.
 Some good-like body, some bonny body,
 To be with me at noon ;
 But last I married a keelman,
 And my good days are done.

I thought to marry a parson,
 To hear me say my prayers ;
 But I have married a keelman,
 And he kicks me down the stairs.
 He's an ugly body, a bubbly body,
 An ill-far'd, ugly loon ;
 And I have married a keelman,
 And my good days are done.

I thought to marry a dyer,
 To die my apron blue ;
 But I have married a keelman,
 And he makes me sorely rue.
 He's an ugly body, a bubbly body,
 An ill-far'd, ugly loon ;
 And I have married a keelman,
 And my good days are done.

I thought to marry a joiner,
 To make me chair and stool ;
 But I have married a keelman,
 And he's a perfect fool.
 He's an ugly body, a bubbly body,
 An ill-far'd, ugly loon ;
 And I have married a keelman,
 And my good days are done.

I thought to marry a sailor,
 To bring me sugar and tea ;

But I have married a keelman,
 And that he lets me see.
 He's an ugly body, a bubbly body,
 An ill-far'd, ugly loon ;
 And I have married a keelman,
 And my good days are done.

A curious Description of the City of Sandgate,

Wrote some Years ago.

MY muse took flight the other day,
 And rambling carelessly, astray ;
 I set my thoughts a wand'ring too,
 The fleeting rover to pursue.
 Yet as she has an itching still,
 To mount the great Parnassus hill,
 I straightway thither did repair,
 But found she never had been there ;
 That being too divine a place,
 For her to chant unhallow'd lays ;
 When turning quick my eye around
 On Tindale's shore, the wand'rer found,
 Where she was taking a survey,
 Of all that in her compass lay ;
 A medley of such objects rose,
 Which pen but faintly can disclose ;
 But being in a merry pin,
 And to decribe them did begin :—

Sandgate's the devil's besom sure,
 With which oft times he sweeps the floor ;
 The air's with glasshouse smoke infected,
 Confusion of all kinds collected ;
 Nothing but murm'ring, noise, and swearing,
 Shocks your conscience, grates your hearing.
 The women black, red, tawny, grey,
 Who seldom go to church to pray ;
 Who's sides are ne'er to stays confin'd,
 To cramp their natural ease behind.

Nor modestly do they think shame,
 To act what I don't chuse to name;
 Nor do they stop, when they think meet,
 To act their lewdness in the street;
 Whole lots of them do nightly sport,
 With black and grey, and every sort:
 Oft in a cannhouse you may view,
 A gang of this sweet scented crew.
 Who when they grow a little mellow,
 Begin to sing and swear and bellow;
 Like madmen in a rage or fury,
 Not fearing either judge or jury;
 Nor do I err much when I tell,
 They've little dread of heav'n or hell.

The wife her husband thus addresses,
 With doubled fist and flowing tresses,—
 "Come, Tom, make haste, let us away,
 "The tide flows high, we cannot stay.
 "Nay, answers Tom, deel smash my heart!
 "Let us but have the other quart."
 She then begins to sing a song,
 Would frighten any man but Tom,—
 "You idle spendthrift, scant of grace,
 "I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
 "A cleanlier lass was never bred,
 "When I came to your bridal bed.
 "Had fouth of claihs to clead my back,
 "But now I've scarce a single plack:
 "You've left me bare of bed and claihs,
 "Deel brust you, by your graceless ways;
 "And when you're drunk as you can see,
 "Come home and curse the bairns and me.
 "Turn topsy turvy all the house,
 "And every thing in it abuse;
 "Throw all the dishes off the shelf,
 "The platters, dubblers, and the delf.
 "And set the plates and spoons, in joke,
 "A flying round the room like smoke:
 "And when your family's in need,
 "And like to starve for want of breed,

plenty

clerk

" You'll grudge for haver-meal to pay, *out meal*
 " To make them crowdies once a day. *mess of oat meal milk*
 " These are your pranks, you murd'ring rogue,
 " That every day you have in vogue ;
 " And if you do not mend your course,
 " I must go beg—or else do worse."
 Tom out his hand at last did stretch,
 " What ails you now ? you grumbling bitch, }
 " Peace ! or your hide I'll soundly switch.
 " Do not I almost-ev'ry day,
 " At the *lang hinney's* o'er the way,
 " See Geordy Jenkin's wife and you,
 " Drinking clove waters till you spue !
 " Go to the devil with your brats,
 " And vex me not with d——'d pit-rats,
 " That are not all of my begetting,
 " But plants of other people's setting.
 " Since you have oft, by your confession,
 " From my embraces made digression,
 " Go home, G—d d——n your soul, and spin,
 " Or else, by L—d, I'll lamb your skin.

Thus fast unto destruction hasting,
 Their health consuming, money wasting ;
 They drink, and ne'er for home declare,
 Until they're pockets are quite bare.
 Here mangy Scots from banks of Tay,
 With scarce a plaid to bear away ;
 Half-starv'd, they from the frozen North,
 Like swarms of locusts, sally forth,
 Worse than before, on Pharaoh's land,
 Were sent by the Almighty hand ;
 Such hardness of their hearts to purge,
 And for their wickedness them scourge :
 This mugletonian blackguard breed,
 Upon our very vitals feed ;
 And, like the whelps of Juno's pack,
 Of Scots infection bring a smack ;
 When hither come, they seldom fail
 To scrape the scabs from off their tail ;
 By artful tricks, and well form'd lies,
 To skippers or such like, they rise :

more good.

And thus get breeches warm to wear,
To hide their a—e that then was bare ;
And then set up their crops and talk,
As if they sprung from noble stalk.

At midnight these, and such like sots,
With noddles full, from stinking pots
Of rank geneva, and of rum,
They raise a scent where'er they come ;
Reel, cursing, in a grumbling tone,
In some dark lane, where sun ne'er shone,
But darkness dire, surrounds the place,
An emblem of their foul disgrace :
Oft in a house decay'd with age,
Which scarce will bear the winter's rage ;
Whose crazy outshots threat'ning hing *propulsion of*
About their ears, a peal to ring ; *one thing after*
They tumble in one common bed, *the same one*
Where all are there promiscuous laid ;
And ten to one, but as they fall,
They break their heads against the wall ;
Nor do they mind to choose their wives,
With whom they're bound to lead their lives ;
But to the first they come do keep,
Where, if they're drunk, they fall asleep.
If not, there's oft a general horning
Takes place before the next day morning.—
Gomorrah ne'er could fuller be
Than *Sandgate* with impiety,
So cramm'd with immorality
Is every one, that if there be
A place on earth resembling hell,
That lot on *Sandgate* surely fell :—
Each soul's as bad as ——— I'll prove it.
This is *Sandgate*,—can you love it?

THE CROW'S NEST,

Built on the Top of the Exchange Steeple ; with a Prophecy,
by One of the Crows, of what is to happen the Nation, and
particularly the Town of Newcastle.*

WHEN war's destructive rage did cease,
In fatal, humbling, *eighty-three*,†
And men were blest again with peace,
We wond'rous prodigies did see.

The Thirteen (once prescribed) States,
Doom'd by the hangman's cord to die ;
Great kings (so th' will'd all pow'rful fates)
Before them almost prostrate lie.

Then fair Italia's classic ground,
And rich Sicilia's beauteous shore,
With palacès and temples crown'd,
Alas ! alas ! are now no more ‡.

But stranger prodigies than these
Appear in Britain's happy land,
(They say, " that wonders never cease,")
For North and Fox go hand in hand.

R—h—d and S—d—ch, of one mind,
And all their mutual wrongs forgive,
(What wonders can be left behind !)
And henceforth like twin brothers live.

The frenzy seiz'd the feather'd race,
For (now when *Pitt* would mend the nation)
The crows on Captain Stephenson's trees,
Sat, settling plans of reformation.

E

* In the year 1783, a pair of crows built their nest upon the vane of the Exchange, and continued many years to rear their young.

† Alluding to the Peace of 1783, after the American War.

‡ Alluding to a dreadful earthquake in Italy, which happened shortly before the publication of this, by which 270 cities and towns were destroyed, and 200,000 people perished.

An aged Rook perch'd on a bough,
 With hoary head and jetty wing,
 His plummy neighbours round him drew,
 And Britain's fate he thus did sing.

" Listen, ye Crows, my brethren all,
 And hear what my ill-boding mind
 Fortells—Britannia soon must fall !
 I snuff its ruin in the wind.

" For kings, by tyranny, have driven
 Fair Freedom from Europa's States ;
 (Freedom ! thou choicest gift of Heaven !)
 Then hear the doom fix'd by the fates :—

" Since men the heavenly gift despise,
 And o'er th' Atlantic Freedom's fled,
 Plagues, famine, tyranny, and wars shall rise,
 And endless woes shall all succeed !

" Let's search for th' ACHANS in the camp,
 That thus have caus'd our Israel's woes ;
 —Yes, kings, and all the bishop-stamp,
 I dread, have been the lurking foes !

" For never shall the land have peace,
 As good Lord George*, and David say ?
 Till from our isle we banish these,
 And drive such rogues a-cross the sea."

The sable crowd croak'd hoarse applause,
 And highly charm'd were with th' oration,
 Till one fierce crow their notice draws,
 Who thus address'd the feather'd nation :—

" Rebels accurs'd !" he frown'd and cried,
 " How could you this old traitor hear ?
 Who thus dare kings and priests deride,
 Whom men should worship and revere.

* Lord George Gordon, who at this time was very popular.

“ I see your doom, ye trait’rous crew !”—
 Th’ impatient throng would hear no more ;
 With furious bills they at him flew,
 And in a moment had him tore——

Had he not clapt his wings and fled,
 And taken refuge on th’ Exchange ;
 And from its top he bow’d his head,
 And spoke the crowds that round him range :—

“ Mortals, attend with reverend awe,
 Mark well my words, Newcastle people,
 I’ll do what yet you never saw,
 I build my nest upon this steeple.

“ From this most happy omen, know
 What blessings shall to you be given ;
 What peace and choicest gifts shall flow
 From the all-kind, all-bounteous heaven.

“ And first of all shall taxes cease,
 Provisions fall, and there shall be
 Rich golden crops, the fruits of peace,
 And choicest product of the sea.

“ Then polish’d manners shall prevail ;
 —Would you believe !—but you shall see
 Millers no more your corn shall steal ;
 And doctors cure without a fee.

“ Lawyers by strife shall cease to thrive ;
 And what’s more strange—aye, is it not ?
 The milk, and every other tythe,
 Shall all be dropt by *Doctor Scott* !

“ Then *Windydrum*‡ shall cease to sneer,
 And *Shorthorn*‡ shall turn wond’rous civil ;
 And after them you scarce need fear
 To cultivate the very devil !

E 2

‡ Alluding to two persons in Newcastle, noted for their political principles.

“ Another prodigy comes next,
 (When my nest shall be builded here,)
 Parsons shall live up to their text ;
 And keelmen then shall dread to swear.

“ Fish-women, too, shall then forget
 To call their neighbours whores and bitches ;
 But what is most surprising yet—
 Your Al——— shall ALL be WITCHES.

*The following Song was published in December, 1791
 as from One of the Rooks which then built their Nest
 on the Vane of the Exchange, and addressed to the
 good People of BUR-CASTLE.*

ROUGH roll'd the roaring river's stream,
 And rapid ran the rain,
 When Robert Rutter dreamt a dream,
 Which rack'd his heart with pain :
 He dreamt there was a raging bear
 Rush'd from the rugged rocks ;
 And strutting round with horrid stare,
 Breath'd terror to the Brocks†.

But Robert Rutter drew his sword,
 And rushing forward right,
 The horrid creature's thrapple gor'd,
 And barr'd his rueful spite :
 Then stretching forth his brawny arm,
 To drag him to the stream,
 He grappled grizzle, rough and warm,
 Which rouz'd him from his dream.

† Badgers.

SONS OF THE TYNE.—1805.

ATTEND to my summons, ye *British* Electors,
 'Tis freedom announces your instant support,
 No longer your confidence place in Protectors,
 Who pillage your Rights, and of Laws make a sport;
Britannia demands your hearts and your hands,
 Away to assist her, the cause is divine.

Come, see
 Freedom and Liberty
 Nobly exerting the Sons of the *Tyne*.

'Twas Liberty gave us our Commerce and Treasure,
 She taught us to cultivate Science and Mirth,
 To patronize Learning and true social pleasure,
 To lighten the heart, and give Jollity birth,
 Come, come *Britons* all, 'tis Liberty's call,
 Away with all speed to her sacred shrine.

Come, see
 Freedom and Liberty
 Nobly exerting the Sons of the *Tyne*.

With Freedom all Nations we hold in defiance,
 The Glory of *Britain* o'er Earth she has hurl'd,
 And Monarchs despotic, now court our alliance,
 The terror of States, and the pride of the World.
 Long, long on our Isle, may Liberty smile,
 And bless us with *Brunswick's* illustrious Line.

Come, see
 Freedom and Liberty
 Nobly exerting the Sons of the *Tyne*.

Be happy ye fair ones whom Freedom has given,
 The virtue and spirit her cause to maintain,
 Whose raiment outvies with the mantle of Heaven,
 When *Phæbus* unclouded, just starts from the Main,

To guard love and beauty, we make it our duty,
 To aid their felicity, ever combine ;
 Come, see
 Daughters of Liberty,
 Greeting with rapture the Sons of the *Tyne*.

JESMOND MILL.

By Phill Hodgson, of Newcastle.

TO sing some nymph in her cot
 Each bard will oft flourish his quill :
 I'm glad it has fall'n to my lot
 To celebrate Jesmond Mill.

When spring hither winds her career,
 Our trees and our hedges to fill,
 Vast oceans of verdure appear
 To charm you at Jesmond Mill.

To plant every rural delight
 Mere Nature has lavish'd her skill ;
 Here fragrant soft breezes unite
 To wanton round Jesmond Mill.

When silence each evening here dwells,
 The birds in their coverts all still ;
 No music in sweetness excels
 The clacking of Jesmond Mill.

Reclin'd by the verge of the stream,
 Or stretch'd on the side of the hill,
 I'm never in want of a theme
 While learning at Jesmond Mill.

Sure Venus some plot has design'd,
 Or why is my heart never still,
 Whenever it pops in my mind
 To wander near Jesmond Mill ?

My object, ye swains, you will guess;
 If ever in love you had skill;
 And now, I will frankly confess,
 'Tis—Jenny of Jesmond Mill.

PANDON DEAN.

A Song published in Sept. 1776, under the Name of Rosalinda.

WHEN cooling zephyrs wanton play,
 Then oft in Pandon Dean I stray;
 When sore dispers'd with grief and woe,
 Then from a busy world I go;
 My mind is calm, my soul serene,
 Beneath the Bank in Pandon Dean.

The feather'd race around me sing,
 They make the hills and vallies ring;
 My sorrow flies, my grief is gone,
 I warble with the tuneful throng;
 All, all things wear a pleasing mien,
 Beneath the Bank in Pandon Dean.

At distance stands an ancient tower,
 Which ruin threatens every hour;
 I'm struck with reverence at the sight,
 I pause and gaze with fond delight;
 The antique walls do join the scene,
 And makes more lovely Pandon Dean.

Above me stand the towering trees,
 While here I feel the gentle breeze;
 The water flows by chance around,
 And green enamels all the ground:
 Which gives new splendour to the scene,
 And adds a grace to Pandon Dean.

But when I mount the rising hill,
 And there survey the purling rill,

My eye delighted—but I mourn,
 To think of winter's quick return ;
 With withering winds and frost so keen,
 I sighing leave the Pandon Dean.

O spare for once a female pen,
 And lash licentious wicked men ;
 Your conscious cheek need never glow,
 If you your talents thus bestow :
 Scarce fifteen summers have I seen,
 Yet dare to sing of Pandon Dean.

NANNY OF THE TYNE.

By J. M. WEDDERBURN, of Newcastle.

Set to Music by John Aldridge, Jun. of Newcastle.

WHILST bards, in strains that sweetly flow,
 Extol each nymph so fair,
 Be mine my Nanny's worth to show—
 Her captivating air.
 What swain can gaze without delight
 On beauty there so fine ?
 The Graces all their charms unite
 In Nanny of the Tyne.

Far from the noise of giddy courts
 The lovely charmer dwells ;
 Her cot the haunt of harmless sports,
 In virtue she excels.
 With modesty, good nature join'd,
 To form the nymph divine ;
 And truth, with innocence combin'd,
 In Nanny of the Tyne.

Flow on, smooth stream, in murmurs sweet
 Glide gently past her cot ;
 'Tis peace and virtue's calm retreat,—
 Ye great ones envied not.

And you, ye fair, whom folly leads
 Through all her paths supine,
 Tho' drest in pleasure's garb, exceeds
 Not Nanny of the Tyne.

Can art to nature e'er compare,
 Or win us to believe
 But that the frippery of the fair
 Were made but to deceive.
 Strip from the belle the dress so gay,
 Which fashion calls divine,
 Will she such loveliness display
 As Nanny of the Tyne?



THE BLUE BELL OF GATESHEAD.

By W. B. of Gateshead.

OH! where, and oh where does your bonny lassie dwell?
 Oh! where, and oh where does your bonny lassie dwell?
 She lives in canny Gateshead, at the sign of the Blue Bell:
 And it's oh! in my heart, but I love my lassie well.

And what's best compar'd to the mind of your true love?
 And what's best compar'd to the mind of your true love?
 The meekness of a lamb, and th' innocence of the dove:
 These are the true emblems of the mind of her I love.

In what, and in what does your bonny lass excell?
 In what, and in what does your bonny lass excell?
 She's modest as the daisy, sweet as the heather-bell;
 And it's oh! in my heart, I love my lassie well.

And what wad ye dee to please the maid you love?
 And what wad ye dee to please the maid you love?
 I'd be a saikless wanderer, and through the wide world rove,
 Till death clos'd my eyes—to please the maid I love.

THE NEWCASTLE SIGNS.

*Written by Mr CECIL PITT, and sung at the Theatre-Royal,
Newcastle, by Mr SCRIFEN, June 4, 1806.*

SHOULD the French in Newcastle but dare to appear,
At each sign they would meet with indifferent cheer ;
From the Goat, and the Hawk, from the Bell, and the Wag-
gon,
And Dog they would skip, as St George made the Dragon.

The Billet, the Highlander, Cross Keys, and Sun,
The Eagle, and Ships too, would shew 'em some fun ;
The Three Kings and Unicorn, Bull's Head, and Horse,
Would prove that the farther they went they'd fare worse.

At the Black House, a *strong-Arm* would lay ev'ry man on,
And they'd quickly go off, if they got in the Cannon ;
The Nelson and Turk's Head their fears would increase,
And they'd run from the Swan like a parcel of geese.

At the York, and the Cumberland, Cornwallis too,
With our fighting Cocks, sure they'd find plenty to do ;
The Nag's Head, and Lions, would cut such an evil,
And the Angel would drive the whole crew to the devil.

At the World, and the Fountain, the Bridge, Crown and
Thistle,
The Bee-Hive and Tuns, for a drop they might whistle ;
With our Prince, or our Crown, should they dare interpose,
They'd prick their French fingers well under the Rose.

At the Half-Moon, the Wheat-Sheaf, and Old Barley-Mow,
A sup's to be got,—if they could but tell how ;
If they call'd at the Bull and the Tyger, to ravage,
As well as the Black Boy, they'd find 'em quite savage.

At the Ark, and the Anchor, Pack Horse, and Blue Posts,
And the Newmarket Inn, they would find but rough hosts ;
The Old Star and Garter, Cock, Anchor, and more,
Would prove like the Grapes, all most cursedly sour.

The Lion and Lamb, Plough, and Old Robin Hood,
 With the Crane House, would check these delighters in blood;
 From the Butcher's Arms quick they'd be running away,
 And we all know that Shakespear would shew 'em some play.

At the White Hart, Three Bull's Heads, the Old Dog and
 Duck,
 If they did not get thrash'd they'd escape by good luck;
 At the Bird in the Bush, Metter's Arms, Peacock, they'd fast,
 And our King's and Queen's Heads we'll defend till the last.

May the sign of the King ever meet with respect,
 And our great Constitution each Britain protect;
 And may he who would humble our old British Crown,
 Be hung on a Sign-post till I take him down.

THE NEWCASTLE BELLMAN.

As sung by MR NOBLE, at the Theatre. Royal, in 1803.

TALK no more of brave Nelson, or gallant Sir Sidney,
 'Tis granted they're Tars of a true British kidney;
 And people are curious, such heroes to see,
 But neither, are half so much follow'd as Me;
 O when, ding dong, ding dong, my Bell goes,
 Carts, Barrows, are stopt at the sound;
 Each news-loving Porter, straight makes a full pause,
 And wonder-struck, shews the full stretch of his Jaws,
 When sonorous I publish all round.—

FIRST CALL.

LOST! on Saturday Evening last, between Love Lane
 and the Long Stairs; a *Tarrier Dog*, entirely White, with
 two Brown Ears and a Black Spot upon his Tail, and answers
 to the Name of *Shak'em*; the Dog was last seen at the
 Entrance of the Close: and has got an ugly Trick of shaking
 his Right Ear and Tail as he walks;—is considered to be
 rather deaf, as he does not always answer to the first call——

Whosoever will bring him to me shall be handsomely rewarded: and any detaining him after this Notice, will be prosecuted according to Law.—

With Orators sir, e'en senate to grace,
What town's better stock'd, pray, than this canny place,
Ah! would you, the flow'r of those Orators see?

Ecce Homo's the word,—you behold him in Me!

O when ding dong, ding dong, my Bell goes,
Shoe-makers with joy catch the sound;
And truly like so many Larks they are found:
Each swiftly descends from his garret on high;
When sonorous I publish all round.

SECOND CALL.

STOLEN or Strayed, from a field in Pandon Dean, three beautiful *smoke colour'd Sheep*, marked T. G. justly esteemed the most picturesque Ornaments of that celebrated Vale.—

The Admirers of rural Scenery hereby offer a *handsome Reward* to whoever will bring them back to the Dean, if strayed, or give such information as may convict the *Mutton-loving Rogues*, who have stolen them.

The Town Marshal proclaims peace, incomparably well,
Few, at calling a Fair, the Sheriff's Serjeant excell;
But in *Pathos*, the Critics, *mem. con.* do agree,
The Marshal and Serjeant must both yield to Me;

O when ding dong, ding dong, my Bell goes,
Barbers prick up their ears at the sound;
And heedless how half-shaven customers swear,
Come eagerly running my budget to hear,
When sonorous I publish all round.

THIRD CALL.

FOUND, last Winter, near the Turk's Head Inn, which has not since been claimed, a *Lady's Hat and Wig*, supposed to have been blown off the Head of the fair Owner whilst in a state of *Indescribability*.——Any Lady who can prove them to be her Property, may have them again, free of all Expence; but if not claimed and identified before the first of April next, they will be sold, and the Money given as a Donation to the Fever Hospital.

The Watchmen, 'tis granted, correctly and clever,
 Of the hour informs us, and state of the weather;
 But doubly delightful, their *calling* would be,
 Were they all wise enough to take lessons from Me;
 O when ding dong, ding dong, my Bell goes,
 Each Taylor leaps up at the sound;
 Off, to hear me, like roe bucks, they scampering set,
 So delighted, I'm told, that they *cabbage* forget,
 When sonorous I publish all round.

FOURTH CALL.

To be sold by Auction, J. M. Auctioneer, a large and choice Collection of Materials for Sleeping,—consisting of a Quantity of old News; erroneous and clumsy Statements of recent events; heavy Critiques on Theatrical Performers and Plays *not* performed; flat Pieces of uninteresting Biography; drowsy original Letters; dull Extracts from a northern *Caput Mortuum* of Insipidity; a Number of Puns, Jests, and old Anecdotes, warranted free from Attic Salt, chigramatic Point, or any other Ingredient capable of rousing Attention or exciting Risibility; also, a Quantity of pure Tyne Mercury, which possesses the peculiar Property of never rising in the Barometer of public Estimation, higher than the Point Ennui.—The Sale to begin every Monday Evening at Eight o'Clock, and continue till all be sold.

I'm resolv'd—may I hope you'll approve of the measure?—
 A short course of Lectures to give, when I've leisure;
 In order to perfect these Orators' graces,
 Who cry Dying Speeches and Lists of the Races:
 But, hark! ding dong, the Prompter's Bell goes,
 I'm electrified by the sound;
 Mr Lindoe,* your summons I haste to obey,
 Yet Gratitude bids me one moment delay—
 Just to thank my kind Patrons all round.

F

* The then Prompter at the Theatre.

OXYGEN GAS.

By JOHN SHIELD, of Newcastle, and sung at the Newcastle Theatre Royal.

ON Rhenish, Medeira, Port, Claret, and Sherry,
Your fulsome eulogiums, bon-vivants, pray spare ;
'Tis granted, when sad, wine can render us merry,
And lighten our bosoms of sorrow and care ;

But what vintage can fire us,
Enrapture, inspire us,

As Oxygen ? what so delicious to quaff ?

It is so animating,
And so titillating,

E'en grey-beards turn frisky, dance, caper, and laugh,
For what can so fire us, &c.

O wond'rous indeed is this bev'rage ethereal !

The mortal who quaffs it, altho' a mere clod,
Is straightway transformed to a being ærial,
And moves on earth's surface in fancy a God.

In a bumper is given
A foretaste of Heaven,

All earthly vexation straight cease to annoy,
Whilst laughing and crying,
And efforts at flying,

Bespeak the soul tost in a tempest of joy.
For what can so fire us, &c.

Haste, haste to partake on't, ye men of grave faces,

Ye Quakers, and Methodist parsons likewise ;
What tho' ye seem lost to the flexible graces,
And dormant the risible faculty lies ;

One quaff of the vapour

Will cause you to caper,

And swiftly relax your stiff solemniz'd jaws ;

You'll acknowledge the change too,

As pleasing as strange too,

And make the air ring with loud ha ! ha ! ha ! ha's !
For what can so fire us, &c.

Let gin, rum, and brandy grow dearer and dearer,
Distillers stop working—no toper will mourn ;

Of Gas we can make a delectable cheerer,
 Which, nor reddens our noses, nor livers will burn ;
 Unbeholden to whisky
 We'll drink and get frisky,
 Nor fear that to-morrow our temples may ache ;
 Neither stomach commotions,
 Nor camomile potions,
 Shall evermore cause us with terror to quake ;
 For what can so fire us, &c.

Let the miser's deep coffers be fill'd to his mind now,
 Let the man of ambition with honours abound,
 Give the lover his mistress, complying and kind too,
 And with laurel let Poets and Heroes be crown'd.
 Let all be blest round me,
 No envy shall wound me,
 Contented and cheerful thro' life will I pass,
 If fortune befriends me,
 And constantly sends me
 A *quantum sufficit* of Oxygen Gas.
 For what can so fire us, &c.

THE BARDS OF THE TYNE.

*Published in the Tyne Mercury Newspaper, under the
 Signature of C. P.**

Tune—Newcastle Beer.

YE sons of Parnassus, whose brains are inspir'd
 With envy or madness, dame dullness, or wine,
 Who wish to be flatter'd, or prais'd, or admir'd,
 Leave thinking, and fly to the banks of the Tyne :
 No wit is requir'd
 To make you admir'd,
 Let doggrel run limping thro' each crippled line ;
 No humour degrades,
 Nor genius pervades
 The verses sublime of our Bards of the Tyne.

F 2

* Charles Purvis.

No soft flowing numbers must ravish the senses,
 Whose soothing meanders a ditty would stain
 A muse with such drowsy materials dispenses,
 Whilst Grub-street's quintessence will squeeze from the
 brain :

How sweetly the strains
 Must thrill thro' the veins,
 When Sandgate and Bedlam together combine ;
 Or "Oxygen Gas,"
 From the pipe of an ass,
 Rarifies the dence brains of our Bards of the Tyne.

With rhymers our Theatre's always surrounded,
 Whose Bellman taught lays set the house in a roar :
 Common sense stands aghast, thunder-struck and confounded,
 While Dullness brays out from its Gall'ry, *Encore !*
 Then, big with applause,
 Crack's Scotch ell of jaws*
 Sets forth a hoarse bawling, so purely divine,
 That hydras or bears
 Might prick up their ears,
 And howl out in concert with Bards of the Tyne.

AN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

By JAMES STAWPERT.

WHO's he that with great *Mercury* strides,
 In imitation's line,
 And, without reason, thus derides
 The poets of the Tyne ?

Who, not content with critic's skill,
 That lets no error pass ;
 In passion's cup he dips his quill,
 And calls his brother—ass.

* Alluding to the character of Crack, in the farce of the Turnpike Gate, where Mr Noble performed with true spirit.

I tell thee, Satirist, forbear,
 For asses have a trick,
 And, if provok'd, 'tis very rare
 They're not inclin'd to kick.

Now should great Fate ordain it so,
 That this poor docile beast,
 Whom thou hast term'd so very low,
 E'en lowest of the least :

I say, should ancient Baalam's steed,
 (For so thou nam'st the man)
 Tell thee in time to take good heed;
 Thy manners rough to scan ;

Or if, like thee, he write with ire,
 And ask in angry strains,
 What set thy sleepy muse on fire,
 Or rous'd thy muddy brains ?

Nay further, should he analyze
 The words "Oxygen Gas,"
 He might make thee a monst'rous size,
 E'en, larger than an ass !

The thought will no great time afford,
 Nor needs much Orthodox,
 For, take four letters from the word,
 It makes thee out an OX.

I think the appellation suits,
 Yet this believe from me,
 Had thou not been so fond of brutes,
 I'd not made one of thee.

Adieu then, ancient Egypt's god,
 Or shall I call thee bull ?
 When next thou handles Satyr's rod,
 Pray write thy name in full.

For two initials, such as thine,
 Might make dame dullness pause,
 And simple poets of the Tyne,
 Find terms in Nature's laws.

By adding *letters* to the two
 Which thou hast late put down ;
 No, faith, I have not time just now,
 And *Modesty* might frown.

The following Verses, as an Election Song, being rather contrary to the general Arrangement of this Work, but possessing Novelty, must plead for its Insertion.

THE RAREE SHOW MAN.

An Election Song.—(20th September, 1780.)

ALLONS, sweet childs, of smooth complexion,
 Come see de grande, de rare election,
 Me show de hole in much perfection.
 Doodle, doodle, doo.

No congstable on me doth frownee,
 In dis Newcastle famous townee,
 Vare some veare breaches, some de gounee.
 Doodle, doodle, doo.

But den before dat I do callee,
 You give me sixpence, price is smallee ;
 And den I'll nothing ask at allee.
 Doodle, doodle, doo.

In fronte, you see de agents coming,
 Vast great, much consequence assuming,
 Far, farther far, than is becoming.
 Doodle, doodle, doo.

See dere de vulgar *scum* begin it,
 Den next de Sylock *bankiers* pin it ;
 Ah dere !—de devil's selfe is in it.

Doodle, doodle, doo.

O wonderful ! how dey do tumble,
 Just like de Jack of cards dey tumble,
 De kings, with knaves and duces humble.

Doodle, doodle, doo.

Dare de parson, lawyer, scrambles,
 Dare physic doctors in de shambles,
 Vere some do make de long preambles !

Doodle, doodle, doo.

See all de shop-folks gaping, staring,
 Few understanding, fewer caring,
 Vether perjury be swearing !

Doodle, doodle, doo.

Oh bless us ! how you slaves are roaring,
 Deir cunning patrons stagger snoring,
 Inclined pocket trusting more in.

Doodle, doodle, doo.

Next you do see, from street of tripees,
 De Goatside boys, for huzza ripee ;
 Vith all de lads dat make de pipee.

Doodle, doodle, doo.

And next you do behold, so stirring,
 Like horned cattle in de murrain,
 Dose jolly blades dat speak so burring.

Doodle, doodle, doo.

Dese be good freemen, as dey're called ;
 'Tis not for nothing dey have hauled ;
 Huzza ! till to de poll dey're hauled !

Doodle, doodle, doo.

Stand fast—have care—see from de denay,
Come, elbow forth, de gentlemen,
With all de brains—if dey have any.
Doodle, doodle, doo.

Now den, now den, de bright candidates,
Up top hustings, hope and fear deir fates :
Whilst all de congstables surround de gates.
Doodle, doodle, doo.

Ay now de mountain be in labour ;
Blo, blo de fifee, sound de tabre ;
Flash, flash de brade sword and de sabre.
Doodle, doodle, doo.

For *toute le Monde* vill see, no doubttee,
Dat someting, noting, vill come outtee,
To make de people glóre aboutee.
Doodle, doodle, doo.

If dat brave Monsieur *Bowes** be chosen,
De legs vill dance by score, by dozen;
And all de grande vill call him couzen.
Doodle, doodle, doo.

Den come again, sweet child, to-morrow,
Me show you ten hundred joy—no sorrow;
But bring de sixpence, if you borrow.
Doodle, doodle, doo.

* **Andrew Robinson Bowes**, who gained his election, (1780) though unsuccessful in the contest on the death of Sir Walter Blackett in 1777. This person came to Newcastle as ensign in the 30th regiment of foot, quartered in that town; shortly after he married the only daughter of William Newton, Esq. a lady of fortune; after her death he married (1777) the Countess of Strathmore, from whom he was divorced for cruelty, in 1785. He served the office of Sheriff of Northumberland, 1780; and died in the King's Bench, 16th January, 1810.

BARBER'S NEWS:

OR,

Shields in an Uproar!!!

A New Song.

Tune—"O the golden Days of good Queen Bess."

GREAT was the consternation, amazement, and dismay, Sir,
Which, both in *North* and *South Shields*, prevail'd the other
day, Sir;

Quite panic-struck the natives were, when told by the barber,
That a terrible *Sea Monster* had got into the harbour.

"Have you heard the news Sir?" What news, pray
master barber?

"Oh a terrible *sea monster* has got into the harbour!"

Now each honest man in *Shields*—I mean both North and
South, Sir,

Delighting in occasions to expand their eyes and mouth, Sir:
And fond of seeing marv'lous sights, ne'er stay'd to get his
beard off;

But ran to view the monster, its arrival, when he heard of.

Oh! who could think of shaving when inform'd by the
barber,

That a terrible *Sea Monster* had got into the harbour.

Each wife pursu'd her husband, and every child its mother,
Lads and lasses *helter skelter*, scamper'd after one another;
Shopkeepers and mechanics too, forsook their daily labours,
And ran to gape and stare among their gaping staring neigh-
bours.

All crowded to the river side, when told by the barber,
That a terrible *Sea Monster* had got into the harbour.

It happens very frequently that *barber's news* is *fiction*, Sir,
But the wond'rous news this morning was truth no contradic-
tion, Sir;

A something sure enough was there among the billows flouncing,
 Now sinking in the deep profound, now on th' surface bouncing.
 True as Gazette or Gospel were the tidings of the barber,
 That a terrible *Sea Monster* had got into the harbour.

Some thought it was a *Shark*, Sir, a *Porpus* some conceived it;
 Some said it was a *Grampus*, and some a *Whale* believ'd it;
 Some swore it was a *Sea Horse*, then own'd themselves mistaken,
 For, now they'd got a nearer view—'twas certainly a *Kraken*.
 Each sported his opinion, from the parson to the barber,
 Of the terrible *Sea Monster* they had got in the harbour.

"Belay, belay," a sailor cried, "*what that, this thing, a Kraken!*"
 'Tis no more like one, split my jib, than it is a flitch of bacon!
 I've often seen a hundred such, all sporting in the Nile, Sir,
 And you may trust a sailor's word, it is a *Crocodile*, Sir."
 Each strait to Jack *knocks under*, from the parson to the barber,
 And all agreed a *Crocodile* had got into the harbour.

Yet greatly Jack's discovery his auditors did shock, Sir,
 For they dreaded that the *Salmon* would be eat up by the
 Croc. Sir:
 When presently the *Crocodile*, their consternation crowning,
 Raised its head above the waves, and cried, "*Help! O Lord,*
I'm drowning!"
 Heavens! how their hair, Sir, stood on end, from the
 parson to the barber;
 To find a *Speaking Crocodile* had got into the harbour.

This dreadful exclamation appall'd both young and old, Sir,
 In the very stoutest hearts, indeed, it made the blood run
 cold, Sir;

Ev'n *Jack*, the hero of the Nile, it caus'd to quake and tremble,
Until an old wife, sighing, cried "*Alas ! 'tis Stephen K——.*"

Heav'ns ! however all astonish'd, from the parson to the
the barber,

To find that Stephen K—— was the monster in the
harbour.

Strait crocodilish fears gave place to manly gen'rous strife, Sir,
Most willingly each lent a hand to save poor Stephen's life,
Sir ;

They drag'd him gasping to the shore, impatient for his his-
tory,

For how he came in that sad plight, to them was quite a
mystery.

Tears glisten'd, Sir, in every eye, from the parson to the
barber,

When, swola to thrice his natural *size*, they drag'd him
from the harbour.

Now having roll'd and rubb'd him well an hour upon the
beach, Sir,

He got upon his legs again, and made a serious speech, Sir ;
Quoth he, " An ancient proverb says, and 'true it will be
found, Sirs,

Those born to prove an *airy doom*, will surely never be
drown'd, Sirs.

For fate, Sirs, has us all in tow, from the monarch to
the barber ;

Or surely I had breathed my last this morning in the
harbour.

Resolv'd to cross the *River*, Sirs, a Sculler did I get into,
May Jonah's ill-luck be mine, another when I step into !

Just when we'd reach'd the deepest part, O horror ! there it
founders,

And down went poor Pillgarlick amongst the Crabs and
Flounders !

But fate, that keeps us all in tow, from the monarch to
the barber,

Ordain'd I should not breathe my last, this morning in
the harbour.

I've broke down many a stage coach, and many a chaise and
 gig, Sirs,
 Once, in passing through a trap-hole, I found myself too big,
 Sirs,
 I've been circumstanc'd most oddly, whilst contesting hard a
 race, Sirs,
 But ne'er was half so frighten'd, as amongst the Crabs and
 Plaise, Sirs.
 O fate, Sirs, keeps us all in tow, from the monarch to
 the barber,
 Or certainly I'd breath'd my last, this morning in the
 harbour.

My friends, for your exertions, my heart o'erflows with grati-
 tude,
 O may it prove the last time, you find me in that latitude ;
 God knows with what mischances dire, the future may
 abound, Sirs,
 But I hope and trust I'm one of those, not fated to be
 drown'd Sirs."
 Thus ended his oration, Sir, I had it from the barber ;
 And dripping, like some *River God*, he slowly left the
 harbour.

Ye men of *North* and *South Shields* too, God send ye all
 prosperity,
 May your commerce ever flourish, your stately ships still
 crowd the sea ;
 Unrivall'd in the Coal Trade, till doomsday may you stand,
 Sirs,
 And every hour, fresh wonders, your eyes and mouths expand,
 Sirs.
 And long may *Stephen K*—— live, and never may the
 barber
 Mistake him for a monster more, deep floundering in the
 harbour.

SONG,

*On the Flight of the young Crows, from Newcastle Exchange ;
with their Address to the Corporation.*

THE young brood fairly fledg'd, we may fairly suppose,
Half the world must have heard of our Newcastle crows ?
How their *daddy*, bold bird ! from a rabble got free,
And was fully determin'd a freeman to be !
On the *vane* of the steeple, upon the Exchange,
Completed his nest, which beholders thought strange :
His bright jetty *consort* accomplish'd her part,
Nor foes, nor foul weather could alter her heart.

Their younglings, quite able to take distant flight,
Were told, by their parents, "*Good manners are right.*"
To their freedom admitted—they could do no less,
Than approach their kind patrons, with humble ADDRESS ;
To thank them politely, without wanton joke,
For, so learned in *swallow*, they must learn to *croak*.—
In a trice—as if *Æsop* himself had inspir'd,
They began their address, whilst their hearers admir'd.

" Ye wise men, and good men, of NEWCASTLE GUILD,
Who suffer'd our father and mother to build——
High, upon the high pinnacle of your Exchange,
And here see their offspring just ready to range ;
To range with sweet freedom, o'er land, and o'er seas,
To eat and to drink, and to *croak* as we please——
Accept our plain thanks, while the reasons we clear,
Why some *Merlin*, or *Shipton*, hath sure sent us here.

" One thousand seven hundred, eighty and three,
For this town, a remarkable æra will be !
All folks will *think* right, from grave age to smart youth,
Nor priests, nor disciples, e'er wander from TRUTH ;
Your rulers be loyal to great George the third,
Each rich man prove honest, and *just* to his word :
No *fair-trading* merchant will *smuggle*, or cheat,
No foul gorging glutton *waste* poor people's meat.

" Your fine Sandhill *maidens* be merry and wise,
 From their *crying* of lemons, to *selling* of pies ;
 Your green, and rare fish-women, civil enough,
 Your milliners spruce, not so apt to take huff.
 Up the *SIDE*, you'll hear compliments, happy and free,
 Where hot *puddings*, and *haggishes*, plenty shall be :
 The silver-smiths, coopers, and tinmen will join
 To sound the *reforms* now produc'd on the *TYNE*.

" Your Sandgate smart girls, the gay world will surprise,
 Grown *cleanly*, and decent, and *modest*, and wise ;
 The keelmen, in *manners*, become quite polite,
 No *cursing* at morn, nor *much* drunk over night !
Refining in language, *improving* in notes,
 Letter *R* run far smoother, and *glib* through their throats :
 Their Andrews, these surnames, bear better degrees,
 Ralphs, Richardsons, Rogersons, uttered with ease.

" No tailor will *cabbage*, no draper will *pinch*,
 No shoemaker *squeeze* a full nail from an inch ;
 No baker, or flourman, be short of his weight,
 No forestaller *breed* low designs in his pate ;
 No butcher, on *Bank*, keep prices too high,
 No hatter, no baker, deceive with a *lie* !——
 But what will stand foremost in public parade,
 Newcastle shall furnish a *cheaper* COAL TRADE !

" In *politics*, surely, such changes will be,
 The people and magistrates *mutual* agree ;
 No bribery, no menace, no little whit self,
 No pride overbearing, or *impudent* wealth ;
 But each *voter* prove honest to OLD ENGLAND's laws,
 Still prudently guarding fair liberty's cause !
 And so, brother freemen, God bless ye, *adieu* !
 We fly to sage FRANKLIN, and WASHINGTON now."

CROW'S NEST IN GATESHEAD.

**AS Neddy and Betty were walking along,
Each cheerfully joining in dialogue song ;
I met them, delighted on Gateshead green hill,
While Betty's sweet voice charm'd all lads round each mill.
Derry down, &c.**

Indeed, honest Neddy ! the news is quite true,
Th' Sandhill, no longer crow nests we can view ;
The downfalling Steeple, and coming down Change,
Oblig'd feather'd builders at distance to range.
Derry down, &c.

Does not my fair Betty know perfectly well,
No birds in prognostics black crows can excell?
No sooner their nests on the Sandhill were shewn,
Than public improvements came rapidly on.
Derry down, &c.

O yes I remember, from *Gloss* when they flew,
What crowds of spectators their nests came to view ;
When pitched so nicely on top of the vane,
As signals, where Justice and Commerce did reign.
Derry down, &c.

It is very true, my dear charmer, indeed,
Spectators beheld vast improvements succeed ;
A beautiful Square, named Charlotte the Queen,
New streets, and Assembly Rooms elegant seen.
Derry down, &c.

BETTY.

O yes, and a Theatre, royal and fine,
Erected, no doubt, for some noble design ;
To shew thoughtless mortals of ev'ry degree,
How defaulting they are, how good they should be.

Derry down, &c.

NEDDY.

From thence, if reflection keeps soberly on,
We've the *Free Mason Lodge*, in the style of St John ;*
Where true wit and humour with charity meet,
And souls are united in union complete.

Derry down, &c.

BETTY.

I'm calling to mind, what a gipsy once told,
Who came in the crowd the *crow's nest* to behold ;
" These crows are wise creatures—Trade here will improve,
As sure as the winds can that weather-cock move !"

Derry down, &c.

NEDDY.

Then Gateshead is lucky, I vow and declare,
Behold, my dear Betty ! where now the crows are ;
Near Battle Bank foot, their snug nests you may find,
Upon those new chimnies, set free to the wind.

Derry down, &c.

BETTY.

O wonderful ! Neddy, I see them so plain,
Quite opposite now to their former gilt vane ;
The *Stamp Office* chosen, they mean to proceed,
The good folk of Gateshead are lucky indeed.

Derry down, &c.

NEDDY.

Then let me, dear Betty, meet better luck still,
Come, give me thy heart and thy hand with good will ;
You know I am honest, my vows are sincere,
From all the deceits of vile rascals quite clear.

Derry down, &c.

* St John's Lodge, No. 184, Free Masons' Hall, Low Friar Street, Newcastle, dedicated October 18th, 1777, was some years after disused and converted into the Dispensary.

BETTY.

So many false villains but court to deceive,
 We virgins in prudence should slowly believe ;
 If they can but the punishing laws once escape,
 They fear not the devil, his torments, or shape.
 Derry down, &c.

NEDDY.

May all worthy millers grind such rascals down,
 Till neither their dust nor their ashes are known ;
 Here's my hand, dearest Bett ! for life let us join,
 Consent—and to morrow my *all* shall be thine.
 Derry down, &c.

BETTY.

Dear Ned ! I believe, and to-morrow shall see,
 How blessing and blest honest lovers can be ;
The crow's nest in Gateshead full witness may prove,
 That none but vile *fools* are deceitful in love.
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

THE FRENCH INVASION.†

Published May 10th, 1794.

“ NOW fill a bumper to the brim,
 “ And drink to *Gotham's mayor* ;
 “ And when again he hears such news,
 “ May *Fa—berg* be there.”

Thus lately in a loyal song,
 Sung some right loyal bard ;
 And righteous too, no doubt was he,
 For lo ! his prayer was heard.

G 3

† Some wags, taking advantage of the alarm of invasion in March, 1794, sent two letters, with the counterfeit signatures of two magistrates in Northumberland, to the Mayor of Newcastle, stating, that a party of French had landed on the coast, near Bambrough ; this occasioned some bustle in Newcastle ; 270*l.* reward was afterward offered in vain for the discovery of the writers.

News, direful news from BAMBERO' came,
 The *French* were landed there ;
 A letter, written with all speed,
 Was sent to *Gotham's mayor*.

" The crews of three French ships of war,
 Have landed in our coast,
 Send for *Lord F——berg*," quoth he,
 " Or we shall all be lost.

" Our bullocks they have ta'en away,
 Our cows and sheep besides."
 " O woe betide them," says our *mayor*,
 " They'll raise the *price* of *HIDES*."

" Fear not, fear not," says *F——berg*,
 Who now before him stood,
 " To guard you I will spend my last,
 Last drop of noble blood !"

On this our *mayor* began to hold
 Erect his drooping head ;
 " I will not," quoth *Lord F——berg*,
 " This night lay down my head.

" To guard-house I will hie with speed,
 And watch 'till morn appear ;
 Each *Gothamite* may soundly sleep,
 No cause have they to fear."

" Meantime" says *Gotham's mayor*, " I will
 In haste, a letter write
 To George our king, some ships to send,
 To intercept their flight."

To *George* our king the tidings came,
 At London where he lay ;
 " What ! cattle, cattle, sheep indeed !—
 To Windsor haste away ;

" Lock up my pretty little sheep,
 My pigs and geese likewise ;
 No bloody Frenchman shall destroy
 What I so dearly prize.

" Then run tell *Billy Pitt* to come,
 And bring his *brother* here ;
 But first call *Tom* the butler up,
 To get me some small beer.

" How happens *Chat—m*, that no ships
 You have sent to the North ?
 Not one, I'm told, is to be seen
 From Thames unto the Forth."

" So please you," bowing low, says *John*
 " I would have sent a few,
 But that I thought you'd want them here
 Against the next REVIEW."

" That's right, that's right," reply'd our king,
 " One ship I cannot spare :
 And if the *French* do get their sheep,
 Why—let them take more care.

" Example let them take by me,
 And they'll receive no harm ;
 Shut them all up as I have done,
 Upon my Windsor farm."

So spake our gracious lord,
 And so I end my song ;
 May heaven from *rots* preserve his sheep,
 And may his life be long !

BLYTH CAMPS :†

Or, the Girl I left behind Me.

I'M lonesome since I left BLYTH camps,
 And o'er the moor that's sedgy ;
 With heavy thoughts my mind is fill'd,
 Since I parted with my Betsy :
 Whene'er I turn to view the place,
 The tears fall down and blind me ;
 When I think on the charming grace
 Of her I left behind me.

The hours I remember well,
 When first from her they mov'd me ;
 The burning flames my heart doth tell,
 Since first she own'd she lov'd me :
 In search of some one fair and gay,
 Several doth remind me ;
 I know my darling loves me well,
 Tho' I left her behind me.

The bees shall cease to make a store,
 The dove become a ranger :
 The falling waters cease to roar,
 Before I'll ever change her.
 Each mutual promise faithful made,
 By her whom tears remind me ;
 I bless the hours I pass'd away
 With her I left behind me.

My mind her image will retain,
 Whether asleep or waking ;
 I hope to see my love again,
 For her my heart is breaking.
 If e'er I chance to go that way,
 And she has not resign'd me ;
 I'll reconcile my mind and stay
 With her I left behind me.

† In 1795, near Blyth there was an encampment, the troops of which, consisting of 13 regiments of horse and foot, were reviewed on the 28th of August, that year, by the Duke of York, in the presence of upwards of 60,000 spectators.

BEAUMONT'S LIGHT HORSE.

WE march'd from the camps with our hearts full of woe,
 On board of the transports we forc'd were to go ;
 No drums they did beat, nor no trumpets did sound,
 In silence and sadness we trudg'd o'er the ground.

No more on our horses we'll prance o'er the plain,
 For they drive us away like sheep to be slain ;
 Our friends and acquaintance we leave on the shore,
 And we'll never be seen in Old England more.

When arm'd, on our horses away we did ride,
 All ran to see Beaumont's Light Horsemen parade ;
 But all these fine times are with us now all o'er,
 For we shall return to Old England no more.

We listed for horsemen, our country to save,
 They told us fine stories of Beaumont the brave ;
 But now he has sold us to add to his store,
 And transported from England to come back no more.

We mounted our horses and rode through the town,
 We hid us in holes, and our guns we laid down :
 Now see the Newcastle folks drive away fears,
 And now see the brav'ry of their Volunteers.

God save our noble king, and long may he reign,
 And send him brave soldiers, his rights to maintain :
 But do not deceive them, keep them on your shore,
 That they may defend you 'till time is no more.

Farewell to all camps, and farewell to all towns,
 We go off all footmen, no more like dragoons ;
 For hard is our fate, and it grieves us full sore,
 Then farewell, dear England, we'll see thee no more.

Farewell to our wives, and our sweethearts likewise ;
 Tho' we're driven to battle yet we'll bullets despise :
 And if its our fortune to return once again,
 We'll bring store of riches, and bid adieu to the main.

*A Song in Praise of the***KEELMEN VOLUNTEERS.****Tune—White Cockade.*

COME fill a bumper to the brim,
 And drink success to George our king ;
 Of France and Spain let's not be fear'd,
 Since our Keel Lads have volunteer'd
 To meet the proud and daring foe,
 And let the haughty Frenchmen know,
 That our Keel Lads are brave and free,
 And Neptune's favourites will be.

Zephyr, blow your gentle gales,
 And fill our Keel Lads' shiv'ring sails,
 And waft them o'er the raging sea ;
 For our defenders they will be :
 Lo ! Duncan of the Texel boasts,
 Nelson them in the Nile did toast ;
 The British flag they're sure to sway,
 And Frenchmen take to Norway.

With spirits heroic and sublime,
 Our lads are brought up on the Tyne ;
 They will our foes with sorrow fill,
 When once they sail from Newcastle :
 Where bullets fly and cannons roar,
 They'll sweep the seas from shore to shore ;
 And all the world their wonders tell :
 Huzza, Keel Lads of Newcastle !

* On board the Lapwing Frigate.

THE SONS OF THE TYNE :

OR,

*British Volunteers.**Tune—Hearts of Oak.*

COME cheer up your hearts, my brave sons of the Tyne,
 And boldly come forward to enter the line ;
 Your country it calls you, defend now her right,
 Against that invader, who dares you to fight.

Sons of Tyne all advance,
 For to humble proud France ;
 And teach Bonaparte,
 Tho' ever so hearty,

Not t' insult British valour upon her own shore.

The proud sons of Spain, too, like fools did attempt,
 With a large Armada to make a descent ;
 But lord Howard convinc'd them, long ere they came near,
 That they were not to take the wrong sow by the ear !

Sons of Tyne, &c.

There was bold Sidney Smith, on the Palestine shore,
 Made the *army invincible* lie all in gore ;
 When caught in his Mouse Trap† at *Acre de John*,
 Bonaparte (then Musselman) made a sad moan.

Sons of Tyne, &c.

The brave Abercromby shed his last drop of blood,
 At Alexandria, for his country's good :
 And shall *Corsican Tyranny* ever come near
 To Britannia's shores ?—No ! we'll all volunteer.

Sons of Tyne, &c.

He threats to invade us, and plunder us too,
 And make us a *province* ! but that will not do.
 If he come, we will shew him a handful of men,
 Who will take him in Trap, like Sir Sidney again.

Sons of Tyne, &c.

† The seamen call the breach made in the walls at St John de Acre,
 while Bonaparte was in Egypt, the *Commodore's Mouse Trap*.

Bonaparte's bravadoes we'll treat with disdain,
 Like the heroes of Britain, who rule on the main ;
 We will boldly stand forward in Britannia's cause,
 To protect her religion, her liberty and laws.
 Sons of Tyne, &c.

MARY OF THE TYNE.

WHAT pleasure oft 'tis to reveal
 The pain or rapture which we feel ;
 'Tis bliss while either we impart
 Unto a sympathetic heart,
 Just like to that sweet heart of thine,
 My lovely Mary of the Tyne.

I lose, when near thee, all my care,
 When from thee, I am all despair ;
 My bosom heaves with anxious pain,
 Until I meet with thee again,
 What are these adverse pangs of mine,
 My lovely Mary of the Tyne ?

Say, is it from thy beauteous face,
 Or is it from thy nat'ral grace,
 Or is it thy angelic mind,
 Or is it ev'ry one combin'd,
 Making one sweet form divine,
 My lovely Mary of the Tyne ?

Should it be love, thou'dst sure forgive ?
 That is the food on which I live ;
 But if thou should'st that bliss deny,
 Then must thy faithful lover die ;
 Or linger out his life supine,
 For lovely Mary of the Tyne !

NEWCASTLE FAIR.—October, 1811.

The Pitman a drinking of JACKY.†

By J. S.

Tune—Drops of Brandy.

HA' ye been at Newcastle fair,
 And did ye see ouse o' great Sandy?
 Lord bliss us! what wark there was there;
 And the folks were drinking of brandy.
 Brandy, a shilling a glass!
 Aw star'd, and thought it was shameful.
 Never mind, says aw, canny lass,
 Give us yell, and aw'll drink ma wameful.
 Rum te idily, &c.

Says she, Canny man, the yell's cawd;
 It comes frev a man they ca' Mackey,
 And my faith it's byeth sour an' awd;
 Ye'd best hev a drop o' wour jacky.
 Your jacky! says I, now what's that?
 I ne'er heard the neame o' sic liquor.
 English gin, canny man, that's flat.
 And then she set up a great nicker. *uns lurch*
 Rum te idily, &c.

Says I, divent laugh at poor folks,
 But gang and bring some o' yur jacky;
 Aw want neane o' yur jibes or jokes;
 I' th' mean time aw'll tak a bit backy.

H

† English Gin. This liquor has various names in different parts of the country. At a village in the western part of Northumberland, the editor heard it called Blue Dick.

Aw just tuke a chew o' pig tail,
 She brought in this jacky se funny :
 Says she, Sir, that's better than ale :
 And held out her hand for the money.
 Rum te idily, &c.

There's three pence to pay, if you please :
 Aw star'd an' aw gap'd like a ninny :
 Od smash thee, aw'll sit at ma ease,
 An' not stir till aw've spent a half guinea.
 Aw sat an' aw drank till quite blind,
 Then aw' gat up to gaag to the door,
 But deel smash a door cou'd aw find,
 An' fell flat o' ma fyess on the floor.
 Rum te idily, &c.

There aw lay for ever se lang,
 And dreamt about rivers and ditches ;
 When waken'd, was singing this song—
 " Smash, jacky, thou's wet a' ma breeches."
 An' faith ! but the sang it was true,
 For jacky had been se prevailing,
 He'd whistled himsel' quickly through,
 An' the chairs an' tables were sailing.
 Rum te idily, &c.

Then rising, aw went ma ways heame,
 Aw knock'd at the door, an' cry'd, Jenny ;
 Says she, Canny man, is'te lame,
 Or been wadin in Tyne, ma hinny ?
 I' troth, she was like for to dee,
 An' just by the way to relieve her,
 The water's been wadin through me,
 An' this jacky's a gay deceiver.
 Rum te idily, &c.

If e'er aw drink jacky again,
 May the bitch of a lass, ma adviser,
 Loup alive down ma throat, with a stane
 As big as a pulveriser.
 Rum te idily, &c.

NEWCASTLE BEAUTIES.†

Designed to be sung to the Harpsicord or Spinnet, &c.

I.

THO' lofty bards sublimer sing,
 And boldly tune their lays;
 Not less renown attends the string,
 Which sounds to beauty's praise.
 Ye muses then lend me your aid,
 Whilst I attempt to prove,
 That in *Newcastle* many a maid
 Excells the queen of love.

II.

Ye bards, forbear your partial lays,
 Ye who so lofty sing,
 Nor longer only *Venus* praise,
 But here your numbers bring.
 No more shall blinded mortals pray,
 Or bow before her shrine;
 No more in *Cyprus* seek the bay,
 But find it here on *Tyne*.

III.

First of yon throng, see *Delia* (*a*) shine,
 That matchless nonpareil!
 All eyes confess her form divine,
 Such graces round her dwell.

H 2

† These beauties must be now of some age, as they are unknown to the editor.

Dame nature has herself outdone,
 In that most beauteous fair,
 And lavish'd all those charms on one,
 Which thousands only share.

IV.

Next her, behold the lovely *Cloe* (*b*),
 Ye gods! what killing eyes!
 See how her charming ringlets flow,
 Where wanton Cupid lies:
 The rose, compar'd to her, shall fade,
 The lily lose its white:
 E'en Sol himself must own the maid,
 And shine with beams less bright.

V.

Thee, lovely *Cynthia* (*c*), next we sing,
 Charm'd with thy beauteous face,
 More blooming than the verdent spring,
 Adorn'd with ev'ry grace;
 Thy comely shape and genteel air,
 Our admiration raise,
 Thou stands confess'd a perfect fair,
 And worthy all our praise.

VI.

Thy mien, sweet *Daphne* (*d*), next we view,
 And as we view, approve;
 Thy blooming charms all hearts subdue,
 And kindle them to love:
 Those charming breasts, and sparkling eyes,
 What mortal can oppose?
 Still as we gaze, new beauties rise,
 And still the passion grows.

♫ Miss H———lc

• Miss H———r.

♫ Miss B———p.

VII.

Gay *Sylvia* (e) next appears in sight,
 Surrounded by her charms,
 Her handsome form which shines so bright,
 Each youthful bosom warms.
 Ye youths withdraw your wishful eyes,
 Nor longer on her gaze;
 For were your hearts as cold as ice,
 Her beams would make them blaze.

VIII.

Sweet *Celia* (f) next demands our care,
 That lovely nut-brown maid!
 Behold her charming flowing hair,
 In jetty locks display'd:
 She fills each bosom with desire,
 So graceful is her mein;
 Her comely features all admire,
 Where thousand loves are seen.

IX.

See *Flavia* (g), the young, the gay,
 For graceful air renown'd,
 Her mien more bright than flow'ry May,
 With ev'ry beauty crown'd.
 Her beauteous sister (h) next appears,
 Whom wond'rous charms adorn;
 The lovely doe each bosom cheers,
 With beauties like the morn.

X.

The next we view is *Julia's* (i) face,
 For comely features lov'd;
 Her golden locks still add a grace,
 To what all hearts approv'd.

H 3

e Miss H——m.

g Miss F——tt

f Miss S——a

h Miss F——tt,

i Miss H——h.

Her friend no less inspires the lay,
 The lovely *Dana* (*k*) fair,
 To whom all tongues their praises pay,
 Charm'd with her shape and air.

XI.

Thee, *Phæbe* (*l*), with *Ophelia* (*m*) join'd,
 We can't too much admire,
 Your blooming charms, it must be own'd,
 All hearts to love inspire.
 To handsome *Pat* (*n*), and lovely *Stell* (*o*),
 Our praises too belong;
 These, who in various charms excel,
 Close up the beauteous throng.

XII.

As now ador'd you pass your bloom,
 Your autumn you may live;
 Let me, ye beauteous fair, presume,
 This one advice to give;
 Virtue pursue—or vain ye're bright,
 "In vain your eyes may roll;
 'Tis true that charms do strike the sight,
 But merit wins the soul."

SONG,

*On the Address of the Newcastle House of Lords, on turning
 out Lord North, and Mr Fox.*

WHEN Royal G——e, on new year's day,*
 Had told his bishops, great and small,
 What our *wise Crows*, last March did say,
 "He fear'd Britannia's sudden fall."

k Miss J— B——ll.

m Miss L——a.

l Miss P— S——t.

n Miss A——n.

o Miss M—y G——n.

* Alluding to the king's reply to the b——'s address, usual on the first day of the year, expressive of a desponding prediction, truly alarming.

For knaves determin'd on his doom ;
 Two of the worst were *Fox* and *North* ;
 These he displac'd, and in their room
 Had station'd *PITT*, and men of worth.

T' assuage the sovereign's grief and care,
 And loyal feeling to express,
 Imperial London's duteous mayor,
 Approach'd the throne with an address.

Counties, and towns, and boroughs too,
 Throng'd thick, and their addresses paid,
 Their prince to undeceive, and shew
 How twice ten years he'd been betray'd.

Newcastle's mayor, to virtue form'd,
 (*Charles* the upright and the good ;)
 Whose hands refrain'd, and nobly scorn'd
 To stain with *transatlantic* blood.

A temperate zeal, he did confess,
 Became each lover of his king ;
 Then all join'd him in an address ;
 And thousands warmly did it sign.

A band more true, (what need of words ?)
 And of all loyal men the flower ;
 I mean *Ned C—g's house of lords*,
 Who prais'd each minister in power.

The fancy seiz'd ! each noble peer,
 Pushing the tankard foaming o'er :
 (O had lord *Umbrage* but been here,
 But we shall never see him more !)

Now fairly sat the sage divan,
 And silence call'd to every box.
 " Let's thank our king, aye every man,
 For turning out lord *North* and *Fox*.

We must confess it's scarce seven years,
 Since we address'd our royal sire ;
 And beg'd he'd scorn all whiggish fears,
 And we would help to blow the fire.

War's flame did blaze both far and near,
 And Europe's powers against us join'd :
 Our fleets were beat, our armies fled,
 We sued for peace, and bought it dear.

It's true the whigs, these knavish rogues
 All cried, our mischiefs North began :
 But what care we for barking dogs ;
 For *North* was still the greatest man.

Our empire was too wide and great,
 And too unweildy—and what not !
 But *North*, our tailor of the state,
 Clip'd it, as *Umbrage* would a coat.

A truth from which we scorn to swerve,
The more we lose, the more we gain ;
 And trade and treasures only serve,
 To foster pride, and care, and pain.

But ah, how vain is human hope !
 Great *North* with spendthrift *Fox* has join'd :
 (For this he well deserves a rope)
 All fair professions are but wind.

Come then, my lords, stand forth like men,
 The good old cause keep still in view ;
 And tell the k—g we do condemn
 Old knaves, and will support the new."

The house then rung with loud applause,
 Fists, pipes, and smoke, their joy express.
 A committee resolved was
 To word, and draw up the address.

Th' expence, agreed by numerous votes,
 Attending this address of thanks ;
 Was all to be paid out in notes,
 Of Sir James Duncan's best of banks.

THE ADDRESS

OF

SIR J. DUNCAN, AND CO.

*Of the Scale de Cross Bank, to the Ladies, Gentlemen, and
 Merchants, of Newcastle upon Tyne, and its Environs.*

SIR JAMES DUNCAN and Co. their kind compliments send
 To the public in general, who so befriend
 Their laudable endeavour, your gold to exchange,
 Yet reluctantly confess, they think it most strange
 Their opening a Bank, shou'd be *impudent* thought,
 By those who are strangers to their *KERECTER**, and note,
 And flatter themselves, the following reasons will prove
 Their right to *be Bankers*, and objections remove.
 The title, they presume, will command the esteem
 Of those who at a distance, from hence, may have seen
 Their elegant Notes ; their clothes—they vow, and declare,
 In London were made, as you may see by their air ;
 The skin on Sir *James*, is not so fit as his coat,
 And fine Bristol beer washes his throat.
 No Newcastle furniture their office degrades,
 Sir *James Duncan* employs no such bungling, vile blades,
 As the paltry workmen, in this smokey town,
 Whose finery often—has made us Bankers frown.
 They are not worth an hundred thousand it's true,
 But supposing they were, cou'd the public, and you
 Their friends be assured they wou'd not exceed
 Their capital *twice*, when their paper you need,
 And *wisely prefer* it, to hard silver and gold,
 Because you don't *weigh* it, and it's much sooner told.

* We have observed, at a Coffee-house, that one of our brethren
 pronounces this word thus.

The notes of their brethern they will not refuse,
 Let other bankers less *wise*, do that if they chuse;
 The public they'll serve, their cash take, and bills discount,
 Except at Change hours, to any amount;
 And when profusion and taxes, and of America the loss,
 Old England has ruin'd—firm will stand the *Scale Cross*.

The critics our doggrels will sneer at, we suppose,
 But *Strap*, who's a GENUS, has measur'd them, and knows,
 Like a shoe on a last they are fit, and convey
 Our intention completely, and it's needless to say,
 Newcastle, Exchange, Tyne, or Commercial Bank,†
 Must yield to us in writing, as well as in rank,
 No knight can they boast—and we his majesty thank.

Sir J. Duncan, Hide, Strap, Last, Awl, & Jacob End.

SIR JAMES DUNCAN'S NOTES WERE AS
 FOLLOWS:—

No. 89.

C.R.I.S.D.N.

I Promise to pay Mr Benj. Bulk,
or Bearer on Demand the Sum of Two Pence, Value received.
Scale de Cross Bank, NEWCASTLE, 24 Jany 1784.
For Sir J. Duncan, Hide, Strap, Last, Awl, & Self,
Jacob End.

Two Pence.

Entd Jas Back, No. 89.

N. B. Our Estates liable, and Copper taken.

† Out of these four banks, only two now remain, (1812) i. e. the
 Newcastle, and the Tyne.

AN ELEGY,

TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD RAVENSWORTH,

Who died, January 30th, 1784, Aged 76.

LIDDELL, farewell! to all true Britons dear,
 We mourn in heart, and shed the friendly tear:
 Yet not for thee our eyes in tears we steep,
 Our grief is selfish—for ourselves we weep:
 No loss by death the worthy can sustain,
 We are the losers—and our loss thy gain.
 The rich have lost, by thy lamented end,
 The *best* of neighbours; and the poor a *friend*.
 O RAVENSWORTH! thy hospitable door
 Receiv'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.
 Adorn'd with ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace
 Which nature *e'er* bestow'd on human race.
 Through a long life, example bright thou shone!
 By all belov'd:—Now each regrets thou'rt gone!
 Thy suff'rings here were weigh'd; nor shall thy death
 Be more than ceasing of thy mortal breath;
 Thy Master calls, ripe for thy Master's joy,
 Where love and bliss, the upright mind employ.
 Speak ye, who knew him best, what man can say,
 That LIDDELL could the distant friend betray!
 To friendship true, no scandal from his tongue;
 To hurt a friend, or do his foe a wrong.
 For truth he try'd, enquir'd, and careful sought,
 Yet lov'd the man altho' he diff'rent thought.
 Who's right! be left to that decisive day,
 When truth's bright beams shall shine without allay.
 Ne'er sway'd by notions, nor to schemes confin'd,
 His breast was open to the honest mind.
 Whatever noble warmth could recommend,
 The just, the active, and the constant friend;
 Whatever great or good we can adore,
 Center'd in him—in him alas! no more.

Thus love, peace, joy, with a distinguish'd grace,
 Shone thro' the features of his friendly face.
 How near approaches to a life divine,
 The man in whom the peaceful virtues shine ?
 In public charities he foremost stood,
 And likewise private——always doing good.
 The poor, in him, a friend was sure to find,
 And to their wants, his purse he free resign'd.
 Such the kind man ! May we like him be wise,
 Pursue his virtuous steps, and with him reach the prize.
T. R.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF

JOHN, LORD DELAVAL;

Who died, May 17th, 1808.—Aged 80.

By M. Harvey.

IN hollow murmurs o'er the bending reeds
 Sorrow's keen accents sweep across the meads ;
 And as the grief-charg'd sound moves sad along,
 Unstrings the lute, and stills the wood nymph's song.
 O'er all the sad'n'd scene the mournful train,
 In keenest anguish, join the solemn strain ;
 Whilst recollection, with tenacious power,
 Thickens the gloom that damps the passing hour.
 The many banner'd trump of clarion fame,
 Sounds in full chords the blood stain'd warrior's name,
 Echoes to realms remote, and nations far,
 The mighty power of man-destroying war.
 Deadens with magic force each softer lay,
 That throng'd the courts, and made the vallies gay :
 While the vain phantom, honour, bars the wand,
 That waves destruction o'er the smiling land.
 And 'midst the accents of her harsher lays,
 Shall she forget to sound the good man's praise ?

Forbid it, every spark of social love,
 That made, through life, his every passion move ;
 That taught his heart with sympathy to glow,
 To stem the torrent of domestic woe.
 Whose open hand strew'd o'er the lowly scene,
 Plenty's gay smiles, and joy's delighted mien ;
 Whose presence cheer'd, with animating ray,
 Life's highest walks, and made the gay more gay :
 Fitted alike to grace the lordly dome,
 Or in the cottage make contentment bloom :
 Thy virtues, DELAVAL, we long shall mourn,
 And wash, with unfeign'd tears, thy hallow'd urn.
 No laurel wreath, nor high poetic lays
 Need bloom, or live in song to sound thy praise ;
 For whilst thy loss our keenest sorrow moves,
 O'er all the *past*, delighted fancy roves ;
 Each fond remembrance that reverts to thee,
 Tells what our *present* conduct ought to be ;
 And points, with heavenward aim, to that Dread Power,
 Whose mystic means unfolds the *future* hour ;
 Cheers the dark gloom of life's last setting ray,
 And leads us on to everlasting day !

THE WALLSEND RIFLE CORPS.

OF a' the many bonny corps,
 Which now our country nigh fill,
 Where can ye shew me sic a corps,
 As the bonny Wallsend Rifle ?
 The bonny Wallsend Rifle,
 The canny Wallsend Rifle ;
 Where can ye shew me sic a corps,
 As the bonny Wallsend Rifle ?

Whe louns the dykes, an' climbs the wa's,
 Then thinks it but a trifle ?
 Why, naen amang the black-breek'd chaps ;
 Naen but the Wallsend Rifle.

The bonny, &c.

They've brav'ry aboon the een ;
 And when on Throckley High Fell,
 Th' Newcastle chaps dar'd not engage ;
 They tuke the Wallsend Rifle.
 The bonny, &c.

To see them shut, then run, then shut,
 And then fall down or lye still :
 O wuns ! it's better than a play,
 The bonny Wallsend Rifle.
 The bonny, &c.

With bravery to kill the French,
 Long may their bosoms high fill :
 And long may monny on us sing—
 The bonny Wallsend Rifle.
 The bonny, &c.



SONG.

Written on the King's Birth-day, 1808.

Tune—Sons of the Tyne.

COME, haste to Newcastle, ye sons of fair Freedom,
 You'll there see a sight that will banish your fears ;
 A sight that would terrify Bonney, should he come,—
 The sight I allude to's our brave Volunteers.

Arrang'd in a row, with the brave Association ;
 The Gateshead, so gallant, are likewise in line ;
 Our Volunteers too, the defence of the nation,—
 You likewise will see the bright Legion of Tyne.

The Sunderland too, with Artillery assemble ;
 The Shields and the Hexham with ardour appears ;
 The sight of these heroes would make Bonney tremble,
 Could he get a peep at our brave Volunteers.

Ye fam'd Rifle corps, I must too praise your merit ;
 You'll always be ready when glory does call ;
 The whole fir'd with freedom, with ardour and spirit,
 When flank'd by the boys from the End of the Wall.*

You Patriots assembled on this grand occasion,
 A sight that's so noble each wounded mind cheers ;
 They'll always be ready to repel invasion,
 And merit the title of brave Volunteers.

May courage and candour still all your minds govern,—
 Your zeal in the pages of history will shine ;
 Be true to your country and just to your Sovereign,
 Ye sons of fair Freedom, of Wear and of Tyne.

THE TOKEN MONGER.

A SONG.

Tune—Erin go bragh.

THE plaint of a mourner, deep sorrow oppress'd with,
 Late, as thro' Dean Street I pass'd, caught my ear ;
 'Twas a poor Token Monger, who prudence unblest'd with,
 Had receiv'd for *presumption*, a trimming severe.
 He gaz'd on the *caution*† with wonder dumb founded,
 His dear self-importance severely was wounded,
 At such a long list of opponents confounded :
 The *tokens* he issued, were tokens of woe.

Ah well-a-day ! said the poor Token Monger,
 My project is scouted, my *Mini's* at a stand ;
 Alas ! the sweet hope, I must cherish no longer,
 Of Jehu-like driving four in hand.
 Oh why ! e'er in day dreams illusive exulting,
 Why did I my neighbours ne'er think of consulting !
 Now grief from their *fiat* so hostile resulting,
 Compels me to issue the tokens of woe !

I 2

* Walkend.

† A caution against the tokens, signed by 118 persons, was published 26th November, 1811.

I've sported rare *logic*, I've stuck not at *bouncing*,
 I've prov'd myself rich as a *cresus* in *brass* ;
 I've amus'd the whole town with my vaunting and flouncing;
 But vain are my labours, the *tokens* won't *pass* !
 Vain too is thy friendship, dear Butterfly Billy,
 Of all my supporters, most noisy and silly ;
 Wilt thou still take my tokens ? sweet daffa-down-dilly :
 Oh ! those which I issue are tokens of woe !

Vanity whisper'd me, " John thou art clever,
 " Thy neighbours beyond their own noses can't see ;"
 I foolishly thought so, but never, oh never,
 Was mortal more sadly mistaken than me.
 Down from your windows, my friends, snatch your papers,
 The ridicule now of all *starkers* and *gapers* ;
 Some wag I am fearful will give you the *vapours*,
 By offering you payment in tokens of woe.

Join, O ye pay clerks, my loud lamentations,
 Come my ill luck sympathetic deplore :
 On discount you reckon'd, but such expectations,
 Alas ! my good friends, you must cherish no more.
 Tokens ! God help me ! why, why should I make them !
 Neither will Pitmen or Keelmen now take them ;
 E'en in their wagers, they scruple to stake them,
 Oh ! none must I issue but tokens of woe !

No more of his sorrows the muse hath recorded,
 Tho' tunelessly still he bewail'd his sad fate ;
 For listning no longer enjoyment afforded ;
 The evening was chilly, the hour it was late.
 Ah, thought I, as quick homeward I now was repairing,
 'Tis just with all *wrong-heads*, presumptuous and daring,
 In their projects, the end with the means never squaring,
 Still baffled, they issue the tokens of woe.

*The following Dialogue, in bad Prose, was overheard by the
Person who now attempts it in bad Verse.*

(December, 1811.)

“HEY, Jacky, ma honey, hae ye seen the new money,
The money that’s made, mun, at Newcastle town?
It’s bonie an’ breet, man, an’ tho’ it’s but leet, man,
Folks like it sae weel, that the notes are off flown.

“I frae the chap got, man, a score for a note, man;
An’ smash me! I thought him a thick headed feul;
T’ gie siller for paper, is sure a queer caper:
We knaw which is better, Jack, we were at skeul.”

“But, Will, I’ve a notion, you han’t seen the caution,*
The grocer folks up i’ their windows hae put;
They say they’ll be broken, if they take a token;
An’ seun that their shops they will hae for to shut.”

“Why, Jack, sure they’re feulish, to refuse them is cullish, *cheating*
Why siller, man’s, siller, and paper’s but rags;
And as lang as we knaw that, there’s nane o’ them a’ that
Will make us put paper stead sill i’ wor bags.

“The bank there of Surtees, ye knaw how it hurt hus;
And, for the five score pund I’d laid by for’t lass,
They’re now off’ring twenty, an thinking it plenty;
Tho’ years ago, Jack, I was starving for’t brass.

“An Jack i’ the raw, ye very weel knaw,
The loss he cam too, when his house it was brunt:
His kistful of paper, went up in a vapour,
An of his sixscore pund he heard na mair on’t.

“No, no more their notes, shall they cram down our throats,
When we siller can get, man, to put i’ wour kists:
A f—t for their signing, an cautions sae whining,
Let them who won’t take them, wey, do it that lists.”

I 3

* The caution was mostly signed by the grocers of the town; it
having been devised at their trade meeting.

FOOTY AGAIN THE WALL.

*A Song much sung some Years ago, by the Pitmen about
Long Benton.*

FRA Benton Bank, to Benton town,
There's not a Pitman's raw :
So when ye get to the Moor Yate,
Play footy again the wa'.
Then hie footy, and how footy,
And footy again the wa' ;
And when ye get to the Moor Yate,
Play footy again the wa'.
The wife went down the Moor Lonnin,
And let her basket fa' ;
For when she gat to the Moor Yate,
Play'd footy again the wa'.

Then hie, &c.

The stoby road's a stoby place,
And some o' the stobs are la' ;
But still there's some that's high enough,
For footy again the wa'.

Then hie, &c.

The Holy Stone's a holy place,
The trees are thick and la' ;
But they are nought to the Moor Yate,
For footy again the wa'.

Then hie, &c.

Wapping Square is a bonny place,
The houses are but sma' :
But in them yet there's room enough,
For footy again the wa'.

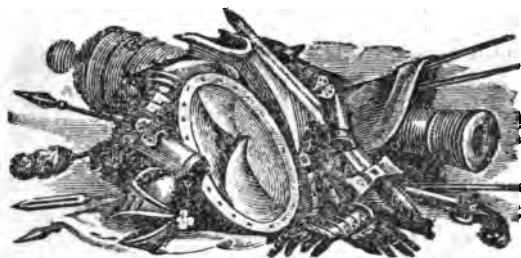
Then hie, &c.

The lady did not like the house,
For the air it was raw ;
It was sweeter far at the Moor Yate,
For footy again the wa'.

Then hie, &c.

Young Cuddy is a bonny lad,
And Robin's tall and sma' ;
But if you come to wour town end,
They'll footy again the wa'.

Then hie, &c.



THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.*

Fought the 9th of August, 1388.

From an old MSS.

YT fell abowght the Lamasse tyde,
Whan husbondes wyne ther haye,
The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd him to ryde,
In Ynglond to take a praye :

The yerlle of Fyffe, withowghten stryffe,
He bowynd him over Sulway :
The grete wolde ever together ryde,
That raysse they may rewe for aye.

Over ' Ottercap' hyll they cam in,
And so downyn by Rodelyffe crage,
Upon Grene ' Leyton' they lyghted downyn,
' Styrande many a' stage :

* Camden, in his *Britannia*, page 850, gives the following account of this battle:—" There happened this year, (1388) at Otterburn, " in Northumberland, a stout engagement between the Scots and " English:—Victory three or four times changing sides, and at last " fixing with the Scots; for Henry Percy, (for his youthful forward- " ness, by-named Hotspur) who commanded the English, was himself " taken prisoner, and lost 1500 of his men; and William Douglass, " the Scots general, fell, with the greatest part of his army; so that " never was there a greater instance of the martial prowess of both " nations." Sir John Froyfart (who lived at that time) gives a full account of this battle, and says, that it was Earl James Douglass who was the Scottish general. See *Eachard, Rapin, &c.*

And boldely brente Northomberlonde,
 And haryed many a towyn;
 They dyd owr Ynglysh men grete wrange,
 To battell that were not bowyn.

ban Than spake a berne upon the bent,
 Of comforte that was not colde,
 And sayd, we have brente Northomberlonde,
 We have all welth in holde.

Now we have haryed all Bamboroweschyre,
 All the welth in the worlde have wee,
 I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,
 So styll and stalwurthlye.

Upon the morrowe, when it was day,
 The standerdes schone fulle bryght;
 To the Newe Castell the toke the waye,
 And thether they cam fulle ryght.

Syr Henry Perssye laye at the Newe Castell,*
 I tell yow withowtten drede;
 He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,
 And kept Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,
 The Skottes they cryde on hyght,
 Syr Harye Perssye, and thow byste within,
 Com to the fylde, and fyght:

For we have brente Northomberlonde,
 Thy erytage good and ryght;
 And syne my logeyng I have take,
 With my brande dubbyd many a knyght.

* The Scots, in this inroad, lay before Newcastle three days, where there was an almost continual skirmish. Sir Henry Percy, (with his brother, had come to Newcastle, on the intelligence of the Scots being abroad) in one of these skirmishes, lost his pennon or standard; and pledging himself to redeem it, followed the Scots to Otterburn, where the battle took place. See *Froissart's Chronicles*.

Syr Harye Perssye cam to the walles,
 The Skottyshe oste for to se ;
 And sayd, And thou hast brente Northomberlonde,
 Full sore it rewyeth me.

Yf thou hast haryed all Bamboroweschyre,
 Thow hast done me grete envye ;
 For the trespasse thou hast me done,
 The tone of us schall dye.

Where schall I byde the, sayd the Dowglasse,
 Or where wylte thou com to me ?
 " At Otterborne in the hygh way,
 Ther mast thou well looged be.

The roo full rekeless ther sche runnes,
 To make the game and glee :
 The fawken and the fesaunt both,
 Among the holtes on hye. *groes*

Ther mast thou have thy welth at wyll,
 Well looged ther mast be ;
 Yt schall not be long, or I com the tyll,"
 Sayd syr Harye Perssye.

Ther schall I byde the, said the Dowglasse,
 By the fayth of my bodye.
 Thether schall I com, sayd syr Harye Perssye ;
 My trowth I plyght to the.

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles,
 For soth, as I yow saye,
 Ther he myed the Dowglasse drynke,
 And all hys ost that daye.

The Dowglasse turnyd hym homewarde agayne,
 For soth withowghten naye,
 He took hys logeynge at Otterborne
 Upon a Wedynsday :

And ther he pyght hys standerd down,
 Hys getting more and lesse,
 And syne he warned hys men to goo,
 To chose ther geldynges gresse. *grass*

A Skottyshe knyght hoked upon the bent, *hells + grass?*
 A wache I dare well saye :
 So was he ware on the noble Persy,
 In the dawning of the daye.

He prycked to his pavyleon dore,
 As fast as he myght ronne,
 Awaken, Dowglasse, cryed the knyght,
 For hys love that syttes in trone.

Awaken, Dowglasse, cryed the knyght,
 For thow maste waken wyth wynne ;
 Yender have I spyed the prowde Persye,
 And seven standardes wyth hym.

Nay, by my trowth, the Dowglasse sayed,
 Yt ys but a fayned taylle :
 He durst not loke on my brede banner,
 For all Ynglonde so haylle.

Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,
 That stondes so fayre on Tyne ?
 For all the men the Persye had,
 He cowde not garr me ones to dyne, *fine*

He stepped owt at hys pavelyon dore,
 To loke and yt were lesse ;
 " Araye yow, lordynges, one and all,
 For here bygynnes no peysse.

The yerlle of Mentaye, thow art my eme,
 The fowarde I gyve to thee :
 The yerlle of Huntley cawte and kene,
 He schall ' wyth the be.'

The lorde of Bowghan in armure bryght,
 On the other hand he schall be :
 Lorde Jhonstone, and lorde Maxwell,
 They to schall be wyth me.

Swynton fayre fylde upon your pryde,
 To batell make yow bowen :
 Syr Davy Skotte, syr Water Stewarde,
 Syr Jhon of Agurstone."

A FTTTE.

THE Perssye came byfore hys oste,
 Whych was ever a gentyll knyght,
 Upon the Dowglasse lowde can he crye,
 I wyll holde that I have hyght :

promised

For thou haste brente Northomberlonde,
 And done me grete envye ;
 For thys trespasse thow haste me done,
 The tone of us schall dye.

The Dowglasse answerde him agayne,
 With grete wurdes upon hye,
 And sayd, I have twenty agaynst 'thy' one.
 Byholde and thow maste see.

Wyth that the Perssye was grevyd sore,
 For soth, as I yow saye :
 He lyghted dowyn upon hys foote,
 And schoote his horsse clene away.

Every man sawe that he dyd soo,
 That rall was ever in rowght ;
 Every man schoote hys horsse hym froo,
 And lyght hym rowynde abowght.

This syr Harye Perssye toke the fylde,
 For soth, as I yow saye :
 Jesu Cryste in heven on hyght
 Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowsande, ther was no moo ;
 The cronykle wyll not layne :
 Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre
 That day fowght them agayne.

But when the battell byganne to joyne,
 In hast ther cam a knyght,
 The letters fayr furth hath he tayne,
 And thus he sayd full ryght :

My lorde, your father he gretes yow well,
 Wyth many a noble knyght ;
 He desyres yow to hyde
 That he may see thys fyght.

The baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west,
 Wyth hym a noble companye ;
 All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,
 And the battell fayne wolde they see.

For Jesus love, sayd syr Harye Perssye,
 That dyed for yow and me,
 Wende to my lorde my father agayne,
 And saye thow sawe me not wyth yee.

My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottyshe knyght,
 Yt nedes me not to layne,
 That I schulde hyde hym upon thys bent,
 And I have hys trowth agayne :

And yf that I wynde off thys growende,
 For soth onfowghten awaye,
 He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght
 Yn hys londe another daye.

Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,
 By Mary that mykell maye,
 Then ever my manhood schulde be reprovyd,
 Wyth a Skotte another daye.

from a Scat

Wherfore, schote, archars, for my sake,
 And let scharpe arowes flee:
 Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson, *reward*
 And well quyt yt schall be.

Every man thynke on hys trewe love,
 And marke hym to the Trenite:
 For to God I make myne avowe
 This daye wyll I not fle.

The blodye harte yn the Dowglas armes,*
 Hys standerde stode on hye;
 That every man myght full well knowe,
 By syde stode starres thre.

The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
 Forsoth as I yow sayne;
 The lucettes and the 'cressawntes' both;
 The Skottes fowght them agayne.

Upon sent Andrewe lowde can they crye,
 And thrysse they schowte on ayght,
 And syne marked them one owr Ynglysshe men,
 As I have tolde yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght, owr ladyes knyght,
 To name they were full fayne;
 Owr Ynglysshe men they cryde on hyght,
 And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,
 I tell yow in sertayne;
 Men of armes byganne to joyne;
 Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

K

* The armorial ensigns of Douglas were Argent, a Man's Heart, Gules, and on a chief Azure three stars of the first.

The Perssye and the Dowglas mette,
 That ather of other was fayne ;
 They 'swapped' together whyll that the swette,
 Wyth swordes of fine collayne ;

Tyll the bloode from ther bassonettes ranne,
 As the roke doth in the rayne. *mut*
 Yelde the to me, sayd the Dowglas,
 Or else thow schalt be slayne :

For I see, by thy bryght bassonet,
 Thow arte sum man of myght ;
 And so I do by thy burnysshed brande,
 Thow art an yerle, or elles a knyght.

By my good faythe, sayd the noble Perssye,
 Now haste thou rede full ryght,
 Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,
 Whyll I may stonde and fyght.

They swapped together, whyll that they swette,
 Wyth swordes scharpe and long ;
 Ych on other so faste thee beette,
 Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses downyn.

The Perssye was a man of strength,
 I tell yow in thys stounde,
 He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length,
 That he felle to the growynde.

The sworde was scharpe and sore can byte,
 I tell yow in sertayne ;
 To the harte he cowde him smyte,
 Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

The stonderdes stode styll on 'elke' asyde,
 Wyth many a grevous grone ;
 Ther the fowght the daye, and all the nyght,
 And many a dowghty man was slayne.

Ther was no freke that ther wolde flye, *man*
 But styffely in stowre can stond,
 Ych one hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,
 Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
 For soth and sertenly,
 Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,
 That daye that he cowde dye.

The yerlle of Mentaye he was slayne.
 Grysely groned uppon the growynd;
 Syr Davy Skotte, syr Water Stewarde,
 Syr Jhon of Agurstonne.

Syr Charles Morrey in that place,
 That never a fote wold flee;
 Syr Hugh Maxwell, a lorde he was,
 Wyth the Dowglasse dyd he dye.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
 For soth as I yow saye,
 For fowre and forty thowsande Skottes
 Went but eyghtene awaye.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde,
 For soth and sertenlye,
 A gentyll knyght, syr Jhon 'Fitzhewe,'
 Yt was the more pety.

Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne,
 For hym ther hartes were sore,
 The gentyll 'Lovell' ther was slayne,
 That the Perssye's standerd bore.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe perte,
 For soth as I yow saye;
 Of nyne thowsande Ynglysshe men,
 Fyve hondert cam awaye:

The other were slayne in the fylde,
 Cryste kepe ther sowles from wo,
 Seying ther was so fewe fryndes
 Agaynst so many a foo.

Then on the morne they mayde them beerys
 Of byrch, and haysell graye;
 Many a widowe wyth wepyng teyres
 Ther makes they fette awaye.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne
 Bytwene the nyghte and the daye;
 Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyffe,
 And the Perssye was lede awaye.

Then was ther a Scottysch prysoner tayne,
 Syr Hewe Montgomery was hys name,
 For soth as I yow saye,
 He borrowed the Perssye home agayne. *was a pledge*

Now let us all for the Perssye praye,
 To Jesu most of myght,
 To bryng hys sowlle to the blysse of heven,
 For he was a gentyll knyght.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

IT fell and about the Lammas time,
 When husband men do win their hay,
 Earl DOUGLAS is to the English woods,
 And a' with him to fetch a prey.

He has chosen the LINDSAYS light,
 With them the gallant GORDONS gay,
 And the Earl of FYFE withouten strife,
 And Sir HUGH MONTGOMERY upon a grey.

They hae taken Northumberland,
 And sae hae they the North-shire,
 And the Otter-dale they burnt it hale,
 And set it a' into a fire.

Out then spack a bonny boy,
 That serv'd ane o' Earl DOUGLAS' kin;
 Methinks I see an English host
 A-coming branken us upon.

If this be true, my little boy,
 An it be troth that thou tells me,
 The brawest bower in Otterbourne,
 This day shall be thy morning fee.

But if it be false, my little boy,
 And but a lie that thou tells me;
 On the highest tree that's in Otterbourne,
 With my awin hands I'll hing thee hie.

The boy's taen out his little penknife,
 That hanget low down by his gare, *as it is in the poem*
 And he gae Earl DOUGLAS a deadly wound,
 Alack! a deep wound and a sare.

Earl DOUGLAS said to Sir HUGH MONTGOMERY,
 Tack thou the vanguard o' the three;
 And bury me at yon braken bush,
 That stands upon yon lilly lee.

Then PERCY and MONTGOMERY met,
 And weel a wat they war na fain;
 They swapp'd swords, and they twa swat,
 And ay the blood ran down between.

O yield thee, yield thee, PERCY, he said,
 Or else I vow I'll lay thee low.
 Whom to shall I yield? said Earl PERCY;
 Now that I see it maun be so.

O yield thee to yon braken bush,
 That grows upon yon lilly lee.
 As in that bush a bier there be,
 For it I'd save thy life and thee.

I winna yield to a braken bush,
 Nor yet will I unto a bier;
 But I wad yield to Earl DOUGLAS,
 Or Sir HUGH MONTGOMERY, if he was here.

As soon as he knew it was MONTGOMERY,
 He stuck his sword's point in the ground:
 And Sir HUGH MONTGOMERY was a courteous knight,
 And he quickly brought him by the hand.

The deed was done at Otterbourne,
 About the breaking o' the day.
 Earl DOUGLAS was buried at the braken bush,
 And PERCY led captive away.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHYVIAT.*

THE Persé owt off Northomberlonde,
 And a vowe to God mayd he,
 That he wold hunte in the mountayns
 Of Chyviat within dayes thre;
 In the magger of doughté Dogles,
 And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat,
 He said he wold kyll, and cary them away.
 By my feth, sayd the doughte Doglas agayn,
 I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.

* Percy says this old ballad was wrote by one *Richard Sheale*, about the time of Henry VI. in whose reign several James's were kings of Scotland. See his *Notes on this Poem*.

Then the Persé owt of Bamborowe cam,
 With him a myghtee meany ;
 With fifteen hondrith archares bold, off blood and bone,
 The wear chosen owt of shays thre.

This beganne on a Monday at morn,
 In Chyviat the hillys so he ;
 The chyld may rue that ys unborn,
 It was the mor pitté.

The dryvers thorowe the woodes went
 For to reas the deare ;
 Bomen byckarte uppone the bent *hantles*
 With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went
 On every syde shear ;
 Grea hondes thorowe the grevis glent *grove, glend*
 For to kyll thear dear.

The beganne in Chyviat the hyls above,
 Yerly on a sonny'tn day ;
 Be that it drewe to the oware off none
 A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort uppone the bent,
 The semblyd on sydes shear ;
 To the quyrry then the Persé went
 To se the bryttlynge off the deare. *cutting do*

He sayd, It was the Doglas promys
 This day to met me hear ;
 But I wyste he wold faylle verament :
 A great oath the Persé swear.

At the last a squyar of 'Northomberlonde,'
 Lookyde at his hande full ny,
 He was war ath the doughetie Doglas commynge,
 With him a myghtte meany.

Both with spear, byll, and brande :
 Yt was a myghti sight to se,
 Hardyar men both off harte nar hande
 Wear not in Christiantè,

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good,
 Withowte any feale ;
 The wear borne along be the watter a Twyde,
 Yth bowndes of Tividale.

Leave off the brytlyng of the deare, he sayde,
 And to your bowys lock ye tayk good heed ;
 For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne
 Had ye never so mickle ned.

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede
 He rode all his men beforne ;
 His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede ; *eval*
 A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me 'what' mēn ye ar, he says,
 Or whos men that ye be :
 Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
 Chyviat chays in the spyt of me ?

The first mane that ever him an answer mayd,
 It was the good lord Persé :
 We wyll not tell the 'what' men we ar, he says,
 Nor whos men that we be ;
 But we will hount hear in this chays
 In the spyt of thyne and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat
 We have kyld, and cast to carry them away.
 Be my troth, sayd the doughté 'Dogglas' agayn,
 Ther for the ton of us shall de this day.

Then sayd the doughté Dogglas,
 Unto the lord Persé :
 To kyll all these gittles men,
 Alas ! it wear great pitte.

But, Persé, thowe art a lorde of lande,
 I am a yerle callyd within my contrè;
 Let all our men uppone a parti stande;
 And do the battell off the and of me.

Now Cristes cors on his crowne, sayd the lord Persé,
 Who soever ther to says nay.
 Be my troth, doughté Doglas, he says,
 Thow shalt never se that day;

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
 Nor for no man of a woman born,
 But and fortune be my chance,
 I dar met him on man for on.

Then bespayke a squyar of Northombarlonde,
 Ric. Wytheryngton was his nam;
 It shall never be tolde in Sothe Ynglonde, he says,
 To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

I wat youe byn great lordes twaw,
 I am a poor squyar of lande;
 I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,
 And stande myselffe, and loocke on,
 But whyll I may my weppone welde
 I wyll not [fayl] bothe harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day,
 The first fit here I fynde:
 And youe wyll here any mor athe hountyng athe Chyviat,
 Yet ys ther more behynd.

(FIT THE SECOND.)

THE Yngglyshe men hade ther bowys yebent,
 Ther hartes were good yenoughe ;
 The first off arros that the shote off,
 Seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

Yet byddys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
 A captayne good yenoughe,
 And that was sene verament,
 For he wrought them hom both woo and wouche.

The Doglas pertyd his ost in thre,
 Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,
 With suar speares off myghte tre,
 The cum in on every syde.

Thrugke our Yngglyshe archery
 Gave many a wounde full wyde ;
 Many a doughete the garde to dy,
 Which ganyde them no pryde.

The Yngglyshe men let thear 'bowys' be,
 And pulde owt brandes that wer bright ;
 It was a hevy syght to se
 Bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple,
 Many sterne the stroke done streight :
 Many a freyke, that was full fre,
 Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Doglas and the Persé met,
 Lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne ;
 The swapte togethar tyll the both swat
 With swordes that wear of fyn myllan.

Thes worthé freckys for to fyght
 Ther to the wear full fayne,
 Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprete,
 As ever dyd heal or ran.

‘Holde’ the, Persé, sayd the Doglas,
 And i feth I shall the brynge,
 Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
 Of Jamy our ‘Scottish’ kyng.

Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre,
 I hight the hear this thinge,
 For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,
 That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.

Nay, sayd the lorde Persé,
 I tolde it the beforne,
 That I wolde never yeldyde be
 ‘To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely
 Forthe off a myghtté wane,
 Hit hathe strekene the yerle Doglas
 In at the brest bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
 The sharpe arrowe ys gane,
 That never after in all his lyffe days
 He spayke mo wordes but ane,
 That was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye may,
 For my lyff days ben gan.

The Persé leanyde on his brande,
 And sawe the Doglas de;
 He tooke the dede mane be the hande,
 And sayd, Wo ys me for the!

To have sayde thy lyffe I wold have pertyde with
 My landes for years thre ;
 For a better man of hart, nare of hande,
 Was not in all the north contrè.

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
 Was callyd sir Hewe the Monggonbyrry,
 He sawe the Doglas to the deth was dyght ;
 He spendyd a spear a trusti tre :

He rod uppon a corsiare
 Throughe a hondrith archery ;
 He never stynttyde, nar never blane,
 Tyll he cam to the good lorde Persé.

He set uppone the lorde Persé
 A dynte that was full soare ;
 With a suar spear of a myghtté tre
 Clean thorow the body he the Persé 'bore.'

Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se,
 A large cloth yard and mare ;
 Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiantè,
 Then that day slain wear ther.

An archar of Northomberlonde
 Say sleane was the lord Persé,
 He bar a bende bow in his hand,
 Was made off trusti tre :

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
 Toth hard stele hayld he ;
 A dynt that was both sad and soar,
 He sat on sir Hewe the Monggonbyrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and sar,
 That he of Monggonbyrry sete ;
 The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,
 With his hart blood the wear wete.

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,
 But still in stour dyd stand,
 Heawyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,
 With many a balfull brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat,*
 And owar before the none,
 And when even-song bell was rang,
 The battell was nat haff done.

The tooke on ethar hand,
 Be the lyght off the mone ;
 Many had no strength for to stande,
 In Chyviat the hillys abone.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Yaglonde
 Went away but fifti and thre ;
 Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,
 But even five and fifti.†

But all wear slayne Chyviat within :
 The had no strengthe to stand on hy :
 The chylde may rue that ys unborne,
 It was the mor pittè.

Thear was slayne with the lord Persé,
 Sir John of Agerstone,
 Sir Rogar the hinde Hartly,
 Sir Wylyyam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthé Lovele,
 A knyght of great renowen,
 Sir Raff the ryche Rugbè,
 With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

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* The Cheviot, or Tiviot Hills, were formerly the boundary between England and Scotland.

† The English were the first who took the field, and the last to quit it. They brought only 1500 to the battle; and the Scotch 2000. The English kept the field with 53; the Scotch retiring with 55.

For Wetharrynton my harte was wo,
 That ever he slayne shulde be ;
 For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
 Yet he knyled and fought on his kny.

Ther was slayne with the doughti Doglas,
 Sir Hewe the Monggonbyrry,
 Sir Davy Lwdale that worthè was,
 His sisters son was he.

Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,
 That never a foot wolde fle ;
 Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
 With the Doglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
 Off birch, and hasell so gray ;
 Many wedous, with wepyng tears,
 Cam to fach ther makys away.

Tivydale may carpe off care,
 Northombarlonde may mayke great mon,
 For towe such captayns, as slayne wear thear,
 On the march perti shall never be non.

Word ys commyn to Eddenburrowe
 To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,
 That dougheti Doglas, lyff tenante of the merchis,
 He lay sleen Chyviot within.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
 He says, Alas, and woe ys me !
 Such another captayn Skotland within,
 He sayd, yefeth shuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone
 Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
 That lord Persé, 'leyff'-tenante of the merchis,
 He lay slayne Chyviat within.

God have merci on his soll, sayd kyng Harry,
 Good lord, yf thy will it be !
 I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd,
 As good as ever was he :
 But, Persé, and I brook my lyffe,
 Thy deth well quyte shall be.

As our noble kyng made his avowe,
 Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
 For the deth of the lord Persé,
 He dyde the battel of Hombyll-down :*

Wher syx and thritté Skottish knyghtes
 On a day wear beaten down :
 Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
 Over castill, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Chyviat ;
 That tear begane this spurn :
 Old men, that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,
 Call it the battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn begaa this spurne
 Uppon a Monnyn day :
 Ther was the doughté Doglas slean,
 The Persé never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes,
 Sen the Doglas and the Persé met,
 But yt was mervele, and the rede blude ronne not,
 As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Crist our balys bete,
 And to the blys us brynge !
 Thus was the hountynge of the Chyviat ;
 God send us all good endyng !

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* The battle of Hombyll-down, or Humbledon, (a village near Wooler, in Northumberland) was fought September 14th, 1402, (anno 3, Hen. IV.) where the English, under the command of the Earl of Northumberland, and his son Hotspur, gained a complete victory over the Scots.

THE HUNTING IN CHEVY CHASE.*

GOD prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all ;
 A woeful hunting once there did
 In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl Percy took his way ;
 The child may rue that is unborn
 The hunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summer's days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
 To kill and bear away :
 These tidings to earl Douglas came,
 In Scotland where he lay ;

Who sent earl Percy present word,
 He would prevent his sport :
 The English earl, not fearing this,
 Did to the woods resort,

* This favourite old ballad is founded on the celebrated battle of Otterbourne, as there never was a Percy engaged with a Douglas, but at that time ; though the Percy, who commanded at that battle, was not earl of Northumberland, yet he was heir to that title, though he did not live to enjoy it. Ben Johnson used to say, he had rather have been the author of this ballad than of all his works. Sir Philip Sydney says, (in his Discourse of Poetry) " I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet ; and yet it is sung by some blind crouder, with no rougher voice than rude style ; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar ? " Addison eulogises it highly in Nos. 70 and 74 of the Spectator. And in the second volume of Dryden's Miscellanies, there may be found a translation of Chevy Chase into Latin Rhymes, by Henry Bold, of New College.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold ;
 All chosen men of might,
 Who knew full well, in time of need,
 To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
 To chase the fallow-deer ;
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 When day-light did appear ;

And, long before high-noon, they had
 A hundred fat bucks slain ;
 Then, having din'd, the drovers went
 To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
 Well able to endure ;
 Their backsides all, with special care,
 That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
 The nimble deer to take,
 And with their cries the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
 To view the slaughter'd deer ;
 Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised,
 This day to meet me here :

If that I thought he would not come,
 No longer would I stay.
 With that a brave young gentleman
 Thus to the earl did say :

Lo ! yonder doth earl Douglas come,
 His men in armour bright ;
 Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
 All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Tividale,
 Fast by the river Tweed.
 Then cease your sport, earl Percy said,
 And take your bows with speed.

And now with me, my countrymen,
 Your courage forth advance ;
 For never was there champion yet,
 In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
 But if mayhap it were,
 I durst adventure, man for man,
 With him to break a spear.

Earl Douglas, on a milk-white steed,
 Most like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of the company,
 Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, said he, whose men you be,
 That hunt so boldly here ;
 That, without my consent, do chase,
 And kill my fallow deer.

The man that first did answer make,
 Was noble Percy, he ;
 Who said, We list not to declare,
 Nor show whose men we be :

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
 Thy chieftest hearts to slay.
 Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
 And thus in rage did say :

Ere thus I will outbraved be,
 One of us two shall die ;
 I know thee well, an earl thou art,
 Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
 And great offence to kill
 Any of these our harmless men,
 For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
 And set our men aside.
 Accurs'd be he, lord Percy said,
 By whom this is deny'd.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,
 Witherington was his name,
 Who said, I would not have it told
 To Henry our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
 And I stood looking on :
 You be two earls, said Witherington,
 And I a squire alone :

I'll do the best that do I may,
 While I have strength to stand ;
 While I have pow'r to wield my sword,
 I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bows,
 Their hearts were good and true ;
 At the first flight of arrows sent,
 Full thrée-score Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
 Earl Douglas had the bent ;
 A captain mov'd with mickle pride,
 The spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
 No slackness there was found ;
 And many a gallant gentleman
 Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear
 The cries of men lying in their gore,
 And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
 Like captains of great might ;
 Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,
 And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
 With swords of temper'd steel ;
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,
 They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, lord Percy, Douglas said,
 In faith I will thee bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,
 By James our Scottish king :

Thy ransom I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art the most courageous knight
 That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth earl Percy then,
 Thy proffer I do scorn ;
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen,
 Out of an English bow,
 Which struck earl Douglas to the heart,
 A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spoke more words than these,
 " Fight on my merry men all ;
 For why, my life is at an end,
 Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, earl Percy took
 The dead man by the hand,
 And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
 Would I had lost my land !

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed,
 With sorrow for thy sake ;
 For sure a more renowned knight
 Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
 Which saw earl Douglas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the earl Percy :

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd ;
 Who with a spear most bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And pass'd the English archers all,
 Without all dread or fear ;
 And through earl Percy's body then
 He thrust his hateful spear :

With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The spear went through the other side
 A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
 Whose courage none could stain :
 An English archer then perceiv'd
 The noble earl was slain :

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree ;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 Up to the head drew he :

Against sir Hugh Montgomery,
 So right the shaft he set,
 The grey-goose-wing that was thereon
 In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
 Till setting of the sun ;
 For when they rung the evening-bell
 The battle scarce was done.

With the earl Percy there was slain
 Sir John of Ogerton,
 Sir Robert Radclyffe, and sir John,
 Sir James that bold baron :

And, with sir George, and good sir James,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful dumps ;
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.

And with earl Douglas there was slain
 Sir Hugh Montgomery,
 Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
 One foot would never fly ;

Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliffe too,
 His sister's son was he ;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
 Yet saved could not be.

And the lord Maxwell, in likewise,
 Did with earl Douglas die :
 Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
 Went home but fifty-three :
 The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
 Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail ;
 They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
 They bore with them away ;
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
 When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
 Where Scotland's king did reign,
 That brave earl Douglas suddenly
 Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news ! king James did say,
 Scotland can witness be,
 I have not any captain more
 Of such account as he.

Like tidings to king Henry came,
 Within as short a space,
 That Percy of Northumberland
 Was slain in Chevy Chase.

Now God be with him ! said our king,
 Sith 'twill no better be ;
 I trust I have within my realm
 Five hundred as good as he.

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
 But I will vengeance take ;
 And be revenged on them all,
 For brave lord Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd,
 After, on Humble-down;
 In one day fifty knights were slain,
 With lords of great renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
 Did many hundreds die.
 Thus ended the hunting of Chevy Chase,
 Made by the earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless the land
 In plenty, joy, and peace;
 And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

AN OLD SONG ON THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

I Have heard of a liling, at our ewes' milking,
 Lasses a liling, before the break of day;
 But now there's a moaning, on ilka green loaning, *milking place*
 That our braw forresters are a' wede away.

At boughts, in the morning, nae blyth lads are scorning;
 The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;
 Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilka ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

At e'en at the gloming, nae swankies are roaming, *stuffed and full*
 'Mong stacks, with the lasses, at bogle to play;
 But ilka ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
 The Flowers of the Forest that are a' wede away.

harvest At harrest, at the shearing, nae youngsters are jeering,
 The bansters are runkled, lyart, and grey. *minkled*
 At a fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching, *wheeling*
 Since our braw forresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order, sent our lads to the border :
 The English for anes by guile gat the day.
 The Flowers of the Forrest, that ay shone the foremost,
 The prime of our land, lies cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liking, at our ewes' milking,
 The women and bairns are dowie, and wae.
 Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning,
 Since our braw forresters are a' wede away.



THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST ;*

Or, Flodden Field.

(Fought September 9th, 1513.)

FROM Spey to the border,
 Was peace and good order ;
 The sway of our monarch was mild as the May ;
 Peace he adored,
 Whilk Soudrons abhorred,
 Our marches they plunder, our wardens they slay.

'Gainst LOUIS, our ally,
 Their HENRY did sally,
 Tho' JAMES, but in vain, did his herauld advance,
 Renouncing alliance,
 Denouncing defiance,
 To Soudrons, if langer abiding in France.

M

* This version is made up from various copies of this old ballad collated, and is of very unequal merit. The stanzas, from the 17th to the 22d inclusive, compose a dirge of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity. The circumstances are happily chosen and combined ; and the language, to those who understand it, is so picturesquely expressive, that while we read the words, the scene is felt penciled on our imagination. And it is impossible to peruse it without feeling a high degree of that pleasing sombre tenderness, which it is the object of this sort of poetry to produce.

Many were the omens,
 Our ruin was coming,
 E'er the flower of our nation was call'd to array :
 Our king at devotion,
 St Andrew did caution,
 And sigh'd as with sorrow he to him did say,—

Sir, in this expedition,
 You must have ambition ;
 From the company of women you shou'd keep away.
 When the spectre this declar'd,
 It quickly disappear'd ;
 But where it retired no man could espy.

The flowers of the nation
 Were call'd to their station,
 With valiant inclination their banners to display ;
 To Burrow-Muir resorting,
 Their right for supporting,
 And there rendezvouzing, encamped did lay.

But another bad omen,
 That vengeance was coming ;
 At midnight, in Edinburgh, a voice loud did cry,
 As heraulds, in their station,
 With loud proclamation,
 Did name all our barons in England to die.

These words the demon spoke,
 At the throne of Plotcock,
 It charg'd their appearing, appointing the day :
 The provost, in its hearing,
 The summons greatly fearing,
 Appeal'd to his Maker, the same did deny.

At this were many griev'd,
 As many misbeliev'd ;
 But forward they march'd to their destiny :
 From thence to the border,
 They march'd in good order,
 The Merse-men and Forrest they join'd the array.

England's invasion,
 It was their persuasion,
 To make restitution for their cruelty ;
 But O fatal Flodown !
 There came the wo down ;
 And our royal nation was brought to decay.

After spoiling and burning,
 Many hameward returning,
 With our king still the nobles and vassals abide :
 To SURREY's proud vaunting,
 He answers but daunting ;
 The king would await him whatever betide.

The English advanced
 To where they were stanced ;
 Half-intrenched by nature, the field it so lay :
 To fight the English fearing,
 And sham'd their retiring ;
 But alas ! unperceived was their subtilty.

Our Highland battalion,
 So forward and valiant,
 They broke from their ranks, and they rush'd on to slay :
 With hacking and slashing,
 And broad swords a-dashing,
 Thro' the front of the English they cut a full way.

But, alas ! to their ruin,
 An ambush pursuing,
 They were surrounded with numbers too high :
 The Merse-men and Forest,
 They suff'ered the sorest,
 Upon the left wing were inclos'd the same way.

Our men into parties,
 The battle in three quarters,
 Upon our main body the marksmen did play :

The spearmen were surrounded,
 And all were confounded ;
 The fatal devastation of that woful day !

Our nobles all ensnared,
 Our king he was not spared ;
 For of that fate he shared, and would not run away :
 The whole were intercepted,
 That very few escaped
 The fatal conflagration of that woful day.

This set the whole nation
 Into grief and vexation :
 The widows did weep, and the maidens did say,
 Why tarries my lover ?
 The battle's surely over ?
 Is there none left to tell us the fates of the day ?

I've heard a lilting,
 At our ewes' milking,
 Lasses a-lilting afore the break of day ;
 But now there's a moaning,
 On ilka green loaning,
 Since our bra foresters are a' wed away.

At boughts i' the morning,
 Nae blyth lads are scorning ;
 The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae ;
 Nae daffin, nae gabbin,
 But sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

At e'en in the glomin,
 Nae swankeys are roaming,
 'Mang stacks, wi' the lasses, at bogle to play ;
 But ilk ane sits dreary,
 Lamenting her deary,
 The flowers of the Forest that are wed away.

In herst, at the shearing,
 Nae younkers are jeering ;
 The bansters are lyart, runked, and grey :

At fairs nor at preaching,
 Nae wooing, nae fleeching,
 Since our bra' Foresters are a' wed away.

O dool for the order,
 Sent our lads to the border !
 The English for anes by guile got the day :
 The Flowers of the Forest,
 That ay shone the foremost,
 The prime of our land lies cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liting,
 At our ewes' milking :
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighing and moaning,
 On ilka green loaning,
 Since our bra Foresters are a' wed away.

I've seen the smiling
 Of fortune beguiling ;
 I've felt all her favours, and found her decay :
 Sweet is her blessing,
 And kind her caressing ;
 But now it is fled, it is fled far away.

I've seen the forest
 Adorned the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest both pleasant and gay :
 Sae bonny was their blooming,
 Their scent the air perfuming ;
 But now they are withered, and all gone away.

I've seen the morning,
 With gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempests storming before mid-day :
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams
 Shining i' the sunny beams,
 Grow drumly and dark as it roll'd on the way.

O fickle fortune!
 Why this cruel sporting?
 Why this perplexing poor sons of a day?
 Thy frowns cannot fear me,
 Nor smiles cannot chear me,
 Since the Flowers of the Forest are a' wed away.

VERSES

ON JAMES THE IVth, OF SCOTLAND,

Who fell at the Battle of Flodden.*

'TWAS he that rul'd his Country's heart
 With more than Royál sway—
 But Scotland saw her James depart,
 And sadden'd at his stay.

She heard his fate—she wept her grief—
 That James, her own, her darling Chief,
 Was gone for evermore.
 But this she learnt, that e'er he fell,
 (Oh, Men! Oh, Patriots! mark it well)
 His Fellow Soldiers round his fall,
 Enclos'd him like a living wall,
 Mixing their friendly gore.

Nor was the day of Flodden done,
 'Till they were slaughter'd, one by one,
 And this may serve to shew—
 When Kings are Patriots none will fly:
 When such a King was doom'd to die,
 Oh, who would Death forego?

* Among the various antiquities preserved in the Heralds College, London, there are the Sword, Dagger, and Turquois Ring, of James the IVth, of Scotland, slain at the battle of Flodden.

THE BATTLE OF REID SQUAIR.

(Fought July 7th, 1576.)

ON July seventh, the suthe to say,
 At the Reid Squair the tryst was set.
 Our wardens they affixt the day,
 And as they promist, sae they met :
 Allace ! that day I'll neir forzet,
 Was sure sae feir'd, and then sae fain,
 They cam thair justice for to get,
 Will nevir grein to cum again.

CARMICHAEL was our warden then,
 He causit the countrey to convene,
 And the laird WATT, that worthy man,
 Brocht in his surname weil be sene :
 The ARMSTRANGS that ay haif bene
 A hardy house, but not a hail ;
 The ELLIOTTS honours to mentain,
 Brought in the laif of LIDDISDALE.

Then TWIDAIL came to with speid,
 The Scheriff brocht the DOUGLAS doun,
 With CRANSTANE, GLADSTANE, gude at neid,
 Baith Rewls-water and Hawick Town.
 BEANGEDDERT bauldly maid him boun,
 With all the TRUMBLES strang and stout ;
 The RUTHIRFUIRDS, with grit renoun,
 Convoyit the town of Jedbruch out.

With other Clanns I can nocht tell,
 Because our wairning was nocht wyde,
 Be this our folk hes tane the fell,
 And plantit pallions thair to byde :
 We lukit down the uther syde,
 And saw cum briesting owt the brae,
 And Sir GEORGE FOSTER was thair gyde,
 With fyftene hundrid men and mae.

It greivt him sair that day I trow,
 With Sir JOHN HINROME of Schipsydehouse,
 Because we were not men enow,
 He counted us not worth a souse ;
 Sir GEORGE was gentil, meik, and douse,
 But he was hail and het as fyre :
 But zit for all his cracking crouse,
 He rewd the raid of the Reid Squyre.

To deil with proud men is but pain,
 For ether ze maun ficht or flie,
 Or els nae answer mack again,
 But play the beist, and let him be.
 It was nae wondir tho' he was hie,
 Had TYNDALL, REDSDAILE at his hand,
 With CUCKSDAILE, GLADSDAILE on the lie,
 Auld HESSRIME and NORTHUMBERLAND.

Zit was our meeting meik enough,
 Begun with mirriness and mows,
 And at the brae abune the heugh
 The clerk sat down to call the rows,
 And sum for ky and sum for ewis,
 Callit in of DANDRIE HOB and JOCK,
 I saw cum merching owre the knows,
 Fyve hundred FENNICKS in a flock.

With jack and speir, and bowis all bent,
 And warlike weaponis at their will ;
 Howbeit they wer not weil content,
 Zit be me trowth we feird nae ill :
 Sum zeid to drink, and sum stude still,
 And sum to cards and dyce them sped,
 Quhyle on ane Farstein they fyld a bill,
 And he was fugitive that fled.

CARMICHAEL bad them speik out plainly,
 And cloke nae cause for ill nor gude,
 The uther answering him full vainly,
 Begouth to reckon kin and blude,

He raise and rax'd him quhair he stude,
 And bade him match him with his marrows;
 Then TYNDAL hard these reseuns rude,
 And they lute aff a flight of arrows.

Then was ther nocht but bow and speir,
 And ilka man pullit out a brand,
 A SCHAFTAN and a FENNICK their,
 Gude SYMINGTON was slain frae hand.
 The Scotismen cryd on uther to stand,
 Frae tyme they saw JOHN ROBSON slain:
 Quhat suld they cry! The King's command
 Culd cause nae cowards turn again.

Up raise the laird to red the cumber,
 Quhilk wald not be for all his boist,
 Quhat suld we do with sic a number,
 Fyve thousand men into an hoist?
 Then HENRIE PURDIE proud hes cost,
 And verie narrowlie had mischiefd him,
 And ther we had our WARDEN lost,
 Wart not the grit GOD he reliev'd him.

Ane uther throw the breiks him bair,
 Quhyle flatlines to the ground he fell:
 Then thocht I, we had lost him thair,
 Into my heart it struck a knell;
 Zit up he raise, the truth to tell,
 And laid about him dunts full dour,
 His horsemen they faucht stout and snell,
 And stude about him in the stour.

Then raisd the slogan with an schout,
 Fy, TYNDALL to it, JEDBRUGH heir;
 I trow he was not half sae stout,
 But anes his stomach was a steir,
 With gun and genzie, bow and spier,
 He micht se mony a crakit crown;
 But up amang the merchant gier,
 They bussie were as we wer down.

The swallow-tails frae teckles flew,
 Fyve hundred slain into the sicht,
 But we had pestellets anew,
 And schot amang them as we nicht.
 With help of God the game gade richt,
 Frae tyme the foremost of them fell;
 Hynd owre the know, without gude-nicht,
 They ran with mony a schout and zell.

And after they had turnd again,
 Zit TYNDALL men they turnd again,
 And had not bene the merchant packs,
 There had bene mae of Scotland slain:
 But JESU gif the folk was fain
 No put the bussing on thair theis,
 And sae they fled with all thair main,
 Doun owre the brae lyke clogged beis.

Sir FRANCIS RUSSEL tane was thair,
 And hurt, as we heir men reherse;
 Proud WALLINGTON was wounded sair,
 Albeit he was a Fennick ferss,
 But gif ze wald a souldier serche
 Amang them all was tane that night,
 Was nane sae wordie of our verse
 As COLINGWOOD that courteous knight.

Zung HENRY skapit hame, is hurt,
 A souldier schot him with a bow,
 Scotland has cause to make great sturt,
 For laiming of the Laird of Mow.
 The Laird WATT did weil indeid,
 His friends stude stoutly by himsell,
 With little GLADSTONE, gude in neid,
 For GRETEIN kend not gude be ill.

The SCHERIFF wantit not gude-will,
 Howbeit he might not sicht sae fast:
 BENJEADERT, HUNDLIE and HUNTHILL,
 Three, on they laid well at the last

Except the horsemen of the gaird :
 If I could put men to avail,
 Nane stoutlier stude out for their laird,
 Nor did the lads of LIDDISDALE.

But little harness had we thair,
 But auld BADRULE had on a jack,
 And did richt weil, I zou declair,
 With all the TRUMBULLS at his back.
 Gude EDERSTONE was not to lack,
 With KIRTOON, NEWTOWN, nobill-men.
 Thir is all the specials I haif spack,
 Forby them that I could nocht ken.

Qhwa did invent that day of play,
 We neid nocht feir to find him sune,
 For Sir JOHN FOSTER, I dare weil say,
 Maid us that noysome afternune :
 Not that I speik precisely out,
 That he supposd it wald be perill,
 But pryde and breaking out, but dout,
 Gart TYNDALL lads begin the quarrell.

FAIR 'MABEL' OF WALLINGTON.

WHEN we were silly sisters seven, sisters [we] were so fair.
 Five of us were brave knights wives, and died in child-bed sair,
 Up then spake fair 'Mabel', marry would she nane.
 If ever she came in man's bed the same gate wad she gang.
 Make no vows, fair 'Mabel', for fear they broken be,
 Here's been the knight of Wallington asking good-will of thee.
 Here's been the knight [of Wallington] mother, asking good-
 will of me ;
 Within three-quarters of a year you may come bury me.

When she came to Wallington, and into Wallington-hall,
 There she spy'd her mother dear walking about the wall.
 You're welcome, daughter dear, to thy castle and thy bower.
 I thank you kindly, mother, I hope they'll soon be your's.

She had not been in Wallington three-quarters and a day,
 Till upon the ground she could not walk, she was a weary
 prey ;
 She had not been in Wallington three-quarters and a night,
 Till on the ground she cou'd not walk, she was a weary
 ' wight.'

Is there ne'er a boy in this town who'll win hose and shun,
 That will run to fair Pudlington, and bid my mother come ?
 Up then spake a little boy, near unto [her] a-kin,
 Full oft I have your errands gone, but now I will it run.
 Then she call'd her waiting-maid to bring up bread and wine:
 Eat and drink, thou bonny boy, thou'll ne'er eat more of
 mine :
 Give my respects to my mother, as [she] 'sits' in her chair
 of stone,
 And ask her how she likes the news of seven to have but one.

Give my love to my brother William, Ralph, and John ;
 And to my sister Betty fair, and to her white as bone,
 And bid her keep her maidenhead, be sure to make much on't,
 For if e'er she come in man's bed, the same gate will she
 gang.
 Away this little boy is gone as fast as he could run,
 When he came where brigs were broke, he lay down and
 'swum.'
 When he saw the lady, he said, Lord may your keeper be !
 What news, my pretty boy, 'hast' thou to tell to me ?

Your daughter 'Mabel' orders me, as you sit in a chair of
 stone,
 To ask you how you like the news of seven to have but one ;
 Your daughter gives commands as you sit in a chair of 'state,'
 And bids you come to her sickening, her 'weary' lake-wake :
 She gives command to her brother William, Ralph, and John ;
 To her sister Betty fair, and to her white [as] bone,
 She bids her keep her maidenhead, besure make much on't,
 For if e'er she come in man's bed the same gate wou'd she
 gang.

She kickt the table with her foot, she kickt it with her knee,
 The silver plate into the fire so far she made it flee :
 Then she call'd her waiting-maid to bring her riding-hood,
 So did she on her stable-groom to bring her 'stead so good :
 Go saddle to me the black, go saddle to me the brown,
 Go saddle to me the swiftest steed that e'er rid Wallington,
 When she came to Wallington, and into Wallington-hall,
 There she espy'd her son Fenwick walking about the wall.

God save you, dear son, Lord may your keeper be !
 Where is my daughter fair, that used to walk with thee ?
 He turn'd his head round about, the tears did fill his eye ;
 'Tis a month, he said, since she took her chambers from me.
 She went on, and there were in the hall
 Four and twenty ladies letting the tears down fall :
 Her daughter had a scope into her chest, and into her chin,
 All to keep her life till her dear mother came therein.

Come take the rings off my finger, the skin it is so white,
 And give them to my mother dear, for she was all the
 'weight ;'

Come take the rings off my fingers, the veins are so red,
 Give them to sir William Fenwick, I'm sure his heart will
 bleed.

She took out a razor, that was sharp and fine,
 And out of her left side she has taken the heir of Wallington,
 There is a race in Wallington, and that I rue full sare,
 Tho' the cradle it be full spread up, the bride-bed is left bare.

N



VERSES

On a View of Roadley Castle, not far from Wallington, in Northumberland, built by the late worthy Sir Walter Blackett, Bart. with a small Description of its Situation, comprehending Codgy Fort, the Lake, the noted Greenlighten Hill, &c. by Thomas Oliver, of Hallington, Northumberland, taken before the Deer were destroyed in the Park, wherein the Castle stands, soon after the Death of Sir Walter Blackett.*

THERE's Roadley's 'cloud capt' lofty hill,
 With humble dales below ;
 The mighty crags its front do fill,
 White as if flect with snow.

These rugged rocks rough Boreas scorn,
 Nor blust'ring Æolus dread :
 Some as by Noah's deluge torn,
 From their huge massy bed.

Upon its airy summit high,
 An antique tower appears,
 Who to the stranger passing by,
 Seems ag'd a thousand years.

Thus in its melancholy state,
 A Windsor's view commands ;
 And to defend the brazen gate,
 Cæsar and Pompey stands.

Within the compass of an eye,
 Sweet rising scenes appear :
 There fleecy flocks a feeding by,
 With stately herds of deer.

But when with more extended rays,
 Your circling eyes you guide :

* Hutchinson, in his History of Northumberland, appears not to have liked Roadley or Rothley Castle: he finishes his description of it by saying, it would be "pretty enough for the reception of Thomas of Hick-a-thrift, or Jack the Giant Killer."

Nature fresh beauties still displays,
From Blyth to Symmon Side.*

Nor far from hence stands Codgy Fort,
Built on a craggy hill ;
Where hawks, and daws, and owls resort,
And wild blue pigeons bill.

Bordering, a sloping raggy brake,
Spreading, appears in sight ;
A deep extensive, warping lake,†
With water birds on flight.

While numbers on the surface float,
Down diving o'er and o'er :
With bumpkins in the pleasure boat,
Launching from shore to shore.

Grey game, and Grouse in num'rous broods,
About Greenlighton Hill ;
Where piping Pan his flocks he feeds,
Around that humble vill,

By dawn of day, Mary and Bett,
Hies to the birney knows ;
Where blithsome many a morn we've met,
At milking of the ewes.

By Maria's mean courtesy taught,
When flocks did chance to roam ;
I wore them to the milking Bought,
And bore her leglin home.

N 2

* The view is extensive, from here may be seen the Symon Side Hills on one side, to the town of Blyth on the other.

† At the foot of the hill on which the castle stands, near the north-west corner of the park, are two fine sheets of water, communicating with each other, called *Rosbley Ponds*. Formerly they were tastefully ornamented by a shrubbery, which was disposed round the margin of the water. A boat and fishing tackling were formerly kept here, and a tent was pitched in the summer near the lakes, where visitants were plentifully regaled by the late generous proprietor, who frequently amused himself at this place. *Vide* p. 105, v. 2, of Northumberland, 1811.

THE BATTLE OF HUMBLEDOWN HILL.*

(By E. W. August 5th, 1791.)

SIR Swinton was a doughty knight
 As ever Scotland bred;
 Than Gordon none more brave in fight,
 Did ever cross the Tweed.

But deidly feuds subsisted long
 Between these valiant twain,
 They never met—but straight they fought
 With all their martial train.

At last they hied with ilk his band
 To Bræ of Humbledown,
 Where Douglas and his army lay
 Wi' Knights of great renown.

Now baith afore the Douglas stood,
 And glowr'd wi' hatefu' spite,
 And half unsheath'd their shining blades,
 And quak'd and burn'd to fight.

Then mighty Douglas leap'd between
 To redd the foul debate,
 "O Sirs!" he cries, "thrust in your glaives
 "And quell this rising state.

* The author of this suggested the idea from reading the verse of Chevy Chase:—

"This vow full well the King perform'd
 "After, on Humbledown,
 "In one day fifty Knights were slain
 "With Lords of great renown.

In the second volume of Guthrie's History of Scotland, the battle is fully described.

" For, look you ! where the English lies
 " On yonder tented field,
 " To morrow's morn, if right I ween,
 " We'll need both sword and sheild.

" Gin we to Scotland mean to go,
 " Our road lies thro' yon host ;
 " First spend your fury on the foe,
 " Then fight—if fight ye must.

He spake—in sullens baith withdrew,
 Now all prepare for fight,
 And arms and armour clattering brake
 The silence of the night.

In bluid red clouds the Sun arose,
 Which saw that fatal day,
 Where bretheless on the green hill side
 Fu' many a bra' Scot lay.

For sair—the English bowmen gall'd
 The van—the ungear'd stood,
 Nae thirsty shaft e'er reach'd the earth
 Unstain'd wi' Scottish bluid.

Then Sir John Swinton loudly cries
 " Bra' lads ! gif we must die,
 " Follow our cheif, and syne our foes
 " Shall bear us companie."

These words when Adam Gordon heard,
 He hastens to the place,
 " When our dear country claims our aid
 " Let all our quarrels cease.

" For, mine are gone—most valiant Knight !
 " And now a boon I crave—
 " That frae thy noble arm—the meed
 " Of Knighthood I must have."

“ And mine for aye !”—replies Sir John,
 And to his breast him drew ;
 Then dubb'd him Knight, while deidly flight
 Of arrows round them flew.

Then wi' their men, these valiant twain
 Rush'd down the green hill's side,
 And 'mongst their foes, wi' mortal blows
 Their hands in bluid they dy'd.

Like two huge rocks on Bramor's brow,
 When loossen'd fra' their bed,
 That thunder down and overthrow
 The pines which crown the glade.

Thus they, thro' ranks, the Earl of March
 And the bold Percies fought,
 And bluid and carnage mark'd their path
 Where'er they step'd and fought.

At length they're wi' their gallant train
 By numbers compass'd round,
 And fighting fall'on heaps of slain,
 And stain with gore the ground.

Thus did these valiant cheiftains fall
 Who liv'd in mortal strife,
 But lock'd in one another's arms,
 Dear friendship clos'd their life.

And now the Scottish lines were broke
 Wi' rout and disarray,
 And many a man was lost in [Tweed]
 That strove to flee that day.

The mighty Douglas too was ta'en
 For ne'er a foot he'd flee,
 But first five greevous wounds he got
 And also lost an eye,

With Gordon and with Swinton fell
 Sir John of Callender,
 Sir Ramsay of Dalhousie too,
 And Sir Walter Sinclair.

And Roger Gordon likewise died,
 Wi' Walter Scot sae brave,
 And many more of note beside
 Whom valour cou'd not save.

But past all count, the pris'ners were
 Wi' doughty Douglas ta'en,
 Fife, Murray, Angus, Orkney Earls,
 Lord Graham and Erskine.

With eighty Knights and many more
 Than can ee' now be told,
 All captives led, for ransome sett
 By Harry Hotspur bold.

Fra' Forth to Tweed, a swankie blade
 Was then a sight to see,
 The co'uter left in half plough'd lidge
 Lay rusting in the lee.

God prosper Scotland, let us say,
 And grant our wars be done,
 And may we ne'er see sic a day
 As that of Humbledown.*

* In the plain beneath the hill and village of Humbledown or Humbleton is a stone pillar, denoting the ground where 10,000 of the Scots, under Earl Douglas, in the reign of King Henry IV. on Holyrood-day, 1402, had a great overthrow, by Henry Lord Percy and George Earl of March. Douglas had entered England about the middle of August, and destroyed and plundered the country as far as Newcastle. On his return to Scotland he was intercepted by Earl Percy, and was obliged to engage on this plain: the battle was so bloody that the lands gained the name of Redriggs, from the slaughter with which they were stained. Among the prisoners were the Earls of Fife, Murray, Angus, Athol, Orkney, and Monteath, the Lords Montgomery and Erskine, and about 80 knights. Douglas received five wounds and lost an eye. Being hotly pursued, in the flight 500 Scots were drowned in the Tweed, the most of their army on this fatal day were left dead, or taken prisoners.

LAIDLEY WORM

OF SPINDLESTON-HEUGH.

*Virgo jam serpens sinuosa volumina versat,
Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
Arrectis horret squamis et sibilat ore ;
Arduaue insurgens navem de littore pulsat.*

A Song about 550 Years old, made by the old Mountain-bard,
Duncan Frasier, living on Cheviot, A. D. 1270.

First printed from an ancient MSS.

BY MR ROBERT LAMBE, VICAR OF NORHAM.

THE king is gone from Bambrough Castle,
Long may the princess mourn,
Long may she stand on the castle wall,
Looking for his return.

She has knotted the keys upon a string,
And with her she has them ta'en,
She has cast them o'er her left shoulder,
And to the gate she is gane.

She tripped out, she tripped in,
She tript into the yard ;
But it was more for the king's sake,
Than for the queen's regard.

It fell out on a day, the king
Brought the queen with him home ;
And all the lords, in our country,
To welcome them did come.

Oh ! welcome father, the lady cries,
Unto your halls and bowers ;
And so are you, my step-mother,
For all that's here is yours.

A lord said, wond'ring while she spake,
 This princess of the North
 Surpasses all of female kind
 In beauty, and in worth.

The envious queen replied, at least,
 You might have excepted me ;
 In a few hours, I will her bring
 Down to a low degree.

I will her liken to a Laidley worm,
 That warps about the stone,
 And not, till Childly Wynd comes back,
 Shall she again be won.

The princess stood at the bower door
 Laughing, who could her blame ?
 But e'er the next day's sun went down,
 A long worm she became.

For seven miles east, for seven miles west,
 And seven miles north, and south,
 No blade of grass or corn could grow,
 So venomous was her mouth.

The milk of seven stately cows,
 It was costly her to keep,
 Was brought her daily, which she drank
 Before she went to sleep.

At this day may be seen the cave,
 Which held her folded up,
 And the stone trough, the very same
 Out of which she did sup.

Word went east, and word went west,
 And word is gone over the sea,
 That a Laidley worm in Spindleston-Heughs
 Would ruin the North Country.

Word went east, and word went west,
 And over the sea did go ;
 The Child de Wynd got wit of it,
 Which filled his heart with woe.

He called straight his merry men all,
 They thirty were and three :
 I wish I were at Spindlestone,
 This desperate worm to see.

We have no time now here to waste,
 Hence quickly let us sail :
 My only sister Margaret,
 Something, I fear, doth ail.

They built a ship without delay,
 With masts of the rown tree,
 With flut'ring sails of silk so fine,
 And set her on the sea.

They went on board. The wind with speed
 Blew them along the deep,
 At length they spied an huge square tower
 On a rock high and steep.

The sea was smooth, the weather clear,
 When they approached nigher,
 King Ida's castle they well knew,
 And the banks of Bambroughshire.

The queen look'd out at her bower window,
 To see what she could see ;
 There she espied a gallant ship
 Sailing upon the sea.

When she beheld the silken sails,
 Full glancing in the sun,
 To sink the ship she sent away
 Her witch wives every one.

The spells were vain ; the hags returned
 To the queen in sorrowful mood,
 Crying that witches have no power,
 Where there is rown-tree wood.

Her last effort, she sent a boat,
 Which in the haven lay,
 With armed men to board the ship,
 But they were driven away.

The worm lept up, the worm lept down,
 She plaited round the stone;
 And ay as she came to the land
 She banged it off again.

The child then ran out of her reach
 The ship on Budley-sand;
 And jumping into the shallow sea,
 Securely got to land.

And now he drew his berry-broad sword,
 And laid it on her head;
 And swore if she did harm to him
 That he would strike her dead.

O! quit thy sword and bend thy bow,
 And give me kisses three;
 For though I am a poisonous worm,
 No hurt I'll do to thee.

Oh! quit thy sword, and bend thy bow
 And give me kisses three;
 If I'm not won, e'er the sun go down,
 Won I shall never be.

He quitted his sword and bent his bow,
 He gave her kisses three;
 She crept into a hole a worm,
 But out stept a lady.

No cloathing had this lady fine,
 To keep her from the cold;
 He took his mantle from him about,
 And round her did it fold.

He has taken his mantle from him about,
 And in it he wrapt her in,
 And they are up to Bambrough castle,
 As fast as they can win.

His absence and her serpent shape,
 The king had long deplored,
 He now rejoiced to see them both
 Again to him restored.

The queen they wanted, whom they found
 All pale, and sore afraid ;
 Because she knew her power must yield
 To Childy Wynd's, who said,

Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,
 An ill death mayest thou dee ;
 As thou my sister hast lik'ned,
 So lik'ned shalt thou be.

I will turn you into a toad,
 That on the ground doth wend ;
 And won, won, shalt thou never be,
 Till this world hath an end.

Now on the sand near Ida's tower,
 She crawls a loathsome toad,
 And venom spits on every maid
 She meets upon her road.

The virgins all of Bambrough town,
 Will swear that they have seen
 This spiteful toad, of monstrous size,
 Whilst walking they have been.

All folks believe within the shire
 The story to be true,
 And they all run to Spindleston,
 The cave and trough to view.

This fact now Duncan Frasier
 Of Cheviot, sings in rhyme ;
 Lest Bambrough-shire-men should forget
 Some part of it in time.



THE FISHER LADDIE.

ON Bamboroughshire's rocky shore,
 Just as you enter *Bowmer* Raw,
 There lives the bonny fisher lad,
 The fisher lad that bangs them a'.
 O the bonny fisher lad,
 That brings the fishes fra' the sea;
 O the bonny fisher lad,
 The fisher lad gat had of me.

My mother sent me out one day,
 To gather cockles fra' the sea;
 But I had not been long away,
 When the fisher lad gat had of me.
 O the bonny, &c.

A sailor I will never marry,
 Nor soldier, for he's got no *brass*;
 But I will have a fisher lad
 Because I am a fisher's lass.
 O the bonny, &c.

 THE KYE's COME HOME.

THE kye are come hame,
 But I see not my hinny,
 The kye are come hame,
 But I see not my bairn:
 I'd rather lose all the kye
 Than lose my hinny,
 I'd rather lose all the kye
 Than lose my bairn.

Fair fac'd is my hinny,
 His blue eyes are bonny,
 His hair in curl'd ringlets
 Hang sweet to the sight;
 O

O mount the old poney,
 Seek after my hinny,
 And bring to his mammy
 Her only delight.

SONG.

*A lamentable Ditty made upon the death of a worthy gentleman,
 named GEORGE STOOLE, dwelling sometime on Gate-side Moor,
 and sometime at Newcastle, in Northumberland: with his
 penitent end. [c. 1610.]*

To a delicate Scottish Tune.

COME you lusty Northerne lads,
 That are so blith and bonny,
 Prepare your hearts to be full sad,
 To heare the end of Georgy.
 Heigh-ho, heigh-ho my bonny love,
 Heigh-ho, heigh-ho my honny;
 Heigh-ho, heigh-ho my owne deare love,
 And God be with my Georgie.

When Georgie to his triall came,
 A thousand hearts were sorry,
 A thousand lasses wept full sore,
 And all for love of Georgie.
 Heigh-ho, heigh-ho my bonny love,
 Heigh-ho, &c.

Some did say he would escape,
 Some at his fall did glory:
 But these were clownes and fickle friends,
 And none that loved Georgy.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

Might friends have satisfied the law,
 Then Georgie would find many :
 Yet bravely did he plead for life,
 If mercy might be any.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

But when this doughty carle was cast,
 He was full sad and sorry :
 Yet boldly did he take his death,
 So patiently dyde Georgie.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

As Georgie went up to the gate,
 He tooke his leave of many :
 He tooke his leave of his laird's wife,
 Whom he lov'd best of any.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

With thousand sighs and heavy looks,
 Away from thence he parted,
 Where he so often blithe had beene,
 Though now so heavy hearted.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

He writ a letter with his owne hand,
 He thought he writ it bravely :
 He sent it to New-castle towne,
 To his beloved lady.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

Wherein he did at large bewaile,
 The occasion of his folly :
 Bequeathing life unto the law,
 His soule to heaven holy.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

Why, lady, leave to weepe for me,
 Let not my ending grieve ye :

Prove constant to the man you love,
 For I cannot relieve yee.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

Out upon thee, Withrington,
 And fie upon thee, Phoenix :
 Thou hast put downe the doughty one,
 That stole the sheepe from Anix.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

And fie on all such cruell carles,
 Whose crueltie's so fickle,
 To cast away a gentleman
 In hatred for so little.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

I would I were on yonder hill,
 Where I have beene full merry :
 My sword and buckeler by my side
 To fight till I be weary.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

They well should know that tooke me first,
 Though whoops be now forsaken :
 Had I but freedome, armes, and health,
 I'de dye ere I'de be taken.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

But law condemns me to my grave,
 They have me in their power ;
 There's none but Christ that can me save,
 At this my dying houre.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

He call'd his dearest love to him,
 When as his heart was sorry :
 And speaking thus with manly heart,
 Deare sweeting, pray for Georgie.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

He gave to her a piece of gold,
 And bade her give't her bairns :
 And oft he kist her rosie lips,
 And laid him into her armes.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

And coming to the place of death,
 He never changed colour,
 The more he thought he would look pale,
 The more his veines were fuller.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

And with a cheereful countenance,
 (Being at that time entreated
 For to confesse his former life)
 These words he straight repeated.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

I never stole an ox or cow,
 Nor ever murdered any :
 But fifty horse I did receive
 Of a merchant's man of Gory.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

For which I am condemn'd to dye
 Though guiltlesse I stand dying :
 Deare gracious God, my soule receive,
 For now my life is flying,
 Heigh-ho, &c.

The man of death a part did act,
 Which grieves me tell the story ;
 God comfort all are comfortlesse,
 And did so well as Georgie.
 Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bonny love,
 Heigh-ho, heigh-ho my bonny ;
 Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, mine own true love,
 Sweet Christ receive my Georgie.

EPITAPH

ON

WILLIAM BELL,**LATE A RESIDENT ON GATESHEAD FELL.***By Samuel Barras.*

HERE lies the corpse of William Bell,
 The great good man of Gateshead Fell :
 Zealous in his Master's cause,
 A strict observer of his laws :
 He liv'd by faith, and not by sight :
 With full assurance took his flight,
 Unto that sweet delicious coast,
 Where hope is in fruition lost.

AN EXCELLENT BALLAD*On the Sickness, Death, and Burial,***OF ECKY'S MARE ;**

*Which was made and composed by the late ancient and famous
 Northern poet, Mr BERNARD RUMNEY, a musician, or coun-
 try fidler, who lived and died at Rothbury, being about one
 hundred years old at the time of his death.*

WOLD you please to hear of a sang of dule,
 Of yea sad chance and pittifow case,
 Makes the peur man powt through many a pule,
 And leuk on mony an unkend face ?

Between the Yule but and the Pasch,
 In a private place, where as I lay,
 I heard ane sigh, and cry, alas !
 What shall I outhier dea or say ?

A man that's born of a middle-year'd wight,
 For wealth or pelth can no be secure ;
 For he may have enough at night,
 And the next morn he may be fow peur.

I speak this by a Northumberland man,
 The proverb's true proves by himself ;
 Since the horse-couping he began,
 He had great cause to crack of wealth.

Of galloways he was well stockt,
 What some part first, what some part last ;
 But I'll no speak much to his praise,
 For some of them gat o're lang a fast.

Some of them gat a shrowish cast,
 Which was nae teaken of much pelth ;
 But yet he hopes, if life dea last,
 To see the day to crack of welth.

But aye the warst cast still comes last,
 He had nae geuds left but a Mear,
 There was mair diseases did her attend
 Nor I can name in half a year.

If Markham he himself was here,
 A famous farrier although he be,
 It wad set aw his wits astear
 To reckon her diseases in their degree,

But her sicknesses we'll set aside,
 Now tauk we of the peur man's cost,
 And how she lev'd, and how she died,
 And how his labour aw was lost.

In the winter-time she took a hoast,
 And aw whilk while she was noe weell ;
 But yet her stomach ne'er was lost,
 Although she never had her heal.

Now for her feud she went so yare,
 An the fiend had been a truss of hey,
 She wad a swallowed him and mickle mare,
 Bequeen the night but an the day.

The peur man cries out Armyes aye,
 I see that she's noe like to mend,
 She beggers me with haver and hey,
 I wish her some untimous end.

Nae sooner pray'd, but as soon heard,
 She touck a fawing down behind,
 She wad a thousand men a scar'd,
 To have felt her how she fill'd the wind.

Her master he went out at night,
 Of whilk he had oft mickle need,
 He left her neane her bed to right,
 Nor neane for to had up her head.

Next day when he came to the town,
 He ran to see his mear with speed,
 He thought she had fawn in a swoon,
 But when he try'd she was cald dead.

It's ever alas ! but what remeed,
 Had she play'd me this at Michaelmas,
 It wad a studden me in geud steed,
 And sav'd me both yeats, hay and grass.

There's ne'er an elf in aw the town,
 That hardly weell can say his creed,
 But he will swear a solemn oath,
 Crack o' wealth Ecky's mear cau'd dead.

Lad, wilt thou for Hob Trumble run ?
 I ken he will come at my need ;
 That seun he may take off her skin,
 For I mun leeve though she be dead.

Now straight he came with knife in hand,
 He flead her fra the top to th' tail,
 He left nae mare skin on her aw
 Then wad been a heudin to a flail.

He seld her baill hide for a groat,
 So far I let you understand,
 And what he did weed he may well weet,
 For he bought neither house nor land.

Now have I cassen away my care,
 And hope to live to get another ;
 And night and day shall be my prayer,
 The fiend gae down the loaning with her.

Now shall I draw it near an end,
 And tauk nae mare of her at least,
 But hoping none for to offend,
 You shall hear part of her funeral feast.

To her resorted mony a beak,
 And birds of sundry sorts of hue ;
 There was three hundred at the least,
 You may believe it to be true.

Sir Ingram Corby he came first there,
 With his fair lady clad in black,
 And with him swarms there did appear
 Of piots hopping at his back.

The carrion crow she was not slack,
 Aw cled into her mourning weed,
 With her resorted mony a mack
 Of greedy kite and hungry gleede.

When they were aw conven'd compleat,
 And every yeane had taen their place ;
 So rudely they fell tea their meat,
 But nane thought on to say the grace.

Some rip'd her ribs, some pluck'd her face,
 Nae bit of her was to be seen ;
 Sir Ingram Corby in that place,
 Himself he pick'd out baith her eyne.

But wait ye what an a chance befel,
 When they were at this jolly chear,
 Sir William Bark, I can you tell,
 He unexpected lighted there.

Put aw the feasters in sike a fear,
 Some hopt away, some flew aside,
 There was not ane durst come him near,
 Nay not sir Corby, nor his bride.

He came not with a single side,
 For mony a tike did him attend,
 I wait he was no puft we pride,
 As you shall hear before I end.

See rudely they fell to the meat,
 But napkin, trencher, salt, or knife ;
 Some to the head, some to the feet,
 While banes geud bare there was na strife.

In came there a tike, they cau'd him Grim,
 Sea greedily he did her gripe,
 But he rave out her belly-rim,
 And aw her puddings he made pipe.

Her lights, her liver, but an her tripe,
 They lay all trailing upon the green ;
 They were aw gane with a sudden wipe,
 Not any of them was to be seen.

But suddenly begeud a feast,
 And after that begend a fray ;
 The tikes that were baith weak and least,
 They carried aw the bats away.

And they that were of the weaker sort,
 They harl'd her through the paddock-peul,
 They leugh, and said it was good sport,
 When they had drest her like a feule.

Thus have you heard of Ecky's mear,
 How pitifully she made her end ;
 I write unto you far and near,
 Who says her death is no well penn'd,

I leave it to yoursel's to mend,
 That chance the peur man need again ;
 If it be ill penn'd it is well kend,
 I got as little for my 'pain.'

STANZAS,

Addressed to Northumbria.

OLD Janus advances all cloathed in white,
 And his long-smother'd tempests sends forth ;
 On the mountains cold bosom, as black as the night,
 Sinks the dark rolling clouds of the north.

In their winding sheets rob'd are the hills and the dales,
 And the verdure no longer is seen ;
 Save where the slow streams wind their way thro' the vales,
 With their margins besprinkled with green.

On the stump of a thorn, with his bosom of red,
 See the robin his thankful notes raise
 For his crumbs—by his precepts, oh ! may I be led
 To give the All-bounteous due praise.

Hark ! the blast sweeps the heath ; see the mountain fir bend ;
 Thick tempests obscure the pale sky ;
 The fast-gathering drift on the hedge see descend,
 And streams of faint lightning flash by.

Yes, Northumbria, thy climate is cold and severe;
 There winter usurps the blithe spring;
 And through the wide range of the circling year,
 Chilling damps to thy bosom will cling.

Yet thy health-giving breeze, be it ever so cold,
 Knits the nerves of thy children for war;
 Whose proud speaking eye in the soldier behold,
 And for whose dauntless heart view the tar.

He bounds o'er thy brooks, and he climbs thy wild rocks,
 Health and vigour inhales from the breeze;
 Despising in manhood the tempest's rude shocks,
 Fearless quits his dear home for the seas.

Lo! the canvas it swell'd: from the banks of the Tyne,
 The vessel scuds swiftly along;
 From his eye independant, see stern valour shine,
 As he hums a Northumbrian song.

Now the battle-day comes, and far, far from his shore,
 The squadrons of France meet his eyes;
 Unaw'd his proud heart, 'mid the cannons' loud roar,
 He with Collingwood conquers and dies.

From thy hills, too, at sound of the heart-rousing drum,
 Thy war breathing soldier retires;
 In lion-like strength seeks the carnage field's hum,
 Fights—blesses thy name—and expires!

Such, such are the heroes in thy vallies rear'd,
 Such, Northumbria, thy children still be:
 Proud commerce, from Tyne's banks in glory uprear'd,
 To her breast clasps the lords of the sea.

Come forward ye dark rolling clouds of the north,
 Who shrinks from your blasts but the coward and slave?
 Ye nerve the bold sons that Northumbria sends forth,
 To fight for her king on Trafalgar's proud wave.

January 2d, 1807.

BOTHWELL.

THOMAS WHITTLE,

The author of the five succeeding pieces of poetry, a Northumbrian by birth, and was long resident in the neighbourhood of Cambo, as appears by the following lines taken from his *WHIMSICAL LOVE* with ANN DOBSON :—

“ At Cambo, on a fatal day,
 I chanc'd to see and view
 This Celia's face, more fresh than May,
 When every blossom's new ;
 Like patient Grissel, at her wheel,
 Acting the housewife's part,
 My spirits in my veins did reel,
 And love danc'd in my heart.”

As also from the *History of Northumberland*, (1811) Vol. II, page 221.

“ Cambo was the favourite residence of the ingenious and eccentric Thomas Whittle, whose comic productions often beguile the long winter evenings of our rustic Northumbrians. His parents and the place of his birth are unknown. It is believed that he was the natural son of a gentleman of fortune, and that he was called Whittle from the place of his nativity, which some say was in the parish of Shilbottle, and others in the parish of Ovingham.

“ Though Whittle was a profligate in his life, and sometimes licentious in his compositions, yet the superior talents he has displayed in his best productions, sufficiently entitle him to our notice in this work. His poems and songs have long been perused by the people of the county with eager admiration and delight, and will probably be a source of entertainment to many succeeding generations. His *Whimsical Love* is a master-piece of its kind ; and his *Poetic Letter to the Razor-setter*, his satirical Poem on William Carstairs, and his song called the *Mitford Galloway*, are replete with wit and humour, and will afford a mental feast to all who have a taste for comic poetry.” The last of which was published during his life, with the following old wood cut, as a head piece to it :—

Spidford Galloway.



MIDFORD GALLOWAY'S RAMBLE,

BY THOMAS WHITTLE.

To the Tune of, *Ranting roaring Willy.*

THE routing the earl of Mar's forces,
 Has given their neighbours supplies ;
 They've stock'd us with Highlanders horses,
 Like kileys for madness and size :
 The whirligig-maker of Midford
 Has gotten one holds such a stear,
 He's had worse work with it, I'll say for't
 Than Ecky e'er had with his mear.

The devil ne'er saw such a gelding
 As this to be foal'd of a mear ;
 The size ont's a shame to be teld on,
 And yet it could skip like a deer ;
 For colour and size (I'm a sinner,
 I scorn, as the folks say, to slide,)
 'Twas just like Hob Trumble's gimmer,
 Which he sold for six-pence a side.

It was a confounded bad liver,
 Like Ferry the piper's old cat ;
 It ne'er could be brought to behaviour,
 Though it has got many a bat ;
 It had been so spoil'd in up-bringing,
 It vext his poor heart every day ;
 Sometimes with biting and flinging,
 And sometimes with running away.

Perhaps it was brought up a Tory,
 And knew the poor man for a Whig ;
 But just to make short of the story,
 I'll tell you one day what it did :

When business came thicker and thicker,
 And would not admit of delay,
 As fast as the heels on't could bicker,
 It scamper'd right northward away.

O'er rocks, over mountains and ditches,
 Dike-gutters and hedges it speels ;
 A courser could never keep stretches
 With it for a large share of heels :
 From hill unto dale like a fairy,
 It hurry'd and pranced along,
 While Geordy was in a quandary,
 And knew not what way it was gone.

A day or two after, have at it,
 He north in pursuit on't took chase,
 And like a dub-skelper he trotted,
 To many strange village and place ;
 All Rothbury forest he ranged,
 From corner to corner like mad,
 And still he admired and stranged,
 What vengeance was gone with his pad.

He circled about like a ring-worm,
 And follow'd the scent of his nose,
 And from Heslyhurst unto Brinkburn,
 With Fortune the clothier he goes.
 To honest Tom Fawdon's the fuller,
 The rattle-brain'd roisters both went,
 Tho' they made the gelding their colour,
 Another thing was their intent.

Tom Fawdon soon knew what they wanted,
 And straightway the table was set,
 With bread, butter and cheese it was planted,
 And good ale, as well as good meat ;
 Their grace took but little inditing,
 'Twas short and they had it by heart ;
 And they took as little inviting,
 But strove who should have the fore-start.

They used no bashful dissembling,
 But to in a passion did fall,
 The dishes did by them stand trembling,
 Their mercy appeared so small :
 The butter, the cheese, and the bannocks,
 Dissolved like snow in a fresh,
 And still as they stuck in their stomachs,
 With liquor they did them down wash.

The Dutch, nor the Welsh, nor wight Wallace,
 Did ever like them show their spleen,
 The cheese bore the marks of their malice,
 Their knives and their teeth were so keen.
 Two stone they destroyed, shame be'n them,
 And pour'd down their liquor like spouts,
 Their guts to hold what they put in them,
 Were drest like a pair of strait boots.

With bellies top-full to the rigging,
 I leave them to settle a bit,
 'Till making good use of the midding,
 'Do' bring them unto a right set.
 Now come we to speak of the gelding,
 Who knowing that he did offend,
 Stay'd two or three days about Weldon,
 To make justice Lisle stand his friend.

He after that grew so unlucky,
 On mischief and ill he was bent,
 He prov'd a right North-country jockey,
 Still cheating where ever he went.
 At many men's charges he dined,
 But never ask'd what was arrear ;
 Yet no man could get him confined,
 So slily himself he did clear.

The town of Longframlington further
 Can give an account what he is,
 He came within acting of murder,
 As near as a horse could to miss ;

For unto a house he went scudding,
 And seeing a child all alone,
 If Providence had not withstood him,
 He'd struck it as dead as a stone.

The rest of his acts are recorded,
 'Tis nonsense to mention them here ;
 I'll go back and fetch Geordy forward,
 He's tarri'd too long I do fear !
 From Brinkburn he started and held on,
 Directly to Framlington town,
 And then to the miller's at Weldon,
 He back o'er the hill tumbled down.

Not finding the thing that he wanted,
 Unto Hedleywood he did trot,
 He was tost like a dog in a blanket,
 O'er Coquet and back in the boat :
 All Framlington fields he sought over,
 And from spot to spot he did run,
 For fear the grass chanced to cover
 His pad, as it once did Tom Thumb.

Then up to John Alders he drabbeth,
 And there all the night did repose,
 And then, the next day being Sabbath,
 Away he to Whittingham goes ;
 Where he to revenge the miscarriage
 Of his little scatter-brain'd nag,
 He went to the clerk of the parish,
 To get him expos'd for a vague.

The clerk he soon set up his cropping,
 And made a great bustle and stear ;
 The church-yard appear'd like a hopping,
 The folks drew about so to hear :
 He did to a hairs-breadth describe him,
 And call'd him again and again,
 And Geordy by four-pence did bribe him,
 For all the small pains he had ta'n.

Scarce were the jaw-bones of these asses
 Well shut, till a Thrunton-bred lad,
 Eas'd Geordy a bit of his crosses,
 By bringing him news of his pad :
 These tidings his spirit renewed,
 No clerk cou'd his courage controul,
 But still was resolv'd to pursue it,
 Suppose it were to the North pole.

'Tis past a man's giving account on,
 What way he traversed with speed,
 From Eslington, Whittingham, Thrunton,
 He past the Broom-park and Hill-head,
 To Learchild, to Barton, to Branton,
 And from thence to Mount on the clay,
 To Fawdon, the Clinch, and to Glanton,
 And several towns mist by the way.

There's Lemington, Abberwick, Bolton,
 With Woodhall that stands on the fell,
 And Titlington's likewise untold on,
 Where Jacob, of old, dig'd his well ;
 To Harup, to Hidgily and Beanly,
 He past unto Callaly mill,
 To Brandon, to Ingram, and Reavely,
 And Crawley that stands on a hill.

- To Brandon-main, then to the Whitehouse,
 To Dickison's where he made league,
 And articled that for a night-house,
 To rest a while after fatigue :
 He drank a while till he grew mellow,
 And then for his chamber did call,
 Where sound he may sleep, silly fellow,
 His travels wou'd weary us all.

He had an invincible couple
 Of legs, that did bear him well out,
 They hung so loose, like a flail-souple,
 And cudgel'd his buttocks about ;

No man who'd have thought any hallion
 Could ever have acted the thing,
 Without help of Pacolet's stallion,*
 That when the pin turn'd did take wing.

Next day rising, rigging and starting,
 He jogg'd on his journey with speed,
 To Bewick, the Lilburns, Coldmartin,
 From thence unto Woolerhaugh-head ;
 To Wooperton, Elderton, Rodham,
 And Rosedon, he scudded like mad,
 Nothing fell by the way that withstood him,
 Until he had met with his pad.

Earl was the place where he found him,
 A blithe sight for Geordy to see ;
 But got the whole town to surround him,
 Before he his prisoner would be :
 Then on his back jumping and prancing,
 He swiftly switcht over the plain,
 But made him pay dear for his dancing,
 E'er he got to Midford again.

~~THE~~

THE INSIPIDS :

OR,

The Mistress with her Multitude of Man Servants.

BY THOMAS WHITTLE.

OF all the Kirkharle bonny lasses,
 If they were set round in a ring,
 Jane Heymours for beauty surpasses,
 She might be a match for a king ;
 Her cheeks are as red as a cherry,
 Her breast is as white as a swan,
 She is a blyth lass and a merry,
 And her middle is fit for a man.

* See the history of Valentine and Orson.

The lads are so fond to be at her,
 They all run as mad as March hares,
 This bonny young lass they do flatter,
 And fall at her feet to their prayers :
 You never saw keener or stouter,
 They'll not be put off with delay,
 Like bull-dogs they still hang about her,
 And court her by night and by day.

Joe Hepple, Will Crudders, Tom Liddle,
 With twenty or thirty men more,
 If I could their names but unriddle,
 At least I might make out two score,
 That all cast about for to catch her,
 And make her their own during life ;
 With others that strive to debauch her,
 Despairing to make her their wife.

So many love tokens and fancies
 She gets, that to bring them in view,
 They'd look like so many romances,
 And none could believe they were true.
 I only will mention one favour,
 And leave you to guess at the rest ;
 An old kenning Edward Hall gave her,
 Of comforts the choicest and best.

They venture like people for prizes,
 And with the same timorous doubt,
 She has them of all sorts and sizes,
 That's constantly sneaking about.
 Each man speaks her fair, and importunes
 In all the best language that's known ;
 And happy were he could tell fortunes,
 To know if the girl were his own.

John Robson, Joe Bowman, Will Little,
 With her would spend nights over days ;
 Each glance of her eyes is so smittle,
 That all men are catch'd if they gaze :

She strikes them quite thro' with love stitches,
 And many a poor heart she doth fill ;
 She's like one of those call'd white witches,
 That hurts men and means them no ill.

John Henderson, that honest weaver,
 And mettled Matt Thomson the smith,
 Came both from Capheaton to preave her,
 And court her with courage and pith.
 Ned Oliver too, and Tom Baxter
 Spare neither their feet, tongue, or hands,
 But strive with the rest to contract her
 In compass of conjugal bands.

Bob Bewick just makes it his calling
 Unto her his love to declare ;
 And some's of that mind that John Rawling
 Would gladly come in for a share.
 John Forcing doth praise and commend her,
 Above any lass that wears head ;
 And fain he would be a pretender,
 If he had but hopes to come speed.

Bob Cole strains his wit and invention
 And compliments to a degree ;
 And twenty that I cannot mention
 Are all as keen courters as he.
 She puts them all into such pickle
 They care not what courses they run,
 And if (as folks say) she be fickle,
 'Tis twenty to one they're undone.

Their loves would fill forty hand wallets,
 If they were cramm'd in at both ends ;
 Their hearts are all sunk like lead pellets,
 And very small hopes of amends.
 Great dangers on both sides encreases,
 Which very destructive may prove ;
 The lass may be all pull'd to pieces,
 Or all the poor lads die for love.

But that which supports and preserves them,
 Their stomachs their best friends do prove;
 And 'tis not a little meat serves them
 Since they fell so deeply in love.
 Their fancies and appetites working,
 It made them so sharp and so keen,
 The girls mother lost two butter firkins,
 They wattel'd away so much cream.

One day with a good brandy bottle,
 Two met her about the Heugh Nebb,
 And there their accounts they did settle,
 And made all as right as my legg:
 The snuff-mill and gloves came in season,
 The want of a glass to supply;
 They drank the girls first, with good reason,
 And then the king's health by the by.

The Millers Haugh, Heugh Nebb, and Haystack,
 The Flowers, the New Close, and Decoy,
 With places whose titles I know not,
 Where they met to love and enjoy.
 Would be but too far a digression,
 And make our fond passions rebell;
 But, oh! had these places expression,
 What pretty love tales they could tell!

So many to her bear affection,
 And give her such lofty applause,
 I'm love-sick to hear the description,
 And wish I could see the sweet cause:
 'Tis she that could make all odds even,
 And bring many wonders to pass;
 I wish all her sweethearts in heaven,
 Why I were in bed with the lass!

SAWNEY OGILBY'S DUEL WITH HIS WIFE.

BY THOMAS WHITTLE.

To the Tune of, *The worst's best.*

GOOD people, give ear to the fatalest duel
 That Morpeth e'er saw since it was a town,
 Where fire is kindled and has so much fuel,
 I wou'd not be he that wou'd quench't for a crown.
 Poor Sawney, as canny a North British hallion,
 As e'er crost the border this million of weeks,
 Miscarried, and married a Scottish tarpawlin,
 That pays his pack-shoulders, and will have the breeks.

I pity him still when I think of his kindred,
 Lord Ogelby was his near cousin of late ;
 And if he and somebody else had not hinder'd,
 He might have been heir unto all his estate.
 His stature was small, and his shape like a monkey,
 His beard like a bundle of scallions or leeks ;
 Right bonny he was, but now he's worn scruntly,
 And fully as fit for the horns as the breeks.

It fell on a day, he may it remember,
 Tho' others rejoyced, yet so did not he,
 When tidings was brought that Lisle did surrender,
 It grieves me to think on't, his wife took the gee,
 These bitches still itches, and stretches commission,
 And if they be crossed they're still taking peeks,
 And Sawney, poor man, he was out of condition,
 And hardly well fit for defending the breeks.

She mutter'd, and moun'g'd, and looked damn'd misty,
 And Sawney said something, as who cou'd forbear ?
 Then straight she began, and went to't handfisty,
 She whither'd about, and dang down all the gear :
 The dishes and dublers went flying like fury,
 She broke more that day than would mend in two weeks,
 And had it been put to a judge or a jury,
 They cou'd not tell whether deserved the breeks.

But Sawney grew weary, and fain would be civil,
 Being auld, and unfeary, and fail'd of his strength,
 Then she cowp'd him o'er the kale-pot with a kevil,
 And there he lay labouring all his long length.
 His body was soddy, and sore he was bruised,
 The bark of his shins was all standing in peaks;
 No stivat e'er lived was so much misused
 As sare as auld Sawney for claiming the breeks.

The noise was so great all the neighbours did hear them,
 She made his scalp ring like the clap of a bell;
 But never a soul had the mense to come near them,
 Tho' he shouted murder with many a yell,
 She laid on whisky whasky, and held like a steary,
 Wight Wallace could hardly have with her kept streaks;
 And never gave over until she was weary,
 And Sawney was willing to yield her the breeks.

And now she must still be observ'd like a madam.
 She'll cause him to curvet, and skip like a frog,
 And if he refuses she's ready to scad him,
 Poxtake such a life, it wou'd weary a dog.
 Ere I were so serv'd, I would see the de'il take her,
 I hate both the name and the nature of sneaks;
 But if she were mine I would clearly forsake her,
 And let her make a kirk and a mill of the breeks.

SONG

ON

WILLIAM, CARSTAIRS, SCHOOLMASTER.

BY THOMAS WHITTLE.

YE muses nine, if you think fit,
 Instruct my pen to write.
 Apollo, thou great god of wit,
 Come help me to indite.

Q

Let poets, pipers, fiddlers come,
 In priols,* or in pairs,
 And echo forth, as with a *drum*,
 The praise of Will Carstairs.†

Imprimus, then I will proceed
 His features to disclose,
 And draw a compass from his head
 Unto his heels and toes ;
 Some cunning man come lay a spell,
 And keep me from all snares,
 That I may keep in compass well,
 While I describe Carstairs.

But first I must his pardon crave,
 For making bold and free,
 For William was his christian name,
 And shall be so for me ;
 But manners must to rhymes give place,
 Or else we spoil our wares ;
 And *Will* and *William's* all one case,
 And equal to Carstairs.

His face is like the midnight moon
 And stars that shine so bright ;
 His nose is like a flaming fire,
 That casts both heat and light ;
 It sparkles like the Syrian seas
 When he gets in his airs,
 A clown has not an heart to buy
 A beak like Will Carstairs.

* Priol, *i. e.* three.

† Carstairs, though a poor poet, was vain of his abilities as such. About the year 1731, Thomas Whittle and he being in a large company at the Burnt-house in Newcastle, the conversation turned on their respective merits as disciples of the Muses. A wager was soon bet on the subject; and it was agreed, that an hour should be allowed for each of them to write satirical verses on the other. The two poets were accordingly placed in separate apartments; and at the expiration of the time specified, it was determined, by throwing up a halfpenny, which of the two should first read his lays: it fell to Whittle's lot; but before he had got to the end, his competitor was so chagrined, that he put the concoctions of his less fertile brain in the fire; the wager of course was won by Whittle's party.

Without a magnifying glass,
 His neck you cannot see ;
 But if you please to let it pass,
 It shall be pass'd by me ;
 His shoulders are compact and strong,
 Made up of rounds and squares,
 And no small burden e'er could wrong
 A back like Will Carstairs'.

Down from his shoulder-blades there springs
 Two arms both stout and strong,
 That flap just like a buzzard's wings
 As he marcheth along ;
 And from those arms there spring two hands,
 Well skill'd in magic airs ;
 And William Lilley's charter stands
 By such as Will Carstairs.

He has eight sides, I scorn to slide,
 I'll bring them fairly in,
 The upperside and underside
 Are two for to begin ;
 There's backside, foreside, leftside, right—
 I'll put them down in pairs—
 And inside, outside, which make *eight*,
 Belonging to Carstairs.

Down from his sides there spring two hips
 With sturdy well built thighs,
 Just like a pair of weeding-clips,
 But of a larger size ;
 His legs they do like supples bend,
 When he gets in his airs—
 Right taper'd down from end to end,
 Few men can match Carstairs.

His feet are much like other men's,
 I guess them by the shoe,
 They're neither of the fives nor tens,
 But just between the two.

He'll trip to Scotland in a trice,
 For speed he never spares,—
 There's few can trip it out so nice
 As thrifty Will Carstairs.

He's near about the standard pitch,
 As nature can express—
 They're lubbers that's above his size,
 And dwarfs that's any less ;
 But tho' he be not quite so tall
 To rank 'mong grenadiers,
 There's thousands of marines as small
 As little Will Carstairs.

THOMAS WHITTLE, HIS HUMOROUS LETTER,
 TO MASTER MOODY, THE RAZOR-SETTER.

*Newcastle on Tyne,
 May Twenty-nine.*

GOOD Master Moody,
 My beard being cloudy,
 My cheeks, chin, and lips
 Like moon i' the 'clipse,
 For want of a wipe :
 I've sent you a razor,
 If you'll be at leisure
 To grind her, and set her,
 And make her cut better,
 You'll e'en light my pipe.*

Dear sir, you know little
 The case of poor Whittle—
 I'm courting Tantivie,
 If you will believe me,
 Pray mark what I say :

* A Northumberland phrase, signifying a particular favour done to one.

I'm frank in my proffers,
 And when I make offers,
 To kiss the sweet creature,
 My lips cannot meet her.
 My beard stops the way.

You've heard my condition,
 And now I petition,
 That without omission,
 With all expedition,

 You'll give it a *strike*;
 And send it by 'Tony,
 He'll pay you the money—
 I'll shave and look bonny,
 And go to my honey,
 As snod as you like.

If you do not you'll hip me,
 My sweetheart will slip me,
 And if I should smart for't,
 And break my poor heart for't

 Are you not to blame!
 But if you'll oblige me,
 As gratitude guides me,
 I'll still be your servant,
 Obedient and fervent,
 Whilst WHITTLE's my name.

THE LITTLE PRIEST OF FELTON.

THE little priest of Felton,
 The little priest of Felton,
 He kill'd a mouse within his house,
 And ne'er a one to help him;
 To help him, to help him,
 He kill'd a mouse within his house,
 And ne'er a one to help him.

THE

FELTON GARLAND.

*How a Brick-maker at Felton stole a Woman away by her own
Consent, from her Grandmother.*

To the Tune of, *Maggy Lauder,*

THERE lives a lass in Felton town,
Her name is Jenny Gowen,
With the Brick-man she has play'd the lown,
So wanton she is grown :
The reason why some love the night,
Incognito to revel,
Is they love darkness more than light,
Because their deeds are evil.

So late at night on Saturday,
He thought all safe as brandy,
He rigg'd and trigg'd, and rid away
Upon John Hinks's Sandy :
To Haggerston he did pretend,
Some sweetheart there confin'd him ;
But he took up, at our town-end,
His cloak-bag on behind him.

Like as the bird that gay would be,
As fable hath reported,
From each fine bird most cunningly
A feather she extorted :
Then boasting said, How fine I'm grown !
Her painted plumes she shook,
At which each bird pluck'd off their own,
And left her almost naked.

With this kind maid it proved so,
Who many things did borrow,
To rig her up from top to toe,
And deck her like queen Flora.

Of one she got a black-silk hood,
 Her fond light head to cover,
 Likewise a blue cloak, very good,
 'Her night intrigues to smother.

Clock stockings she must have (dear wot)
 In borrow'd shoes she's kilted,
 Some lent her a blue petticoat,
 Both large and bravely quilted.
 Of some she got a fine linn-smock,
 Lest Peter shou'd grow canty,
 And have a stroke at her black joke,
 With a tante, rante, tante.

With borrow'd cane, hat on her head,
 To make her still look greater,
 She'd make her friends believe indeed,
 They were all bought by Peter :
 But when she did return again,
 In all her boasted grandeur,
 Each to their own did lay just claim,
 And left her as they fand her.

But none can guess at their intent,
 Why they abroad did swagger,
 Some said, to see their friends they went,
 Some said, to Buckle Beggar.
 Away full four days they stay'd,
 I think they took their leisure ;
 They past for man and wife, some said,
 And spent the nights in pleasure.

When the Black Cock did Sandy see,
 There was a joyful meeting,
 That night when I thee lent, quoth he,
 I wish I had been sleeping :
 Thou art abused very sore,
 As any creature can be,
 And still he cry'd, o'er and o'er,
 O woe is me for Sandy !

Then Sandy, mumbling, made reply,
 You were my loving master,
 I never did your suit deny,
 Nor meet with one disaster,
 Till now unknown to yourself,
 That I should have this trouble,
 Or else for neither love nor pelf,
 You'd let me carry double.

Poor Sandy was with riding daul'd,
 He rues he saw their faces,
 His back and sides they sorely gaul'd,
 He pay'd for their embraces;
 But if young Peter's found her nest,
 She'll rue as well as Sandy;
 And if she proves with child, she best
 Had tarry'd with her grandy.

*How they abused the horse they rid on, and when he married,
 they went off in several people's debts.*

IN second part I will declare
 The troubles of poor Sandy;
 And how this couple married were,
 And how well pleas'd was Grandy.
 Now first with Sandy I'll begin,
 Whose legs swell'd to a wonder,
 So likewise was his belly rim,
 Swell'd like to burst asunder.

And lest his troubles shou'd increase,
 A farrier was provided,
 Well skill'd in Markham's master-piece,
 Who in this town resided;
 And, to his everlasting fame,
 He did exert his cunning,
 He bled his legs, and in his wame,
 Two tappes he there set running.

He several med'cines did apply,
 Whose virtue was so pure,
 That in six weeks, or very nigh,
 He made a perfect cure.
 And now in all the world besides,
 There's not a sounder creature,
 So well he scampers, and he rides,
 But never more with Peter.

Of him I now design to speak,
 A Yorkshire born and bred, sir,
 He play'd them all a Yorkshire trick,
 And then away he fled, sir.
 As you shall hear when home he came,
 With Jennet upon Sandy,
 He to his work return'd again,
 And she unto her grandy.

But long with her she tarry'd *not*,
 Unsettled was her notion,
 Just like the pend'ulum of a clock,
 That's always in a motion.
 I'll go to service, she did say,
 Keep me, you can't afford it;
 So one she got, where was it pray?
 E'en where her spark was boarded.

Now whether 'twas for want of beds,
 Or whether 'twas cold weather,
 Or whether 'twas to measure legs,
 That they lay both together;
 But as they smuggl'd for a while,
 And gave out they were 'marry'd,
 Till she at length did prove with child,
 Then all things were miscarry'd.

Then he did own his fault was great,
 He'd make her satisfaction;
 And fearing penance in a sheet,
 He'd suffer for that action,

He marry'd her without delay,
 And got their nuptial lesson,
 Which to confirm they went streightway
 To get their grandy's blessing.

When in her presence they were come,
 She rail'd at them like thunder,
 For shame, cries she, what have you done,
 That's brought on you this blunder?
 She call'd her slut and brazen fac'd,
 Instead of kind caressing,
 Our family you have disgrac'd,
 Can you expect a blessing?

But like a stormy winter's night,
 Next morning turns calm weather,
 So grandy's passion soon took flight,
 She pray'd that they together
 Might live in love and happiness,
 Enjoying peace and plenty,
 Long may they health and wealth possess,
 And pockets ne'er grow empty.

When they had grandy's blessing got,
 They slily fled away, sir,
 He all the bricks did leave unwrought,
 And many debts to pay, sir.
 Now all good people, warning take,
 How you do trust to strangers,
 They'll wheedle you for money's sake,
 And still prove country rangers.



FROM THE
SWAINS OF FELTON,

TO THE

Shepherds of Lanthernside, Northumberland, 1787.

Tune.—General F—r—'s March.

HE's gone ! he's gone !
The conquering hero's gone !
To barren lands in Lanthernside,
To sow Lucern upon.
Rejoice ye sons of Lanthernside, and Io pæan sing,
Since land-improving F——r vouchsafes to be your king !

Lucern ! Lucern !
That best of grass Lucern !
Oh ! happy swains of Lanthernside,
Be far from you concern ;
For now your sterile rocky soil, where stocks are never seen,
Will quickly be converted all, to fields of fruitful green.

He'll plant, he'll plant,
A Colony he'll plant,
With plants and beasts of various kinds,
Which Lanthernside may want.
With here a hardy plant of Oak, and there a plant of Fir,
And here an English pointer staunch, and there a shepherd's cur.

He'll sail, he'll sail,
Without a mast or sail,
And gently glide by Lanthernside,
Before a gentle gale.
Your streamlet he will navigate, and bring the flowing tide,
From Warkworth's hoary Hermitage, to dreary Lanthernside.

He'll reign, he'll reign,
 Without despotic sway;
 Therefore ye lads of Lanthernside,
 His dictates all obey.

Come all ye wanton wenches, with speed unto him haste,
 For, tho' as lewd as Lais, he'll teach you to be chaste.

Your game, your game,
 He will preserve your game!
 For well in that particular,
 Abroad is spread his fame!

But *Biddlestone will curse the day, to Lanthernside he came,
 For sure as bird e'er fell by gun, he will destroy his game.

Rejoice! rejoice!
 Let †Felton Park rejoice!
 For now its lord is free to roam,
 As chance directs his choice.

For F——r like a Briton bold, had circumscrib'd his bounds,
 And left him but one single mile, to range in his own grounds.

He's gone! he's gone!
 Alas! our hero's gone!
 And left us quite disconsolate,
 In Felton town to moan!

Rejoice ye Lanthernsiders, and Io pæan sing,
 Since mirth-exciting F——r vouchsafes to be your king.

ON THE

DEPARTURE OF MR GREY, OF FELTON,

Who died on Saturday, August 12th, 1775.

ON Saturday,
 Poor Felton Grey,
 Went o'er the hills and far away:
 But none can say,
 He went away,
 Without enquiring *what's to pay*.

* Mr S—— of Biddlestone.

† Mr R—— of Felton.

CARR OF ETAL.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all ;
 A joyful supper once there did,
 In Edinbro' befall.

To give the gallant Scot a horn,
 Bold *Etal** took his way,
 Children to get, which shall be born,
 Upon another day.

Bold Etal of Northumberland,
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the Scottish town,
 Three summer's days to take.

The choicest lips in Edinbro',
 To kiss and bear away ;
 These tidings reach'd Black Castle's† lord,
 In Perthshire where he lay.

Who sent young Etal present word,
 He would prevent his sport ;
 The Englishman not fearing this,
 Did to the town resort.

In reg'ment spotted leopard like,
 Mov'd with superior grace ;
 And swore he'd take their mistresses,
 And kiss before their face.

Sir Patrick, in a silver vest,
 Most like a gallant knight,
 Mov'd foremost of the company,
 And pleas'd the ladies' sight.

R

* Carr, Esq. of Etal, in the county of Northumberland.

† Sir P. Murray.

Shew me, says he, whose men you be,
 Who come so boldly here;
 I fain would see that English face,
 That I have cause to fear.

The first man that did answer make,
 Was gallant *Etal* he,
 Who said, We list not to disclose,
 Or shew whose men we be.

But we will spend our dearest blood,
 Your toasts to bear away:
 Sir Pat with anger colour'd red,
 And thus in rage did say:

Ere I will thus outbraved be,
 One of us two shall die;
 I know thou Carr of *Etal* art,
 Black Castle's heir am I.

But trust me, *Etal*, pity 'twere,
 And great offence to kill,
 Doory and Swinburn, harmless youths,
 For they can do no ill.

Let you and I the battle try,
 And set our men aside:
 Accurst be he, bold *Etal* cried,
 By whom this is denied.

Then stept a noble baron forth,
 Lord Linton was his name;
 Who said, He would not have it told,
 To Scottish men for shame;

That ere Black Castle fought on foot,
 And he stood looking on;
 You are two 'squires, lord Linton cried,
 And I am an earl's son.

I'll do the best that I can do,
 While I have power to stand;
 I would not quarrel for a kiss,
 But Carr, keep back your hand.

Then Swinburn clapp'd his hands and laugh'd,
 And jeeringly did say,
 Stick to 'em Carr, and bear 'em off,
 For me I'll drink away.

Drinking's the sport that I like best,
 So push the glasses round;
 Kiss you the ladies and I'll drink,
 These gallants to the ground.

Oh what a joy it was to see,
 And likewise for to hear,
 How Swinburn rattl'd in the van,
 And Creighton in the rear.

They drank full fast from night 'till morn,
 No slackness there was found;
 And Scots and English hats and wigs,
 Lay drunk upon the ground.



At Callaly, the seat of the Claverings, tradition reports, that while the workmen were engaged in erecting the castle upon a hill, a little distance from the scite of the present edifice, they were surprised every morning to find their former day's work destroyed, and the whole impeded by supernatural obstacles, which causing them to watch, they heard a voice saying:—

Callaly castle stands on a height,
 It's up in the day, and down at night:
 Build it down on the Shepherd's Shaw,
 There it will stand and never fa'.

Upon which the building was transferred to the place mentioned, where it now stands.

BEDLINGTON TRAGEDY.

A FRAGMENT.

IN Bedlington there liv'd a fair,
 (With ruby lips, and auburn hair ;)
 Who dearly priz'd a famous youth,
 For generous acts and constant truth ;
 But she was heir to store of wealth,
 No fortune he, but worth himself :
 This when her parents understood,
 Hoping it would be for her good,
 To hinder both their loves intent,
 To Stokesley, to an uncle sent ;
 At parting, many a sigh and tear,
 Of love, and truth, thro' life sincere ;
 Nor death should part ; for from the grave
 Short time should the survivor save :
 She was not gone a week or more,
 Until this young man sicken'd sore,
 He sicken'd sore, and heart-broke died,
 Which pleas'd her parents' greedy pride ;
 Who to another would her wed ;
 Forgetful what she'd sworn and said.
 The eve that he in grave was laid,
 Thus to his wife the father said,
 A double feed I'll give my mare,
 All other things do thou prepare.
 Lay out thy hood and safeguard too,
 Ere light for Stokesley I will go ;
 Before thou seest the morrow night,
 Thou'lt surely see thy daughter bright ;
 And now no fear, he's dead and gone,
 A happy bride we'll make her soon.
 It was now that dread midnight hour,
 When restless ghosts their wrongs deplore.
 James rode up to her uncle's door,
 With her father's horse they drest before.
 O who is there ? the maiden cries :
 O it is I, the ghost replies :

The horse, hood, safeguard, come and view,
 You'll find a messenger most true :
 Forthwith with me then instant ride,
 Nor fear nor ill need you betide.
 When all the uncle understood,
 Trusting it right and for her good,
 Help'd her to mount, but made him swear,
 He'd take her to her father dear.
 Now when she got him up behind,
 They travelled faster then the wind ;
 That in two hours, or little more,
 They came unto her father's door ;
 And as they did this great haste make,
 He sore complain'd his head did ache ;
 Her handkerchief she then pull'd out,
 And tied the same his head about :
 And as she bound it round his head,
 My dear, says she, you're cold as lead ;
 She saw no shadow of her dear,
 But only of herself and mare.
 He sets her at her father's door,
 And says, your mare has travelled sore ;
 So go you in, and as I'm able,
 I'll feed and tend her in your stable.
 O who is there ? the father cries,
 'Tis I, the lovely maid replies :
 Behind young James I've hasted here,
 As order'd by my parents dear.
 Which made the hair stand on his head,
 He knowing that the man was dead.
 Next in the stable then could he
 No living shape of mankind see ;
 But found his horse all in a sweat,
 Which put him in a grievous fret.

According to the remainder of this old ballad, (which we have been
 unable to collect) the daughter sickens, takes to her bed, and dies, and
 is buried in the same grave ; and, on opening his coffin, accordingly as
 the maid had said, her handkerchief was found tied round his head.

Hotspur :

A BALLAD ;

In the Manner of the Ancient Minstrels.

BY MR WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

THE lady sat in leafy bow'r,
Near Royal *Sheene's* fair dome ;
The Harper, journeying, westward went,
Far, far from friends and home.

His lyre, in grass-green satchel plac'd,
Hung graceful by his side ;
Th' harmonious strings oft murmur'd rang,
As o'er the heaths he hied.

In search was he of *Hotspur* fam'd,
With tidings from his dame,
His fair lady, the lovely *Kate*,
Since chronicled in fame.

She pin'd the day, she wept the night,
For her dear absent lord ;
And days, and weeks, and months flew o'er,
Nor comfort could afford.

The lady sat by winding Thames,
Near where the wand'rer past ;
And him she beckon'd to draw near
And thus the Bard address'd.

" From whence com'st thou ? O ! sweet Harper,
" From whence com'st thou ? Tell me ;
" From border of the daring Scot ?
" Art of the North Countrie ? "

" I come not from the fair Scotland ;
 (" Yet near green *Cheviot* roam ;)
 " From *Aln's* sweet, bosky banks I come ;
 " *Northumberland* my home."

" Then freely smite thy sweet, sweet lyre,
 " Thy lyre of far-spread fame ;
 " The bold Percy—his castle's there ;
 " Wide swells his warrior name.

" For thou his harper art I ween ;
 " I see gleam on thy vest,
 " Thy paly, cusped, silver moon,
 " The *Saracen's* proud crest.

" His ancestor in fell crusade,
 " For England's powerful king,
 " Fought manfully, and did from thence,
 " That *Syrian* trophy bring."

With flying touch he swept the strings,
 And upward turn'd his eye,
 As if the *genius* of the song,
 Inspiring, hover'd nigh.

His finger caught the master note,
 And soon his ardent face
 Beam'd, dignified with native fire
 Of brave *Northumbria's* race.

He sang the deeds of *Hotspur* bold,
 At blood-stain'd *Otterbourne* ;
 And eke the feats of valiant *Ralph*,
 As furious in his turn.

Two warrior lords, (and brothers they,)
 As e'er drew shining brand ;
 Nor from the gory field would flinch,
 Whilst Valour there might stand.

And mournful now, he touch'd the harp,
 And, grieving, oft he sigh'd
 For *Widdrington*, the mightiest chief
 That e'er in battle died.

The *Forster*, *Fenwick*, *Collingwood*,
 The *Heron* of renown,
 High in the ranks of Lord Percy,
 The war-axe hewed down !

He sang the acts of other chiefs,
 That by the *Reedside* fell ;
 The flow'r of val'rous families
 That still near *Cheviot* dwell.

The heath-hen long, and fallow deer,
 Their native heights did quit ;
 With warrior-blood th' attained sward,
 Made e'en the gorecock flit !

The Percies in that vengeful fight,
 Both, both were pris'ners ta'en ;
 But for the Douglas' dead bodie
 Were yielded up again.

He ceas'd the song, then paus'd awhile ;
 Down roll'd the silent tear ;
 The lady, smit with sympathy,
 Could scarce the like forbear.

Then stifling back the star-like drop,
 With woman's winning voice,
 She ask'd if tidings from his lord
 Would not his heart rejoice ?

" Perchance," quoth she, " I may you aid,
 (" Assuage your troubled breast,)
 " For oh ! methinks the task is good
 " To comfort the distress'd !"

His kerchief to his furrow'd face
 He gently did apply,
 And bright and fervent shone his front,
 New fire illum'd his eye.

" But thrice the golden circling sun,
 " Has rubied yonder east,"
 The lady said, " Since news there came
 " From Shrewsb'ry's hostile waste.

" There *Hotspur* and his valiant band,
 " Oppos'd to *Tudor's* ire,
 " Encamped lay, and high their hearts
 " Beat for the conflict dire."

So having said, her snowy hand
 She plac'd across her brow ;
 " Loll down by *Windingshore's* dim vale,
 " A Herald's coming now,"

The Herald flew on wings of wind,
 Swift to the Royal fane ;
 " A victory," he stoutly cried,
 " And valiant *Hotspur* slain !"

The death-sound pierc'd the Harper's ear,
 And instant on the plain
 He dropt,—as light'ning had him struck,
 Nor e'er spoke word again.

August, 1810.



LEGEND

OF

*SEWEN SHIELDS CASTLE.**

NOUGHT but some dæmon's baleful step
 For years had pass'd those lands,
 Where (all its former grandeur fled)
 An ancient castle stands.

Where many a lord, and many a knight,
 And many a baron bold,
 The meed of valour oft had won,
 Or tale of love had told.

Once, too, it held Northumbria's king
 In days of former fame:
 But now no courteous tenants boasts—
 And Sewen Shields† its name.

And there, too, superstition's spell
 Had cast its gloom around:
 And none for years had ever been
 Within its precincts found—

Till Dixon,‡ young advent'rous swain,
 Who fear'd no mortal arm,
 Had vow'd to search the site throughout,
 And find the hidden charm.

* This legendary ballad is an un-embellished versification of an old tradition, still current in the vicinity of Sewen Shields Castle, in Northumberland.

† Sewen Shields, or Shewing Sheels, about 28 miles west of Newcastle, is a Roman Castle, 22 yards by 30, having entrances on the east, south, and west, with a foss on three sides, remarkably bold; and on the fourth Severus's wall. It has had four turrets, one at each corner. See *Hutton's Desc. of the Rom. Wall*.

‡ The name of the shepherd to whom tradition records this circumstance to have occurred.

The morning frown'd : he made th' attempt ;
 And darker still it grew :
 And, when he reach'd the castle walls,
 The owls portentous flew.

No well-fed porter now was seen
 Within the court to wait :
 And weeds and mould'ring stones appear'd,
 Where stood the lofty gate.

He cross'd the damp deserted halls :
 He spoke—but all in vain ;
 For Echo, from the ruin's verge,
 Return'd his words again.

Through many a passage long and dark
 His weary steps he bent :
 At length a flight of stairs he saw,
 And tried the deep descent.

He felt unwholesome dewy cold,
 Yet still pursued his way—
 Resolv'd 'till he had all explor'd,
 No more to view the day.

At length a gleam of light he saw ;
 A ray of warmth he found :
 And down the stairs he quickly was,
 And trod upon the ground ;

And soon, within a chamber large,
 A blazing fire perceiv'd ;
 And by its flames a sight he saw,
 Which else he'd ne'er believ'd.

A king and queen, in regal state,
 Were there by Morpheus chain'd :
 And o'er the train of courtiers too
 The same still slumber reign'd.

And round the fire some faithful dogs
 Their fortunes seem'd to share :
 And, on a table near, a sword
 And horn were placed there.

As from the scabbard then, with might,
 The blade to draw he tries,
 As it unsheath'd, with awe he sees
 The sleepers all arise.

Struck with amaze, he put it back.—
 The monarch, pierc'd with woe,
 E'er he return'd to death-like sleep,
 Thus spoke in accents slow :

“ A curse, O Dixon, light on thee !
 Why wast thou ever born ?
 Why did thou not the sword draw out,
 Or wind the bugle horn ?

“ On them our wish'd release depends.—
 A cent'ry now must fly,
 Before a mortal can again
 To break th' enchantment try.”

And now, oppress'd by slumbers dire,
 He sank, till kinder fate
 Should send some knight, who might restore
 His former envied state.

For Dixon, who these wonders saw,
 And hope both rais'd and crush'd,
 Soon left th' apartment, as at first,
 In solemn silence hush'd.

And never since, as records say,
 Has mortal ventur'd there ;
 But all, with superstitious dread,
 The sleeping king revere.

THE following old Northumbrian ballad was taken down from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother to one of the miners in Alston-moor, by an agent for the lead mines there, and communicated to the Editor by Robert Surtees, Esquire, of Mainsforth. She had not, she said, heard it for many years; but when she was a girl, it used to be sung at merry makings, "till the roof rung again."

HOOT awa', lads, hoot awa',
 Ha' ye heard how the Ridleys, and Thirwalls, and a',
 Ha' set upon Awbony* Featherstonhaugh,
 And taken his life at the Deadmanshaugh;
 There was Willimoteswick,
 And Hardriding Dick,
 And Hughie of Hawden, and Will of the Wa',
 I canno' tell a', I canno' tell a',
 And mony a mair that the deil may know.

The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son,
 Ran away afore the fight was begun;
 And he run, and he run,
 And afore they were done,
 There was many a Featherston gat sic a stun,
 As never was seen since the world begun.

I canna' tell a', I canna' tell a';
 Some gat a skelp, and some gat a claw;
 But they gard the Featherstons haud their jaw,—
 Nicol, and Alick, and a'.
 Some gat a hurt, and some gat nane;
 Some had harness, and some gat sta'en.

Ane gat a twist o' the craig;
 Ane gat a bunch o' the wame;
 Symy Haw gat lam'd of a leg,
 And syne ran wallowing hame.

S

* The local pronunciation for Albany.

N. B. This ballad was first printed in Scott's celebrated Poem of MARMION, with several valuable notes; for which see the notes to canto first of that Poem.

Hoot, hoot, the auld man's slain outright !
Lay him now wi' his face down :—he's a sorrowful sight.

Janet, thou donot,
I'll lay my best bonnet,
Thou gets a new gude-man afore it be night.

Hoo away, lads, hoo away,
Wi's a' be hangid if we stay.

Tak' up the dead man, and lay him ahint the bigging ;
Here's the Bailey o' Halkwhistle,
Wi' his great bull's pizzle,
That sup'd up the broo', and syne—in the piggin.

*The following Lines are cut on a Tombstone in Halk-
whistle Church Yard, Northumberland.*

IHON REDLE that som tim did be,
The laird of the Waltoun ;
Gon is he out of thes vale of misery,
His bons lies under this ston.
We must beleve be God's mersy,
Into thes world gave hes son ;
Then for to redem al christens,
So Christ haes hes soul woon.
All faithful peple may be faen,
When dath coms, that non can fre :
The bode kept the soul in paen,
Through Christ is set at liberte.
Among blesed compane to remaen,
To slep in Christ nowe is he gon ;
Yet stil beleves to hav again,
Though Christ a joulful resurrecshon.
Al frends ma be glad to hear,
When hes soul from paen did go :
Out of this world as doeth appear,
In the year of our Lord, 1562.

N. B. The above John Ridley is supposed to have been brother to Bishop Ridley, who was burnt at Oxford, October 16th, 1555, he was the possessor of, and lived at Wall-town, and was one of the ancestors of the present Sir Matthew White Ridley, of Blagdon, in Northumberland, M. P. for Newcastle.

LINES

*Written at an Inn, in that very retired and romantic Part of
Northumberland, the Banks of the ALLAN.*

BY GEORGE PICKERING.

November, 1787.

HOWL on ye winds, and beat ye rains,
Ye torrents roar o'er yonder linn,
And Allen swell thy rapid stream,
I careless view thee from an Inn.

The trees that late appear'd so green,
To drop their foliage now begin :
They waft a moral to mine ear,
While pensive sitting at an Inn.

See winter comes with all his train,
I hear his loud, his arctic din :
Why let him come, I fear him not,
I sit in comfort at an Inn.

When age, life's winter, shall appear,
Then reason whispers from within ;
Eternity's our wish'd for home,
The world at best is but an Inn.

LUCY GRAY OF ALLENDALE.

OH, have you seen the blushing rose,
The blooming pink, or lilly pale,
Fairer than any flow'r that blows
Is Lucy Gray of Allendale.

Pensive and sad o'er braes and burn,
 Where oft the nymph they us'd to hail;
 The shepherds now are heard to mourn,
 For Lucy Gray of Allendale.

With her to join the rural dance,
 Far have I stray'd o'er hill and dale,
 Where, pleas'd, each rustic stole a glance,
 At Lucy Gray of Allendale.

'Twas underneath yon hawthorn shade,
 That first I told the tender tale,
 But now low lays the lovely maid,
 Sweet Lucy Gray of Allendale.

Bleak blows the wind, keen beats the rain,
 Upon my cottage in the vale;
 Long may I mourn, a lonely swain,
 For Lucy Gray of Allendale.

HALTWHISTLE FAIR.

THE day was quite pleasant, the Fourteenth of May,
 When most of the neighbours began to look gay,
 Such brushing, and washing, and dressing was there,
 And nothing was talk'd of but Haltwhistle Fair.

You may be quite sure I was pleas'd to the heart,
 To think I was going there to act my part;
 While pleasure is going, I will have my share,
 And see the nice lasses at Haltwhistle Fair.

Old Hetelwood briskly attended his boat,
 And jested the Ladies while they were afloat;
 He landed them all with a great deal of care,
 And wish'd them all sweethearts at Haltwhistle Fair.

We enter'd the town with a great deal of glee,
Where hawkers and pedlers in scores you might see :
The task would be endless to tell of the ware
They had put up for sale at Haltwhistle Fair.

The spade and the shuttle neglected they lay,
The tailor his trimmings and cloth put away,
The smith threw his hammer down—You may lie there,
For this day I'll make one at Haltwhistle Fair.

The man in the barn he threw down his flail,
And came to this place for a drink of good ale ;
The coal-pits were empty, no person was there,
They went like their neighbours to Haltwhistle Fair.

Old women on crutches, who hardly could go,
Who had kept their beds for a twelvemonth or so,
With grey beards, whose noddles were hoary or bare,
All came for a look at old Haltwhistle Fair.

Some people, they say, were so very keen,
As came with a view but to see and be seen,
And got so well pleas'd, they did vow and declare,
They never again would miss Haltwhistle Fair.

You have heard of Miss Bouncer, without any doubt,
What beauty she is from the head to the foot :
No business whatever had I, I declare,
But to see the dear creature at Haltwhistle Fair.

I looked about, my dear charmer to see,
I gaz'd at the crowd, and the crowd gaz'd at me ;
At length I espy'd her—My dear, are you there ?
I'm happy to see you at Haltwhistle Fair.

While music is going, I will have a dance,
So took in my fair one to caper and prance ;
She danc'd a nice jig, keeping time to a hair,
And beat all the lasses at Haltwhistle Fair.

Miss Bouncer was so very loving and kind,
 She smil'd in my face, while she drank up my wine;
 Of punch and of cakes, oh my dear had her share,
 And I paid expences at Haltwhistle Fair.

So kind and so loving, what less could I do,
 Than buy the dear creature a fairing or two;
 Some things that she fancied, I paid for I swear.
 Says she, I shall oft think on Haltwhistle Fair.

With very good judgment, and very good sense,
 I brought down my shillings to so many pence:
 And sometime near midnight it fell to my share,
 To see home Miss Bouncer, from Haltwhistle Fair.

I will grow very careful, and that you shall see,
 To try if Miss Bouncer and me can agree;
 Each shilling and sixpence I will hurd up with care,
 In hopes for to spend them next Haltwhistle Fair.

ANNA OF THE TYNE.

A bonny swain, blithe Sandy nam'd,
 Who'd muckle land and kine,
 A lassie lov'd, for beauty fam'd,
 Fair Anna of the Tyne.
 And thus would Sandy joyous sing,
 " Fair maid, O be but mine;
 More blest I'd be than laird or king,
 With Anna of the Tyne."

" Kind youth," she cried, " nae kine or land,
 Nor money I've in store;
 Then cease to ask my humble hand,
 Nor wed a maid so poor."
 Yet still would Sandy joyous sing,
 " Fair maid, O be but mine;
 More blest I'd be than laird or king,
 With Anna of the Tyne."

" For Anna thou art rich in charms,
 The wealth of worlds to me ;
 Then wed, and bless thy lover's arms."
 She smil'd, and blest was he.
 How rapturous then did Sandy sing,
 " Now, now, the fair one's mine ;
 I am more bless'd then laird or king,
 With Anna of the Tyne !"

THE TYNE.

By Henry Robson.—1807.*

IN Britain's blest island there runs a fine river,
 Far fam'd for the ore it conveys from the mine :
 Northumbria's pride, and that district doth sever
 From Durham's rising hills, and 'tis called—*The Tyne*.
 Flow on, lovely Tyne, undisturb'd be thy motion,
 Thy sons hold the threats of proud France in disdain ;
 As long as thy waters shall mix with the ocean,
 The fleets of Old England will govern the main.

Other rivers for fame have by poets been noted
 In many a soft-sounding musical line ;
 But for *sailors* and *coals* never one was yet quoted,
 Could vie with the choicest of rivers—the Tyne.
 Flow on, lovely Tyne, &c.

When Collingwood conquer'd our foes so completely,
 And gain'd a fine laurel his brow to entwine ;
 In order to manage the matter quite neatly,
 Mann'd his vessel with tars from the banks of the Tyne.
 Flow on, lovely Tyne, &c.

* Henry Robson, the author of this, as also of the *Collier's Pay Week*, see page 38, was born at Benwell, near Newcastle ; and is now residing at the latter place, where, besides the above, he has written several pieces of poetry, possessing a considerable degree of merit.

Thou dearest of rivers, oft times have I wander'd
 Thy margin along when oppressed with grief,
 And thought of thy stream, as it onward meander'd,
 The murmuring melody gave me relief.
 Flow on, lovely Tyne, &c.

From the fragrant wild-flowers which blow on thy border
 The playful Zephyrus oft steals an embrace,
 And curling thy surface in beauteous order,
 The willows bend forward to kiss thy clear face.
 Flow on, lovely Tyne, &c.

One favour I crave—O kind Fortune befriend me—
 When downhill I totter, in nature's decline ;—
 A competent income—if this thou wilt send me,
 I'll dwindle out life on the banks of the Tyne.
 Flow on, lovely Tyne, undisturb'd be thy motion,
 Thy sons hold the threats of proud France in disdain ;
 As long as thy waters shall mix with the ocean,
 The fleets of Old England will govern the main.

THE SPRING.

Written the beginning of May, 1809.

BY HENRY ROBSON.

NOW the feathered train in each bush,
 Court their mates, and love's melody sing—
 The blackbird, the linnet, and thrush,
 Make the echoing vallies to ring :

The bird with the crimson-dy'd breast,
 From the hamlet has made his remove ;
 To join his love-song with the rest,
 And woo his fond mate in the grove.

The lark, high in æther afloat,
 Each morn, at the usher of day,
 Attunes his wild-warbling throat,
 And sings his melodious lay.

Yon bank lately cover'd with snow,
 Now smiles in the spring's bloomy pride ;
 And the sweet-scented primroses grow,
 Near the streamlet's sweet-gurgling tide.

To the banks of the Tyne we'll away,
 And view th' enrapturing scene ;
 While Flora, the goddess of May,
 With her flow'rets bespangles the green.

THE BANKS OF THE TYNE.

BY JAMES WILSON.*

APOLLO, your aid I request,
 Direct and embellish each line ;
 With influence warm my breast,
 To sing the sweet Banks of the Tyne.

If Phœbus proposes the theme,
 Both reason and duty combine,
 To pay my respects to the stream,
 And honour the Banks of the Tyne.

Here oft with great pleasure I stray,
 Nor ever find cause to repine,
 While Nature's rich beauties display
 Themselves on the Banks of the Tyne.

Here Liberty's pleas'd to resort,
 Her banners with lustre here shine ;
 No place, since she left the vile court,
 Can please like the Banks of the Tyne.

* James Wilson, the author of this, and the four following poetical pieces, belonged to Hexham, where he taught school until he removed to Morpeth, under pecuniary embarrassment: while here, he found a friend in the late Wallis Ogle, Esq. and was by him conducted to Cawsey Park School, where he shortly after died. When at Hexham, he published a volume of Poems printed by T. Angus, Newcastle, in 1778.

Her sons are with Liberty fir'd,
 Their Freedom they'll never resign;
 But what their forefathers acquir'd,
 Defend on the Banks of the Tyne.

The man let me freely explain,
 Who would as a senator shine,
 'Tis **THERON**, who holds his domain
 Enclos'd by the Banks of the Tyne.

*The following ODE, addressed to Sir WALTER BLACKETT, Bart.
 was wrote by the Author, on the very Day that the Building
 of HEXHAM BRIDGE was undertaken.*

BY JAMES WILSON,

YE sacred nine descend,
 Aid to my muse O lend,
 Whilst I rehearse:
 Bind round my head the bays,
 My humble genius raise,
 And teach me how to praise
BLACKETT, in verse.

Hard is the task impos'd,
 Glorious the end propos'd;
 Hark! it succeeds:
 Heaven would surely frown,
 And with contempt look down,
 Should we forget to own
 His noble deeds.

Hexham no more shall weep,
 At Tyne's redundant sweep,
 And pregnant shore;
Blackett the path will pave,
 Which scorns the threat'ning wave,
 Where all with joy will have
 Safe passage o'er.

See him with ev'ry age,
 Soft'ning the bitter rage,
 Of Poverty :
 As he approaches nigh,
 Ope the strong bolts do fly
 To set, with heart-felt joy,
 The wretched free.

Titus the great did say,
 Gods ! I have lost a day :
 Fatal mistake ;
Blackett more great than he,
 Never that day can see,
 But numbers chearfully,
 Sing for his sake.

May Heaven his life prolong,
 To swell the Poet's song
 Till there arise,
 One that's as good as he,
 Then let him waisted be,
 To spend eternity,
 Above the skies.

*The following Lines, written on laying the Foundation-stone
 of HEXHAM BRIDGE, the Author had the Honour to read at
 the Head of the Table, at the sumptuous Entertainment given
 by Sir WALTER BLACKETT, on the Occasion.*

BY JAMES WILSON.

UNSULLIED mirth attend this feast,
 Let joy shine forth in every guest,
 And ev'ry face look gay :
 Let not a cloud depress the scene,
 But all look chearful and serene,
 'Tis our rejoicing day.

Come, Joy, with all thy smiling train,
 Here take thy rest, securely reign,
 See Phoebus shines more bright;
 Here will we this great day adorn,
 Till Cynthia with her silver horn,
 Illuminates the night.

A bridge o'er Tyne! our joy's complete,
 With rapture we its author greet,
 Our breasts exult and sing;
 This bliss consummates all our care.
 Now Hexham and Elysium are,
 But two words for one thing.

A SONG,

*Composed by Mr JAMES WILSON, of Cawsey Park, on Mr
 Coughron* and Family, leaving Hebron Hill.*

(Dated 4th May, 1784.)

TO fertile soil, and fragrant air,
 Be it, great God, thy will
 To guard, with thy parental care,
 My friends of Hebron Hill.

In some luxuriant calm retreat,
 Where nature may instil
 Her choicest charms—there make a seat
 For those of Hebron Hill.

Bestow, by thy all-bounteous hand,
 The richest turf to till;
 And crops increase at thy command,
 To those of Hebron Hill.

* Brother of George Coughron, the celebrated mathematician, who
 died at Newcastle, 7th January, 1774, Aged 21.

May providence protect them, there,
 And virtue's vest their will :
 And copious comforts ever share,
 With those of Hebron Hill.

With friendly neighbours let them live,
 Renown'd for wit and skill ;
 And grace, and glory, amply give,
 Those now on Hebron Hill.

My heart expands by lib'ral love,
 'Twill with fruition fill,
 If pristine powers propitious prove,
 To all at Hebron Hill.

HOBBY ELLIOTT.*

O bonny Hobby Elliott,
 O canny Hobby still,
 O bonny Hobby Elliott,
 Who lives at Harlow-hill :

Had Hobby acted right,
 As he has seldom done,
 He would have kiss'd his wife,
 And let his maid alone.

T

* This song is said to have been written by a Mr James Robson, Stone Mason, at Threpton, near Rothbury, who was leader of the band in the Pretender's Army, in 1715 : he wrote a Satyr on Women, and several other pieces, while confined prisoner at Preston, in Lancashire.

✓ THE RISING OF THE CLANS* IN 1715.

LITTLE wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Long Tommy Lee's a coming.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
 Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
 Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
 Alaster and a's coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock and Tam and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
 The Camerons and M'Leans' coming,
 The Gordons and M'Gregors' coming,
 A' the Dunywastles' coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 M'Gilvrey of Drumglass is coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
 Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,
 Derwentwater and Foster's coming,
 Widdrington and Nairn's coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Blyth Cowhill and a's coming.

The Laird of M'Intosh is coming,
 M'Carbie and M'Donald's coming,
 The M'Kenzies and M'Phersons' coming.
 A' the wild M'Craws' coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Donald Gun and a's coming.

* Though this may be considered a Scotch song, yet mentioning several Northumberland families, warrants its insertion here. Several notes and particulars illustrating it may be found in the History of the Rebellion in the year 1715, by Robert Patten, Priest of Allendale, who, though one of the Rebels, saved his life by being evidence against his associates, and writing, what he called, An Impartial Account of the Rebellion.

They gloom, they glowr, they look sae big,
 At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig;
 They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuds,
 For mony a buttock bare's coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming.

ON THE FIRST REBELLION.—1715.

MACKINTOSH was a soldier brave,
 And of his friends he took his leave,
 Towards Northumberland he drew,
 Marching along with a jovial crew.*

The lord Derwentwater he did say,
 Five hundred guineas he would lay,
 To fight the militia, if they would stay,
 But they prov'd cowards and ran away.

The earl of Mar did vow and swear,
 That if e'er proud Preston he did come near,
 Before the right should starve and the wrong stand,
 He'd blow them into some foreign land.

The lord Derwentwater he did say,
 When he mounted on his dapple grey,
 I wish that we were at home with speed,
 For I fear we are all betray'd indeed.

Adzounds, said Forster,† never fear,
 For the Brunswick army is not near;
 If they should come, our valour we'll show,
 We will give them the total overthrow.

T 2

* Mackintosh's Battalion consisted of thirteen companies of fifty men each.

† Thomas Forster, jun. of Etherston, near Belford, in Northumberland, member of Parliament of the said county, was made general of the Pretender's Army; he was taken prisoner at Preston, but afterwards escaped out of Newgate, 1716.

The lord Derwentwater then he found,
That Forster drew his left wing round ;
I wish I was with my dear wife,
For now I do fear I shall lose my life.

Mackintosh he shook his head,
To see the soldiers there lie dead :
It is not so much for the loss of those,
But I fear we are all took by our foes.

Mackintosh was a valiant soldier,
He carried his musket on his shoulder :
Cock your pistols, draw your rapier,
And damn you, Forster, you are a traitor.

The lord Derwentwater to Forster did say,
Thou hast prov'd our ruin this very day ;
Thou hast promised to stand our friend,
But thou hast proved a rogue in the end.

The lord Derwentwater to Litchfield did ride,
In his coach, and attendance by his side ;
He swore if he dy'd by the point of a sword,
He'd drink a health to the man he lov'd.

Thou Forster has brought us from our own home,
Leaving our estates for others to come ;
Thou treacherous rogue, thou hast betray'd :
We are all ruin'd, lord Derwentwater said.

The lord Derwentwater he was condemn'd,
And near unto his latter end,
And then his lady she did cry,
My dear Derwentwater he must die.

The lord Derwentwater he is dead,*
And from his body they took his head ;
But Mackintosh and some others are fled,
Who'd set the hat on another man's head.

* James Radclyffe, Earl of Derwentwater, was beheaded on Tower Hill, 24th February, 1715-16.

*A FRAGMENT of a Song, on the LORD of
DERWENTWATER.*

THE king has written a broad letter,
And seal'd it up with gold;
And sent it to the lord of Derwentwater,
To read it if he would.

He sent it with no boy, no boy,
Nor yet with e'er a slave;
But he sent it with as good a knight,
As e'er a king could have.

When he read the three first lines,
He then began to smile;
And when he read the three next lines,
The tears began to sile.

VERSES

*On a perspective View of Dilston Hall, the Seat of the
unfortunate James, Earl of Derwentwater.*

HOW mournful feeble Nature's tone,
When Dilston Hall appears:
Where none's to wait the orphan's moan,
Nor dry the widow's tears!

The helpless aged poor survey,
This building as it stands;
In moving anguish heard to say,
(And weeping wring their hands)

The bounteous earl, he is no more,
Who once adorn'd this plain;
Reliev'd the needy at his door,
And freely did sustain.

Here flowing plenty once did reign,
Which gladden'd ev'ry face;
But now, alas! reversed scene,
For owls a dwelling place.

The tim'rous deer hath left the lawn,
The oak a victim falls;
The gentle trav'ler sighs when shewn,
These desolated walls.

Each gen'rous mind emotion feels,
With pious pity mov'd;
No breast its anguish yet conceals,
For one so well belov'd.

Let no unhallow'd tongue, or servile slave,
Their partial clamour vent beyond the grave;
But let the noble Dead his honours wear;
His fault deplore, his virtue still revere:
Tho' err he did, he finish'd the debate,
With his own blood, and Radclyffe's fair estate.
The aged farmer, tott'ring o'er the green,
Leans on his staff, recounts the days he's seen:
Informs the list'ning youth by his record,
How bless'd his roof, how plenteous was his board; }
Nor rack'd by Derwent's hospitable lord.
He stops his tale, involv'd in grief profound;
He sighs, he weeps, and feebly strikes the ground;
Cries, why rehearse these golden days of yore,
Since they to me, to me can be no more!
The clement heart, and curious, often calls
To view the naked park, and stripped walls:
E'en the damp walls their stony tears impart,
As if their master's wound had pierc'd their heart.
Ye pensive mutes, 'tentive on Dilston wait,
And mourn, eternal Radclyffe's tragic fate!

HEXHAM WOOD.

IN former times where Hexham town doth stand,
 A wood there was which cover'd miles of land;
 Even all the trees that on the common stood,
 Were merely twigs compar'd to this great wood.
 In all directions on each side of Tyne,
 More boundless than the noted Apennine;
 And by some modern authors 'tis agreed,
 Some branches of this wood are planted near to Tweed.

These northern parts confess'd it's balmy shade,
 An asylum to those reduced in trade:
 Resource they found—the charter was so good,
 They were secure if shelter'd by this wood.
 In Sherwood Forest many a prank was play'd,
 Which thro' tradition is to us display'd:
 Though Hexham could ne'er boast a Robin Hood,
 Yet little John did much frequent this wood.

A motley race—the libertine and harlot,
 Supplied the place of Stutely and Will Scarlet.
 Within the covert of this wood did rove,
 The town bred bucks, with sly intrigues of love:
 The yielding females felt an equal flame,
 To taste love's joys when near this wood they came;
 Nor justice fac'd, nor e'er a penance stood,
 The offspring still was call'd by name of wood.

A wood so much renown'd, you may be sure
 The Bank of England was'nt thought more secure.
 The miser here, his interest found so good,
 He quite forgot that wood was only wood!
 How fleeting are the joys of all this world,
 How soon our hopes are all to Chaos hurl'd:
 A storm near equal unto Noah's flood,
 Relentless came, and swept away this wood.

Even not one solid trunk there did remain,
 All batter'd remnants scatter'd o'er the plain :
 The nymphs lamenting for their dear resort,
 This wood is gone, alas ! our chief support ;
 All was confusion both to high and low,
 At this most sad and unexpected blow.
 Ye empty fops, now take the hint for good,
 No more your offspring can be laid to wood.

Hexham, 28th February, 1803.

THE

LOYAL HEXHAM VOLUNTEERS.

A NEW SONG.

WRITTEN BY JASPER POTTS.

BRITANNIA scarce had planted the olive on our isle,
 Ere French insidious policy our future hopes beguile ;
 Regardless of their former league, bent on despotic sway,
 Each British subject's property they think to make their prey.
 But may each loyal Briton
 Now offer hand and heart,
 To frustrate their intention,
 And humble Bonaparte.

Our island still was loyal when dangers were at hand,
 Uniting in one common cause to guard our native land :
 Amongst the rest, the gallant sons of Hexham's worth record,
 Our sea girt isle, for to protect, and peace to have restor'd,
 And may each faithful subject
 Profess the same intent,
 Our lives and properties to guard
 In peace and sweet content.

The oath that we have taken, which some seem much to fear,
Is the duty of each subject as well as volunteer,
Tho' we may have no property to fall a prey to France,
Yet for our friends and families our service should advance.

Ye loyal lads of Hexham,
Since danger now appears,
Join the arm'd association
Call'd the Hexham Volunteers.

While Captain Carr commands we will stand firm and true,
His knowledge as an officer will stand a strict review,
In spite of party slander, our oath we will maintain,
Obedient to our officers, and peace for to regain.

And if an opportunity
Of courage for to shew,
I hope the Hexham Volunteers
Will to their oath stand true.

So to conclude these lines I've made, I hope you'll all agree,
And drink a health to Captain Carr, and all his family,
And to our other officers, much praise to whom is due,
And to the Hexham Volunteers, so loyal and so true.

British courage once again
To England peace restore,
And plant the olive in a soil
More lasting than before.

THE JOLLY PARSON.

DOCTOR Moff once more employs the burden of my song,
He drinks a health to him that's blest with constitution strong :
He laughs and winks at him that drinks, and he'll bett five
pounds, sir,
He'll toast his lass, and drink his glass, and tally O the hounds,
sir.

And every morn this priest does rise, he does put on his boots,
 sir,
 For chance the hounds may come this way, to join in the
 pursuit, sir :
 He'll risk a fall, o'er hedge or wall, or nearest the hounds, sir,
 And if he can, he leads the van, and tally O the hounds, sir.

Saint Stephen's day, that holy morn, as he was reading mass
 sir,
 He heard the music of the hounds, the bugles they came past,
 sir ;
 He shut the book, his flock forsook, and streight threw off
 his gown, sir,
 He mounts his horse, to join the course, and tally O the
 hounds, sir.

This parson had a pair to wed, the hounds they came in view
 sir,
 He threw his surplice o'er his head, and bad the pair adieu,
 sir :
 They both did pray, that he might stay, for they were not half
 bound, sir !
 He bid them go to bed that night, he'd tally O the hounds,
 sir.

What think you of this priest of mine, he's sure an honest
 heart, sir,
 His praise is worthy of my song, he has neither pride nor art,
 sir :
 He ne'er opprest, the poor distrest, none e'er his praise dis-
 owns, sir,
 As he thinks't no crime, at any time, to tally O the hounds,
 sir.



THE

COCKLE PARK EWES' RAMBLE.

Tune.—John of Badenyon.

PART I.

Or the First Day's Ride.—March 4th, 1811.

THE first of March, from COCKLE PARK,
 A flock of sheep did stray,
 Which disappeared in the dark,
 And were not miss'd next day;
 North west, by north, in zig-zag route,
 To their late home did hie,
 By innate instinct taught no doubt,
 Their yeaning time drew nigh.*

They thirty hours a-head had got,
 Upon their tour intent;
 On searching ev'ry local spot,
 A second day was spent;
 The third I mounted—by Priest's Bridge,
 And Heron's Close I veer'd;
 To Harelaw Heights, and Ruffhill Ridge,
 And Stanton Steads I steer'd.

* It is nothing particular for ewes, at their yeaning time, to stray: some have been known to travel an hundred miles to their native place to yeau. The author remembers a ewe which had with others been sold to the southward, and was kept on the Haughs of the Humber, from which she strayed, and reaching Makendun, on the borders of Scotland, she travelling about twenty yards within her original pasture, there squatted and yeaued in half an hour. The owner of the ewe that travelled so far to yeau upon her pristine spot, went the year following to buy another lot of the same sort, was asked how the last year's stock proved, answered, *extraordinary well*, excepting one that disappeared, which he supposed to be stole. The stocksman said he was sorry for his loss, which however, he said, he would make good if they bargained for the present parcel. The bargain was made, and the seller turned an ewe and lamb, gratis, into the drove, explained the fact, and the poor ewe had to retread the ground she had twice before travelled over.

To Southwardedge, Doe-hill, and Rea,
 Smallburn, and the Haredean,
 Blackpool, Todburn, and Garretlea,
 And Horsley Moor I'd been ;
 At Westerheugh, and Sunnyside,
 The Busygap also,
 Each collier's cot, and creeks beside,
 High Hezleyhurst, and Low.

On wand'ring westward through Wardshill,
 I there found the first three ;
 And heard the mass amissing still,
 Had march'd towards the Lee ;
 I hir'd the herd, these to retain,
 'Till in pursuit I went,
 To bring the others back again,
 But quickly lost the scent.

True, I some stragglers overtook,
 Near Leehead, with their lambs ;
 And all the rest had cross'd the brook,
 But these indulgent dams :
 The fugitives fecundity,
 Allow'd of no delay ;
 Yet found it would difficult be,
 More to collect that day.

Myself fatigu'd, and found my nag,
 Fail of his wonted powers ;
 For want of food we both did fag,
 By trav'ling twelve long hours.
 So I resolved then to ride
 Home at an easy pace ;
 A gross of hand-bills to provide,
 And hence resume the chase.

PART II.

March 5th, 1811.

NEXT day to the Thatchmeadows, I
 (The forest skirts to scour)
 Coldrife, and Quarryhouse pass'd by,
 To Newbiggin's bleak moor:
 Bullbush, Blueburn, and Blagdon Brakes,
 I carefully did scan;
 But none on these extensive tracts,
 Were seen by any man.

Ward's Intake, Hut, and Shepherd's Shield,
 Coldside, and Moralhurst;
 By Forestburn, and Meadowfield,
 To Holyhill I cours'd:
 Hence Lordenshaws, and Garlyside,
 Crook, Loaning, Stewardshill;
 But disappointments did preside,
 O'er expectations still.

By the Sheephurst, to Brockleyhall,
 And Turnbull's steed I steer'd;
 And at each peasant's cot did call,
 That in my path appear'd:
 To the Two Raws, and Butterknows,
 I posted on with speed,
 Where I was told some of my ewes
 Cross'd Coquet at Craghead.

Resolv'd the south side first to seek,
 I rang'd that rocky hill,
 'Till I explor'd the 'Squires Peak;
 Herd's House, and Little Mill,
 By Wagtailhall, and Sandyheughs,
 To Rothbury then did ride;
 To feed, refresh, and hear what news;
 Then, search the other side.

Hence by Knocklaw, and Tumbleton,
 And ev'ry scatter'd cot,
 Through Debdon Dale—and Tanon
 By Wintercove did trot,
 To Rimside Inn, to bait and bouse ;—
 From Framlington, Blacksow,
 To Flambrohead, and Wholluphouse,
 But could not find a ewe.

From Frostyolds, to Whitefield House,
 Chilhope, and Cragend Scars,
 Where they and lambs might lurk refuse,
 Unless rous'd unawares ;—
 By Healy, Hope, Lynn, and Woodhead,
 To Healycoat I trudg'd,
 To Cockshot, Brinkburn, and Todstead,
 Where for that night I lodg'd.

PART III.

March 6th, 1811.

GOOD fortune still attends the brave,
 As at an early hour,
 Intelligence a stranger gave,
 Where to extend my tour :
 I sprung my gelding to full speed,
 'Till I explor'd the spot,
 And found by dint of heels my steed
 To the rear rank had got.

First three I found on Thropton Hill,
 There basking with their brood ;
 The rest were seen from Snitter Mill,
 Past Cartington to crowd :
 From Silverside, by Lorbottle,
 To Trewhit Mains I march'd,
 By Netherton, through Screnwood Dell,
 And Fawdon Fell I search'd.

To Prendick Peak, and Alnham Moor,
 And all adjacent grounds ;
 O'er Ingram Edge, I stretch'd my tour,
 To seek that spacious bounds :
 From Revely, Greenshaws, Hartside Hill,
 To Linhope Spout with speed ;
 On Shillmoor Shank found strayers stiff,
 To Rawhope Rig recede.

To Milkhope, Memmer Kirk, and Haigh,
 And Cushet Law I por'd ;
 To Carlcroft, and Kidlandlea,
 Dryhope, and Usway Ford :
 The Maiden's Cross, and Windy Gyle,
 And Cheviot's skirts curv'd round ;
 To Fleethope—but the front-rank file
 At Langlee Ford I found.

Benighted, where these brutes did browse,
 Upon the border bent ;
 I could not retrograde my ewes,
 Some couchant seem'd content :
 At the stock-farmer of that place,
 For lodgings did enquire,
 And there receiv'd a sweet solace,
 Next morning to retire.

I ask'd both master and his men,
 For one a-wanting still ;
 Who all declar'd they did not ken
 Of stray sheep on their hill :
 Squads to collect I did remount,
 O'er hills and dales I cross'd ;
 And that one short of my account,
 I then gave up for lost.

SONG.

By J. C.—July 5th, 1810.

A fair reformation would render this nation,
The richest isle under the sun ;
If terms now septennial were turn'd to triennial,
The work would be more than half done.

Our grand constitution defies diminution,
While honest men handle the helm ;
But subject to slav'ry, and sanction'd by knav'ry,
When ravagers rule in the realm.

A few dying embers of Morpeth, two members
Can send in the senate to sit :
Shields, Alnwick, and Hexham (the truth tends to vex 'em)
United, not one can transmit.

One man of old Sarum, two members declare him ;
Thus burghs, and constituents wane :
Some staple towns none, though Manchester alone,
Near two hundred thousands contain.

Besides rotten boroughs, the source of our sorrows,
These Cinque-Ports, and sinecures all ;
With pensions and places our council disgraces,
Which courts of corruption some call.

With truth it is told, some freedoms are sold,
And seats traffick'd for at noon day ;
The barter's so bold, that for British gold,
Our code without scruples convey.

These buyers are bound, seat sellers to mound,
And vote on the ministers' side ;
If he says the crow's white, or noon day is midnight,
They must by his behests abide.

In ev'ry debate concerning the state,
 These relics of representation,
 Majorities gain, and boldly maintain,
 Their will is the voice of the nation.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

THE ploughman he comes home at night,
 When he is wet and weary,
 Puts off the wet, puts on the dry,
 And goes to bed my deary.

I will wash the ploughman's clothes,
 I will wash them clean, O ;
 I will wash the ploughman's clothes,
 And dry them on the green, O.

The ploughman he comes home fu' late,
 When he wi' wark is weary ;
 Dights off his shirt that is se wet ;
 And supper makes him cheery.

I will wash the ploughman's clothes,
 I will wash them white, O ;
 I will wash the ploughman's clothes,
 And dry them on the dyke, O.

THE

FLOWER OF ROTHBURY FOREST.

SWEET thro' the forest, Coquet flows,
 And sweet the flowers its banks adorn ;

But sweetest far appears my *Rose*,
 She's sure the rose without a thorn.

Heard you the lilting,
 At our kye milking,
 Heard you the lilting yesterday;
 Heard you the lilting,
 At our kye milking;
 The flower of the forest is stolen away.

Tho' Meadowfield* may boast its sweets,
 And meadow sweets its fields adorn;
 United, all its scents me greets,
 Present my *Rose* without a thorn.
 Heard you the lilting, &c.

Tho' Flotterton† may boast its maids,
 And on Twelfth Eve all others scorn:
 I envy not their lusty blades,
 Present my *Rose* without a thorn.
 Heard you the lilting, &c.

Tho' at kye milking, maidens sing,
 The forest's flower is awa';
 I dinna heed, gae tak' their fling,
 For troth she's stown awa' wi' me.
 Heard you the lilting, &c.

THE

PIPER AT CAPHEATON.

AT Christmas, when the wind blew cauld,
 And frost and snaw's o'er ilka dale,
 Robin of Norham lost his way,
 And at Capheaton thus did quail:—

* Meadowfield, name of a place.

† Maids' Feast of Flotterton is on Twelfth Eve.

O whether this is lairdly ha',
 Or poor man's shield, O let me in;
 I'm a poor Piper lost my way,
 Unsneck your door and let me in.

O pity take, and dinna scorn,
 Heffell* and I will die e'er morn;
 I'll screw my pipes and heartsome play,
 And with a sang I'll weel repay.

" When cockle shells and silver bells,
 " And bawds and whores do churches build,
 " When younkers cease to rant and drink,
 " And usurers tell their gold in field.

" When old Sir Humphery† rides to Rome,
 " And preaches in his best array:
 " When indigo dies red and brown,
 " Your honor shall be paid your hay."

" When Nether Witton is waterless,
 " And Capheaton without a whin;
 " Shafto Crag all turn'd to peat and moss,
 " And cannot bear a foot aboon.

" When old Sir Humphery rides to Rome,
 " And preaches in his best array:
 " When indigo dies red and brown,
 " Your honor shall be paid your hay."

MARY GAMAL, *the Vicar of Kirk Whelpington's Daughter,*
is gone off with Nichol Clark, his Servant Man.

IT happen'd at good Christmas tide,
 When we play'd at the cards;
 That some of us were gentlemen,
 And other some were lairds.

* The Piper's Horse.

† The Roman Catholic Priest.

While deals were dealt, cards were cut,
 And merry we were a',
 And some were waggish, well I wot,
 Till in came Charlie Shaw :

And cried, Ye lairds of Whelpington,
 Fie shame ! such simple wark !
 For bonny Mary Gamal's run
 Away wi' Nicol Clark.

But had your tongue, gude maister,
 And dinna speak sae cruse ;
 She came willing thro' your window,
 He did na' break your house.

Then cry, Ye lairds of Whelpington, &c.

SONG.

ABOUT the bush Willy,
 About the bee hive,
 About the bush Willy,
 I'll meet thee alive.

Then to my ten shillings,
 Add you but a groat,
 I'll go to Newcastle,
 And buy a new coat.

Five and five shillings,
 Five and a crown ;
 Five and five shillings,
 Will buy a new gown.

Five and five shillings,
 Five and a groat ;
 Five and five shillings,
 Will buy a new coat.

THE WATER OF TYNE.

I cannot get to my love if I should dee,
 The water of Tyne runs between him and me;
 And here I must stand with the tear in my e'e,
 Both sighing and sickly, my sweetheart to see.

O where is the boatman, my bonny honey?
 O where is the boatman?—bring him to me—
 To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
 And I will remember the boatman and thee.

O bring me a boatman—I'll give any money,
 (And you for your trouble rewarded shall be)
 To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
 Or scull him across that rough river to me!

ANDREW CARR.

AS I went to Newcastle,
 My journey was not far,
 I met with a sailor lad,
 Whose name was Andrew Carr.

And hey for Andrew, Andrew,
 Ho for Andrew Carr;
 And hey for Andrew, Andrew,
 Ho for Andrew Carr.

Good fortune attend my jewel,
 Now he's sail'd o'er the bar,
 And send him back to me,
 For I love my Andrew Carr.
 And hey for Andrew, Andrew, &c.

SONG.

I went to Black Heddon,
And there I sat down,
I call'd for some liquor,
Which cost half-a-crown.

The liquor being good,
I fill'd myself fu';
And could not go home
To my Eppie so true.

To my Eppie so true,
My Eppie so true,
My Eppie so true,
And could not go home
To my Eppie so true.

LINES

JOHN THOMPSON,

*Who was hanged on Newcastle Town Moor, for Horse Stealing,
about 20 Years ago.*

By — Ogle, Schoolmaster, Gateshead.

JOHN Thompson just now,
Will find it is true,

That thieving is worse than the sword;
In the space of an hour,
He'll dance on the Moor,
Attach'd to a rope, or a cord.

THE PITMAN.

By — Ogle.

OF a pitman we'll sing,
Who works for the king,
Jovial, good natur'd, and civil;
He'll work and he'll sing,
And profit he'll bring,
From caverns that's near to the devil.

To his labour below,
 With courage he'll go,
 Upon his pit rope and his crook ;
 Nor will he once dwell
 On the visions of hell,
 Nor yet *fash* his thumb with a book.

All his wish is good ale,
 An' his claes upon sale,
 For a tankard he'll put ev'ry night :
 Let the learned still think,
 That a hearty sound drink,
 Is a pitman's most crowned delight.

A SONG

*Written principally by MR GEORGE PICKERING, and sung by
 a Member of the Forest Hunt, Newcastle, at the Conclusion
 of the Season, March 29th, 1786 ; and afterwards at the
 Theatre Royal, by Mr Marshall.*

SINCE Winter's keen blast must to Zephyr give place,
 We resign, for a season, the joys of the chase ;
 The cry of the hounds and of hunters must cease,
 And puss thro' the woodlands may ramble in peace ;
 In peace let her ramble, regardless and free,
 Till the horn's cheerful note shall awake us with glee ;
 Till October returns, let her frolic and play,
 And then we'll pursue her with " Hark, hark away."
 With hark, hark away,
 With hark, hark away,
 And then we'll pursue her with hark, hark away !

When ting'd were the hills with the crimson of morn,
 We jocundly rose to the sound of the horn ;
 Triumphant its melody swell'd o'er the plain,
 While the heath-cover'd mountains re-echo'd the strain :

Hark, hark ! was the mandate, we flew like the wind,
 And care's haggard visage was distanc'd behind :
 What joys can be equal to those we display,
 When we follow the harriers with hark, hark away !
 With hark, hark away, &c.

Like the soldier return'd from a far hostile shore,
 Recounting his toils and his victories o'er,
 Of the battle's loud din, where his courage so true,
 Obtain'd the green laurel, entwining his brow.
 Of chases now past let our narrative be,
 Till Winter's pale hand shall dismantle the tree ;
 Then, then to the forest exultingly stray,
 And cheer the fleet harriers with hark, hark away.
 With hark, hark away, &c.

Then fill up your glasses—yet fill as you chuse,
 Here's a health, brother sportsmen, which none can refuse ;
 A health that with pleasure our club shall inspire,
 While hunting delights, or while hounds we admire :—
 See, see, how I fill it—'tis COLPITTS* I toast,
 Of our Hunt may he long be the pride and the boast,
 And oft may we meet him with joys like to-day,
 And long may he lead us with hark, hark away.

 With hark, hark away,

 With hark, hark away,

And long may he lead us with hark, hark away.

* *George Colpitts*, Esq. of Killingworth, the worthy Master of the Forest Hunt.—He died October 30th, 1793, universally regretted.



LONG FRAMLINGTON FAIR,

(OR TRYST)

Established July 15th, 1803.

ALL lovers of lucre may LAUD the *Lord Mayor*,
 Who was the first founder of *Framlington Fair* ;
 Where mankind now mingle, and merchants too meet,
 And all in full muster that magistrate greet ;
 Here stocksmen and tradesmen both traffic and truck,
 And prone speculators pursue their purse-luck ;
 Here contractors cash into cattle convert,
 By buying or barter in mayor Millar's mart.

Here coaches and chariots and chaises abound,
 With folks of first fashion from fifty miles round ;
 Here bucks, bloods, and buffoons, belles, buxoms, and beaux,
 Bedizen'd with drapery, and French furbelows :
 Here young men and maidens in marriage moods meet,
 And crowds of quaint coquets bald bachelors cheat ;
 Here parents and prattlers are sprightly and smart,
 And lads league with lasses in mayor Millar's mart.

Horn'd cattle, and horses, mules, asses, and swine,
 And sheep of all kinds kept 'twixt *Tweed* and the *Tyne* ;
 A skilful collection of choice Cheviot rams,
 And also the best breed of bleak border lambs ;
 Hard hogs from the *Highlands*, some long, and some short,
 And some sightly samples of Leicester sort ;
 Some *South Downs*, some *Dishleys*, some *Dorsets*, and *Harts*,
 Some *Bedfords*, and *Bakewells*, grace mayor Millar's marts.

This marvellous mayor did some patterns produce,
 May prove to the public of infinite use ;—
 His beasts from the *Dearboughts**—cow-kyloes, and queys,
 Did breeders and feeders and butchers surprise ;

X

* The name of a neighbouring farm.

Nay, set as a cypher the *Long Witten stot* ;†
 And credit confer'd on the *Kintire Scot*,
 Who rear'd upon pastures of poor pithless spart,
 These magnified monsters in mayor Millar's mart.

Their dimensions alive, and their density dead,
 He measur'd and weigh'd with the eyes of his head,
 From the tip of the tongue to the tip of the tail,
 In ells and in inches, exact as a scale,
 The girt of the sirloin, the centre and crop,
 The breadth of the brisket, the bottom and top ;
 By practice made perfect, precise, and expert,
 Surpris'd all the people in mayor Millar's mart.

A caravan crowded, came here from the east,
 With *Bengal* bred bipeds, and *Bot'ney Bay* beasts ;
 Stage-tumblers, and walkers upon the slack wire,
 And dancing dogs deck'd out in harlequin 'tire ;
 Eke, eight *British* badgers brought back in a box,
 The big and the beautiful *Berwickshire* ox ;
 With all tricks by slight hand of nature and art,
 To add to the eclat of mayor Millar's mart.

Close by the mayor's mansion, expos'd are in pens,
 A local collection of cocks and of hens ;
 Ducks, turkies, and pigeons in sunkets are seen,
 And pack-sacks presented with grey geese and green :
 With well cul'd canaries confin'd close in cages,
 And song birds of all sorts and sizes and ages ;
 Whose quavering chorus both cheer and divert
 The cohorts convened at mayor Millar's mart.

Here potters, with panniers of Stafford and Delph,
 And chests of choice china to shine on the shelf ;
 Here's hampers of hardware—plate—polish'd and plain,
 With all tin utensils of varnish and stain :
 Here's statues of stucco, Dutch trinkets, and toys,
 And bawlers of ballads, of nonsense, and noise !
 Here cadgers of commerce, commodities cart,
 With hucksters and hawkers, to mayor Millar's mart.

† The fattest kylie stot ever killed in the county.

From *Morpeth, Newcastle, and London* likewise,
 The puffers of paste here expose *penny pies*!
 With cheese cakes and custards and other confections,
 Of rare aromatics, and summer selects:
 Scarce kickshaws more costly can be chew'd with chaps,
 Yet somewhat less sav'ry than *Silas Swain's** snaps,
 Which powerful perfumes to the palates impart,
 Of alamode essence in mayor Millar's mart.

Hotels for highflyers, and Inns little worse,
 With good entertainment for man and for horse;
 Here's baskets of butter, beef, bacon, bread, beer,
 With feshers, fishmongers, and other choite cheer,
 To buoy up the belly, and burnish the back;
 Who have ready rhino need nothing to lack;—
 Fairs formerly fam'd now begin to loss heart,
 Since all Adam's offspring prefer Millar's mart.

Coquetarious.

GO ALL TO COQUET AND WOO.

NORTHUMBERLAND lads are handsome squads,
 And female affiance must share;
 If you wish to wed, betroth to bed,
 One cull'd with caution and care.

I here make free—give ear to me,
 The county I've scan'd around;
 So from the mass select a lass,
 Where virtue and beauties abound.

The lasses of TWEED are deft indeed,
 Their garlands give such grace:
 The lasses of TILL are sprightly still,
 In figure, in fashion, and face.

X 2

* A Confectioner in that town, a man of considerable humour and fun.

The lasses of BREMISH look rather squeamish,
 Embellish'd with elegant ease ;
 The lasses of ALE, for plumage prevail,
 Their pomp and appendages please.

The lasses of ALWIN obey fashion's call, when
 A princess prescribes a new dress ;
 The lasses of REED, each hair-braids her head,
 And apes alamode to excess.

The lasses of WENSBECK like dignify'd dames deck,
 And their address quite debonair ;
 The lasses of FOUNT, though pronounc'd paramount,
 Can scarce with these comits compare.

The lasses of PONT, to decorate don't
 Soar yet in the sphere of extremes ;
 The lasses of ERRING, on fashions conferring,
 The decent most dext'rous deem.

The lasses of TYNE, who peerlessly shine,
 Are mirrors of modesty too :
 The lasses of COQUET put all in their pocket,
 Go all to Coquet and woo !

So take my advice, tour there in a trice,
 These provident paragons view ;
 So splendid and pretty, so worthy, and witty,
 You'll never have reason to rue.

THE FRACTIOUS FARMER.

A SONG.—1792.

A farmer near Felton, fam'd for vulgar fractions,
 Both testy and stubborn in all his transactions ;
 With fraud and with falsehoods to litigate labours,
 A plague to the public, and pest to his neighbours.

His BULL, this base brigand kept bound by the nose,
In a creek, on the confines of Coquet, that those
Cows which came across (thus decoy'd) to his corn,
The coin of their owners by craft to suborn.

He marry'd a maid with much money, as stated,
Both handsome, and harmless, yet heartily hated;
Hence hootings, and hissings, and banTERS beset her,
Because he his handmaid had long lov'd far better.

One sunday at dinner he saw of a sudden,
A human head hair peeping out of the pudding:
Though his minx mix'd the mass, made his spouse pluck it out,
And likewise submit to a buffetting bout.

One time when he wanted his fingers to warm,
She fronted the fire, and thought of no harm;
Her seat he upset, and she fell on the floor,
Depriv'd of her senses for more than an hour.

As he and his harlot one time sat at tea,
To taste a bit toast, his own matron made free;
For which misdemeanor his concubine cog'd her,
And for the offence he unfeelingly flog'd her.

One afternoon, ent'ring the parlour, he saw,
Expos'd on the carpet, prostrate, a piece straw;
His spouse he suspected for the foul offence,
And snatching the poker, depriv'd her of sense.

His children he taught with a dutiful grace,
To piss upon *Mummy*, and spit on her face;
And laugh when he lash'd her, 'till sickly and sore,
And in storms and in tempests turn'd her to the door.

With hanger and hardships, by bruises and blows,
His help-mate is render'd so lank and so low;
She seems to surrender the lease of her life,
And wind up the warfare of a wailing wife.

SATYR UPON WOMEN.

*By Mr James Robson.**

ALL men of high and low degree,
 Come listen to my song ;
 The subject suits both you and me,
 With attestations strong :
 Therefore I hope you'll not be nice,
 Attention true to pay,
 And hence adhere to my advice,
 Lest you be led astray.

Should you to marry be inclin'd,
 I charge you to beware ;
 And caution you to change your mind,
 Thus to escape that snare ;
 Be not decoy'd by age nor youth,
 Whose aims are artful all ;
 But take my word as standard truth,
 You here may stand or fall.

If you should wed one with a dower,
 Obedience you must pay ;
 Or if you marry one who's poor,
 In rags you must array :
 If you a blooming beauty wed,
 A cuckold you must be ;
 And if a brunet blight your bed,
 You'll blush when belles you see.

* This song is imperfectly compiled from part of a "Satyr upon Women," wrote in Preston prison, in 1715, by Mr James Robson, a freeholder in Thropton, near Rothbury, Northumberland, at that time a musician in the rebel army. He sung the Satyr aloud, at an iron barred window looking into a garden, where a lady and her maid were walking : after the song was finished, the former says, "That young man seems very severe upon our sex ; but perhaps he is singing more from oppression than pleasure ; go give him that half crown piece," which the girl gave him through the grating, at a period when he was at the point of starving.

Should you select a learned lass,
 Impertinence must pall ;
 Or cull one from a vulgar class,
 She balderdash will bawl :
 If you adopt a daft town's dame,
 Her behests will be bold :
 Or coax one of inferior fame,
 She'll curse, carouse, and scold.

Shun lofty looks, and language loud,
 No stripes such tongues can tame ;
 Fly wanton wenches mirthful mood,
 Which counsel can't reclaim :
 A wife of stature tall will dare,
 To drag a giant down ;
 And little women wicked are,
 One crop'd strong Samson's crown.

Reflect that Adam's innocence,
 Was to Eve's blunder blind ;
 Whose crafty crime caus'd to commence,
 A curse upon mankind ;
 So you cannot too cautious be,
 Of wormwood mix'd with gall ;
 Then friends pray be advis'd by me,
 To wed with *none at all* !

TWEED SIDE.

ON travelling down Tweed side,
 I heard an uncouth chit chat ;
 An old wife thus her neighbour did chide,
 May curses confound your cat !

His plunder I'll tell you pit pat,
 Our hut he inhabits at ease ;
 He broke into our buffet,
 And munch'd up our ewe-milk cheese.

He lifts up our larder latch,
 And he skims all the cream off the milk ;
 The callans he'll bite and he'll scratch,
 And the brats of their boiley will bilk.

No farley to find him so fat,
 Beef, bacon, and butter, he eats ;
 And ne'er hunts for a mouse nor a rat,
 But sups upon savory meats.

He has lunch'd up two large lamb legs,
 Of our bannocks he's not left a bit ;
 And has scar'd the old hen off her eggs,
 And she's drown'd in the kirn-milk kit.

He mucks in our mickle meal-chest,
 He spews in the cistern of salt ;
 In our kale-pot and cogies he's piss'd,
 And he mutes too among the malt.

He has drove a scate fish off the bink,
 Which drop'd in the brimstone kan,
 And rais'd such a stove and stink
 As chok'd our old good man.

Was it no more damage than that,
 The brute must be greatly to blame ;
 If you take not care of your tom-cat,
 He may rely on a lame !

A SONG,

*Pasted upon the Walls, and scattered about the Town
 of Rothbury, several Years ago.*

YOUNG Solomon, tir'd of a bachelor's life,
 Is resolv'd, by report, on a fat greasy wife,

Though merit might gain him a good natured girl,
Would forfeit his prospect for brazen Miss E——

If he wish to be wedded to folly and dirt,
To a lie-loving hussy, and impudent flirt,
Let him take what the captains of Alemouth have left,
And of comfort I warrant he will be bereft.

If a creature he takes who in muslin would shine,
Poor Solomon must on a red-herring dine ;
To buy her fine clothes, and rich tippets of scarlet,
And dress the poor beggar in garbs of a harlot.

If willing with good cheerful neighbours to spend,
Or a convivial hour with some gay social friend ;
To Bo—m's would go, and therein not to be check'd,
Let him shun the hard fate of a husband hen-peck'd.

If he wish not to labour with want and disgrace,
Nor to answer demands which will fly in his face,
Nor would open his purse for the debts of another,
Let him think in due time of the case of Poll's brother.

If children he'd have, with free use of their frame,
Let him not take a part'ner stiff-jointed and lame ;
But let him look out for some wholesome clean girl,
And escape from the clutches of shameful Poll E——

*The following ANSWER was handed about at Berwick
upon Tweed and the neighbouring Villages.*

AH ! pen, ink, and paper, proves pleasing,
To pirates who plunder the fame
Of females, by lewdness and teasing,
Too naughty and nauseous to name.

A rector, more rude than the rabble,
 Compos'd an incendiary song,
 More base than a Billingsgate bauble,
 And like his stale strumpet stinks strong.

That seat on a summit for cent'ries
 Assigned to sages and saints,
 Was kept by those scripture comment'ries
 From tete-a-tete, tarnish, and taints.

But time tells a tragical story,
 Of truths well attested by some ;
 The term has turn'd out transitory,
 That bulwarks a brothel become.

The mansion (I need not to mention)
 Affords an affectionate feast,
 To vassals of vicious invention,
 A pander, two punks, and a priest.

Their pastimes and sports are pollution,
 Each minx is unmarried—each man
 Prefers to his spouse prostitution
 Upon a 'postolical plan.

By priestcraft the pulpit's perverted,
 The parson's deprav'd and impure ;
 With projects profane preconcerted,
 A lecherous lout to allure.

Each cuddles his coney or rabbit,
 And pleasantly purr with puss-cats ;
 Hence with husky harlots cohabit,
 And handle a herding's old hats.

When pregnant, the spinster's exported
 Till she spawn her spurious sprouts,
 Hence home with due caution escorted
 To free the fecundine from flouts.

At Alnwick, this pious imposter
 And Betty have boarded their brats ;
 Where they keep a female to foster
 Their moppets, and Matthew's pit-rats.

The quorum confer'd a commission
 Upon this canonical quack,
 Expecting the learned logician
 Contentions would quell garb'd in black.

This pastor unprick'd with compunction,
 His church with unchastity chimes,
 And forfeits the fame of his function,
 By columns of scandal and crimes.

Here follows a fatal relation,
 By curses and conduct unkind,
 (A fact prov'd by clear demonstration)
 The brute broke the heart of his hind.

This curate (kept quite unconnected
 With chums who in crowds coalesce)
 Was by the whole parish respected,
 For piety, prudence, and peace.

I'm sanction'd to say in the sequel,
 His worship, by keeping a wench,
 Incurs the contempt of each equal,
 His betters, the bar, and the bench.

Traduce not the strains of a student,
 Untaught in a technical style ;
 Nor pronounce a pupil imprudent,
 For truths told on varlets so vile !!!



~ SONG.

THERE was five wives at Acomb,
 And five wives at Wa',
 And five wives at Fallowfield,
 That's fifteen o' them a'.

They've druken ale and brandy,
 'Till they are all fu';
 And I cannot get home to
 My Eppie I trow,
 My Eppie I trow,
 My Eppie I trow,
 And I cannot get home to
 My Eppie I trow.

The Tyne water's se deep, that
 I cannot wade through;
 And I've no horse to ride to
 My Eppie I trow,
 My Eppie I trow,
 My Eppie I trow,
 And I've no horse to ride to
 My Eppie I trow.

In Tyne I hev not a boat,
 Nor yet cou'd I row,
 Across the deep water to
 My Eppie I trow,
 My Eppie I trow,
 My Eppie I trow,
 And I've no horse to ride to
 My Eppie I trow.

✓ LITTLE BILLY.

NOW little Billy is gone to the kirk,
 And so merrily he doth sing :
 I catch'd the parson in bed with my mother,
 But I woud'nt tell it for any thing.

Thou art a liar, says Mess John,
 I never did thy mother no harm :
 I never was in her house in my life,
 But once or twice for a penorth of barm.

Thou art a liar, said little Billy,
 As sure as thou'rt on thy knees at prayer :
 Did'nt I catch thee in bed with my mother,
 And did'nt I tumble thee down the stairs.

Thou art a liar, says Mess John,
 Thou shalt be whipp'd with a rod of birk ;
 And shalt be set in the stocks to morn,
 For telling such lies o' the kirk.

✓ SAIR FAIL'D HINNY.

I was young and lusty,
 I was fair and clear ;
 I was young and lusty,
 Many a long year.
 Sair fail'd hinny,
 Sair fail'd now ;
 Sair fail'd hinny,
 Sin' I kend thou.

When I was young and lusty,
 I could loup a dyke ;
 But now at five and sixty,
 Cannot do the like.

Sair fail'd hinny,
 Sair fail'd now,
 Sair fail'd hinny,
 Sin' I kend thou.

Then said the awd man
 To the oak tree ;
 Sair fail'd is 'e,
 Sin' I kend thee.
 Sair fail'd hinny,
 Sair fail'd now ;
 Sair fail'd hinny,
 Sin' I kend thou.

THE

HARE SKIN.

BY GEORGE KNIGHT, SHOEMAKER.

Tune.—*Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty.*

COME, gentlemen, attend to my ditty,
 All you that delight in a gun ;
 And, if you'll be silent a minute,
 I'll tell you a rare piece of fun.
 Fal la, &c.

It was on the tenth of November,
 Or else upon Martinmas-day,
 A gentleman,* who lov'd pastime,
 Got a hare-skin well stuff'd with hay.

Then into the field he convey'd her,
 And set her against a hedge-side ;
 Our gunners were rambling the fields thro',
 So that pussy was quickly espy'd.

* Mr Peter Confett.

Mr Tindal, the first that espy'd her,
 Said that he lov'd a roast hare,
 And that he would have her *tit* supper,
 For he for the law did not care.

The better his purpose to answer,
 He charged his gun well with slugs,
 And firing right manfully at her,
 He *hat* her betwixt the two lugs.

But when that he went for to seize her,
 He found himself cursedly bit ;
 And soon flung her down in a passion,
 And look'd as if he'd been b——t.

The next was Will Dunn, our painter,
 Who wanted a novelty bit ;
 And, taking good aim, let fly at her,
 And kill'd her stone-dead on her seat.

When firing, he swore he had maul'd her,
 He ne'er miss'd a hare in his life ;
 And then in great trouble was he,
 To get her safe home to his wife.

The next was John Walker, a tailor,
 He thinking poor puss for to nap,
 Indeed, he endeavour'd to kill her,
 But his gun very often did snap.

But then making all things in order,
 He at her let furiously drive ;
 Our serjeant was to have her *tit* supper,
 To make them all merry belyve.

But I think he was damnable saucy,
 She ne'er was intended for he ;
 He must get something else to his cabbage,
 For it and hare flesh 'll ne'er agree.

The next was Joe Dixon, the barber,
 One morning he rose in great haste,
 And swore he would have hare *sin* his supper,
 And give all his neighbours a taste.

When firing, he swore he had kill'd her ;
 O then in great trouble was he,
 How that he might safely convey her,
 For fear any body should see.

The next was John Blythman, esquire ;
 Indeed he was much to blame,
 To kill a hare with a gun is right cruel,
 Tho' gentlefolks may think it game.

Then Grundy came cursing and swearing,
 Which is the chief end of his talk,
 He shot her, and swore by his maker,
 He'd kill'd her as dead as a mawk.

But when that he went for to seize her,
 And found it a skin stuff'd with hay,
 He flung her down in a passion,
 And cursed, and so went away.

Now I'd have you all take care for the future,
 And mind very well what I say ;
 Before that you fire, see the hare run,
 Lest it prove a hare skin stuff'd with hay.

But I think they were all finely tricked,
 Beside wasting powder and shot :
 Let us have a good drink at the fancy,
 So, landlady, fill us the pot.

Here's the gentleman's health that contriv'd it,
 For he is a right honest soul ;
 We'll laugh and we'll merrily sing,
 When we're over a full flowing bowl.
 Fal lal, &c.

LIMBO.

By the same Author.

Tune.—*On a time I was great, now little I'm grown,*

I'LL tell you a story, if you please to attend,
 When my heart was afflicted with sorrow,
 The song it is new, but it's absolute true ;
 It's for nothing that I did buy or borrow :
 But I was sent for to Preston's one day the last week,
 There I little expected with what I did meet,
 But the country's all rogues, and the world is a cheat,
 And there they confin'd me in Limbo.

Like an innocent lamb to the slaughter I went,
 Not knowing what was their intention,
 But when I came there, O how I did stare,
 When I found out their damned invention.
 There was Preston the bailiff, Joe Craggs was his bum,
 And there they did seize me, as sure as a gun,
 Upstairs then they haul'd me into the back room,
 And there they confin'd me in Limbo.

My belly was empty, though my stomach was full,
 For to think there how I was *trepanned*,
 Preston pull'd out a paper and made a long scrawl,
 And he forc'd me to set my hand to't.
 Then I open'd his closet, I got out a pie,
 Then I call'd for liquor, while I was a dry,
 I knew somebody would pay for't, but what cared I ?
 I wasn't to starve, though in Limbo.

Another poor fellow there happen'd to be,
 Which they had confined in Limbo ;
 Brother prisoner, says I, how shall we get free,
 For want of this thing called rhino ?
 The poor fellow sat like one was half dead,
 Then I gave him claret to dye his nose red ;
 But I never knew yet how the reck'ning was paid ;
 I was resolv'd to live well, though in Limbo.

There was Mr Bum and I, we toss'd it about,
 Until we began to grow mellow;
 Three bottles of claret he there did me give,
 Indeed he's a jolly good fellow:
 Full bumpers of claret went round it is true,
 Some drank for vexation till twice they did spew,
 I ne'er in my life saw so merry a crew,
 As we were when I was in Limbo.

There was Ralph Jackson, the tanner, he came in by chance,
 And did chatter and talk like a parrot;
 And likewise Will Bulmer was one of our number,
 For he had a mind to drink claret.
 Full glasses went round till I could not see,
 O then they were all willing I should go free;
 But the devil may pay them their reckoning for me,
 For now I have got out of Limbo.

With many a foul step then I stagger'd home,
 And it happen'd to be without falling;
 I got on my bed, and nothing I said,
 But my wife she began with her bawling;
 She rung me such a peal, though she'd been not well,
 As if she would have rais'd all the devils in hell,
 You might have heard her as far as the sound of Bow Bell;
 Then I wish'd that I'd stay'd there in Limbo.

A NEW SONG,

For the Year 1764.

BY MR WILLIAM SUTTON.

ON the banks of the Tees, at Stockton of old,
 A castle there was of great fame we are told,
 Where the Bishops of Durham were wont to retreat,
 And spend all their summers at that gallant seat.
 Derry down, &c.

'Twas once on a time, that King John being there,
 The chiefs of Newcastle did thither repair ;
 Humbly pray'd that his Highness would deign for to grant
 Them a charter, of which they were then in great want.

The King highly pleas'd with the Bishop's grand treat,
 (Abounding in liquors, and all sorts of meat,)
 Their prayer he comply'd with, the charter did sign,
 Owing then, as 'twas said, to the Bishop's good wine.

Old Noll, in his day, out of pious concern,
 This castle demolish'd*, sold all but the barn ;
 When Nilthorp and Hollis, with two or three more,
 Divided the spoils, as they'd oft done before.

The town still improving, became the delight
 Of strangers, and others, so charming its sight,
 That a bridge cross the river being lately propos'd,
 The cash was subscrib'd, and the bargain soon clos'd.

The King, Lords, and Commons approving the scheme,
 The bridge was begun, and now's building between†
 Two counties, when finish'd, no doubt 'twill produce
 Fairs, markets for cattle, and all things for use.

Let us drink then a bumper to Stockton's success,
 May its commerce increasing ne'er meet with distress ;
 May the people's endeavours procure them much wealth,
 And enjoy all their days the great blessing of health.
Derry down, &c.

* The castle and demesnes were sold during the government of the common wealth, 1647, for 6165l. and soon after was dismantled, and the materials disposed of.

† The act of parliament for building a bridge, by subscription, was got in 1762, was immediately begun, and was finished in April, 1771, and cost about 8000l.

✓ STOCKTON'S COMMENDATION.

Tune.—*Sir John Fenwick's the flower among them.*

COME, brave spirits, that love Canary,
 And good company are keeping,
 From our friends let's never vary,
 Let your muse awake from sleeping :
 Bring forth mirth and wise Apollo ;
 Mark your eyes on a true relation :
 Virgil with his pen shall follow,
 In ancient Stockton's commendation.

Upon the stately river Tees,
 A goodly castle there was placed,
 Nigh joining to the ocean seas,
 Whereby our country was much graced ;
 Affording rich commodities,
 With corn and lead, unto our nation ;
 Which makes me sing with chearful voice,
 Of ancient Stockton's commendation.

In sixteen hundred thirty-five,
 And about the month of February,
 Three Stockton-men they did contrive,
 To see their friends, and to be merry :
 Part of their names I shall describe,
 And place them down in comely fashion ;
 There was William, John, and Anthony,
 Gain'd ancient Stockton commendation.

To famous Richmond first they came,
 And with their friends awhile remained ;
 Middleham there, that town of fame,
 Whereby much credit they obtained :
 Being merry on a day,
 A challenge came in this same fashion,
 A match at football for to play ;
 But Stockton got the commendation.

Three Middleham-men appointed were,
 And stakes put down on either party ;
 Stockton-men cast off all fear,
 For Bishopric was always hearty.

Then those three Middleham-men did yield,
 And for their loss they shew'd vexation ;
 There was but one came to the field,
 And Stockton got the commendation.

With shouts and cries, in chearful voice,
 The country all about them dwelling,
 They all did say that very day,
 That Stockton-men were far excellling.
 When first I did it understand,
 It was told to me as true relation ;
 Then I took my pen and ink in hand,
 And writ brave Stockton's commendation.

THE NEW WAY OF

✓ STOCKTON'S COMMENDATION.

TO THE OLD TUNE.

By Benjamin Pye, L. L. D.

ARCHDEACON OF DURHAM.

“ UPON the stately river Tees,
 “ A noble castle there was placed,
 “ Nigh joining to the ocean seas,
 “ Whereby our country was much graced ;
 “ Affording rich commodities,
 “ Of corn and lead unto the nation ;
 “ Which makes me sing in cheerful wise,
 “ Of ancient Stockton's commendation.”

But now I'll tell you news prodigious,
 My honest friends, be sure remark it,
 Our ferries are transform'd to bridges,
 And Cleveland trips to Stockton market.
 Our causeways rough, and mirey roads,
 Shall sink into a navigation,
 And Johnny Carr shall sing fine odes,
 In modern Stockton's commendation.

O what a scene for joy and laughter,
 To see, as light as cork or feather,
 Our pond'rous lead, and bulky rafter,
 Sail down the smooth canal together !
 Whilst coal and lime and cheese and butter,
 Shall grace our famous navigation ;
 And we will make a wond'rous clutter,
 In modern Stockton's commendation.

Our fairs I next will celebrate,
 With scores of graziers, hinds and jockeys ;
 And bumpkins yok'd with Nell and Kate,
 Who stare like any pig that stuck is :
 Fat horned beasts now line our streets,
 Which Aldermen were wont to pace on ;
 And oxen low, and lambkins bleat,
 And all for Stockton's commendation*.

Our races too deserve a tune,
 The northern sportsmen all prefer 'em,
 For *Dainty Davy* here did run
 Much better then at York or Durham.
 O 'twould take up a swingeing volume,
 To sing at large our reputation ;
 Our bridge, our shambles, cross and column,
 All speak fair Stockton's commendation.

Fill then your jovial bumpers round,
 Join chorus all in Stockton's glory ;
 Let us but love our native town,
 A fig for patriot, whig, or tory ;
 Whate'er they say, whate'er they do,
 Their aim is but to fleece the nation ;
 Let us continue firm and true
 To honest Stockton's commendation.

* During the scarcity of change in 1811-12, the people of Stockton issued out silver tokens of sixpence and twelve-pence value, the only tokens issued in the county.

HARK TO WINCHESTER:

OR, THE

*Yorkshire Volunteers' Farewell to the good Folks
of Stockton.*

Tune,—Push about the Jorum.

YE Stockton lads and lasses too,
Come listen to my story;
A dismal tale, because 'tis true,
I've now to lay before ye:
We must away, our rout is come,
We scarce refrain from tears, O:
Shrill shrieks the fife, rough roars the drum,—
March, Yorkshire Volunteers, O!
Fal lal lal la ral.

Yet ere we part, my comrades say,
Come, Stockhore*, you're the poet,
If e'er you pen'd a grateful lay,
'Tis now the time to show it.
Such usage fair in this good town,
We've met from age and youth, sirs,
Accept our grateful thanks, and own
A poet sings the truth, sirs.
Fal lal, &c.

Ye lasses too, of all I see,
The fairest in the nation;
Sweet buds of beauty's blooming tree,
The top of the creation;
Full many of our lads I ween,
Have got good wives and true, sirs;
I wonder what our leaders mean,
They have not done so too, sirs.
Fal lal, &c.

* Herbert Stockhore, a private, the pretended author.

Perhaps——but hark ! the thund'ring drum,
 From love to arms is beating ;
 Our country calls ; we come, we come,
 Great George's praise repeating :
 He's great and good, long may he here
 Reign, every bliss possessing ;
 And long may each true volunteer
 Behold him Britain's blessing.

Fal lal, &c.

Our valiant Earl shall lead us on
 The nearest way to glory,
 Bright honour hails her darling son,
 And fame records his story.
 Dundas commands upon our lists
 The second ; though on earth, sirs,
 No one he's second to exists,
 For courage, sense, and worth, sirs.

Fal lal, &c.

No venal muse before your view
 Next sets a vet'ran bold, sirs,
 The praise to merit justly due,
 From Paul she cannot hold, sirs,
 His valour oft has bore the test,
 In war he's brisk and handy ;
 His private virtues stand confest,
 In short, he's quite the dandy.

Fal lal, &c.

Brave Mackarel heads his grenadiers,
 They're just the lads to do it,
 And should the Dons, or lank Monsieurs
 Come here, he'll make them rue it :
 He'll roar his thunders, make them flee,
 With a tow, row, row, row, ra ra ;
 And do them o'er by land,——at sea,
 As Rodney did Langara.

Fal lal, &c.

Young Thompson, with his lads so light
 Of foot, with hearts of steel, O,
 His country's cause will nobly fight,
 And make her foes to feel, O:
 For should the frog-fed sons of Gaul
 Come capering, *a la Francois*,
 My lads, said he, we'll teach them all'
 The *Light Bob* country-dance a.

Fal lal, &c.

Our leaders all, so brave and bold,
 Should I in verse recite a,
 A baggage waggon would not hold
 The songs that I could write, a:
 Their deeds so great, their words so mild,
 O take our worst commander,
 And to him Cæsar was a child,
 And so was Alexander.

Fal lal, &c.

Such men as these we'll follow thro'
 The world, and brave all danger;
 Each volunteer is firm and true,
 His heart's to fear a stranger.
Good Folks, farewell! God bless the king,
 With angels centry o'er him,
 Now, *Hark, to Winchester!* we'll sing,
 And push about the Jorum!

Fal lak-tal la rak.

STOCKTON'S COMMENDATION.

YE freeholders of Stockton-town,
 Who follow your several occupations,
 Once more I'll sing, and raise my tune,
 On flourishing Stockton's commendations.

Z

Our bridge with pleasure I behold,
 Our shambles gain great approbation ;
 And neighb'ring towns agree with me,
 In singing Stockton's commendation.

From East and West the graziers bring
 Fat flocks of each denomination ;
 And o'er a glass they freely sing
 Great is Stockton's commendation.

Full thirty miles some butchers ride ;
 Fat goods are their expectation ;
 At Stockton they are well supplied ;
 They sing Stockton's commendation.

Our shews proclaim a thriving town,
 And fortnight-days to admiration,
 To see Stockton improve so soon,
 Daily to her commendation.

Our spacious streets each stranger views,
 And fairly gives his approbation,—
 Stockton's the place that I do choose,
 So great is Stockton's commendation.

Our gardens, orchards, river, plains,
 All join to raise our contemplation ;
 While hand in hand we other join,
 In singing Stockton's commendation.

Our merchants cast a noble shew,
 Rich goods as any in the nation ;
 Great is their trade with high and low,
 Makes them sing Stockton's commendation.

All trades shall flourish now I see,
 In their several occupation :
 And our song shall ever be
 Stockton's lasting commendation.

Our ships well stor'd with merchandize,
 Come trading here from ev'ry nation ;
 Our neighb'ring towns with goods supply,
 Makes them sing Stockton's commendation.

Our wool-trade daily does increase,
 The staple of the British nation :
 And farmers come, with cheerful pace,
 To join in Stockton's commendation.

Our lead in piles in plenty lie,
 Sent by shipping to each nation.
 Behold all trades on Stockton smile,
 Makes me sing Stockton's commendation.

Our races they are fifties three,
 Where Darlington, of noble station,
 Our Steward he approves to be,
 To honour Stockton's commendation.

May Darlington be Stockton's friend,
 And Stockton give their approbation
 In favour of the House of Vane,
 For raising Stockton's commendation.

Now, freeholders, I take my leave,
 Success to the British nation,
 These lines to you I freely give,
 In praise of Stockton's commendation.

THE

BARNARDCASTLE TRAGEDY.

Tune—Constant Anthony.

YOUNG men and maidens all, I pray you now attend,
 Mark well this tragedy which you find here penn'd ;
 At Barnardcastle Bridge-end, an honest man lives there,
 His calling grinding corn, for which few can compare.

He had a sister dear, in whom he took delight,
 And Atkinson, his man, woo'd her both day and night ;
 Till thro' process of time he chained fast her heart,
 Which prov'd her overthrow, by Death's surprising dart.

False-hearted Atkinson, with his deluding tongue,
 And his fair promises, he's this poor maid undone ;
 For when he found he'd caught her fast in Cupid's snare,
 Then made he all alike, Betty's no more his dear.

Drinking was his delight, his senses sure to doze,
 Keeping lewd company, when he should seek repose ;
 His money being spent, and they would tick no score,
 Then with a face of brass, he ask'd poor Bett for more.

At length he met with one, a serving-maid in town,
 Who for good ale and beer would often pawn her gown,
 And at all-fours she'd play, as many people know,
 A fairer gamester no man could ever show.

Tom Skelton, ostler at the King's Arms does dwell,
 Who this false Atkinson did all his secrets tell ;
 He let him understand of a new love he'd got,
 And with an oath he swore, she'd keep full the pot.

Then for the girl they sent, Bett Hardy was her name,
 Who to her mistress soon an excuse did frame ;
 Mistress, I have a friend at the King's Arms doth stay,
 Which I desire to see, before he goes away.

Then she goes to her friend, who she finds ready there,
 Who catch'd her in his arms, how does my only dear ?
 She says, Boys drink about, and fear no reckonings large,
 For she had pawn'd her smock, for to defray the charge.

They did carouse it off, till they began to warm,
 Says Skelton, Make a match, I pray where's the harm ?
 Then with a loving kiss they straightway did agree,
 But they no money had, to give the priest a fee.

Quoth Skelton seriously, The priest's fee is large,
 I'll marry you myself, and save you all the charge ;
 Then they plight their troth unto each other there,
 Went two miles from the town, and go to bed we hear.

Then when the morning came, by breaking of the day,
 He had some corn to grind, he could no longer stay ;
 My business is in haste, which I to thee do tell ;
 So took a gentle kiss, and bid his love farewell.

Now, when he was come home, and at his business there,
 His master's sister came, who was his former dear ;
 Betty, he said, I'm wed, certainly I protest ;
 Then she smil'd in his face, Sure you do but jest.

Then within few days space, his wife unto him went,
 And to the sign o' th' Last, there she for him sent ;
 The people of the house, finding what was in hand,
 Stept out immediately, and let Betty understand.

Now this surprising news caus'd her fall in a trance,
 Like as if she was dead, no limbs she could advance ;
 Then her dear brother came, her from the ground he took ;
 And she spake up and said, O my poor heart is broke.

Then with all speed they went, for to undo her lace,
 Whilst at her nose and mouth her heart's blood ran apace:
 Some stood half dead by her, others for help inquire,
 But in a moment's time her life it did expire.

False hearted lovers all, let this a warning be,
 For it may well be called Betty Howson's tragedy.

Z 3 .

The above shews how one John Atkinson, of Morton, near Appleby, courted Betty Howson, of Barnardcastle Bridge-end; and, after having gained her affections, forfook her for another; upon which, she broke her heart and died.

A SONG

IN PRAISE OF THE DURHAM MILITIA.

Tune—*The Lillies of France.*

MILITIA boys for my theme I now chuse,
 (Your aid I implore to assist me, my muse,)
 Whilst here I relate of the Durham youths' fame,
 Who chearful appear'd when these new tidings came,
 That to Barnardcastle they must march away,
 Embod'y'd to be, without stop or delay.

What tho' some cowards have betook them to flight,
 And for their king and country scorn for to fight,
 Yet we Durham boys, who jovial appear,
 Right honest we'll be, and we'll banish all fear,
 When head of the front, how martial we see
 Our Colonel so brave, so gallant, and free.

Whose generous heart, by experience we know,
 Why need we then dread along with him to go?
 Then farewell, dear wives, and each kind sweetheart,
 Pray do not repine that from you we must part;
 But hark! the drums beat, and the fifes sweetly play,
 We're order'd to march now to Richmond straightway.

Where, clothed in red, and in purple attire,
 Our exercise then shall be all our desire,
 Which having acquir'd, then we'll merrily sing,
 Success to great George, and the Prussian king,
 Likewise loyal Pitt, a statesman so bold,
 Who ~~seems~~ to be false, for interest or gold.

If then the Monsieurs should with their crafty guile,
 E'er dare to molest us on Britain's fair isle,
 We'll laugh at their fury, and malice so strong,
 To Charon below how we'll hurl them headlong.
 Do they think that our muskets useless shall be,
 When in numbers great, them advancing we see.

If they do, they're mista'en, we'll boldly proceed ;
 And conquer or die, ere ignobly we'll yield ;
 Then crowned with laurel, (for vent'ring our lives)
 Home then we'll return to our sweethearts and wives,
 What joy will be greater, our fame shall abound,
 The bells then shall ring, and the trumpets shall sound.

Let each loyal Briton then fill up his glass,
 For to drive care away, so round let it pass,
 Drink a health to king George, who sits on his throne,
 (Whose power the French to their sorrow have known,)
 May the Heavens above preserve him from harm,
 And ever defend him from foreign alarm.

THE LASS OF COCKERTON.

Tune—Low down in the Broom.

'TWAS on a summer's evening,
 As I a roving went,
 I met a maiden fresh and fair,
 That was a milking sent.
 Whose lovely look such sweetness spoke,
 Divinely fair she shone ;
 With modest face her dwelling-place,
 I found was Cockerton.*

With raptures fir'd, I eager gaz'd,
 On this blooming country maid,
 My roving eye, in quickest search,
 Each graceful charm survey'd.
 The more I gaz'd, new wonder rais'd,
 And still I thought upon
 Those lovely charms, that so alarms
 In the Lass of Cockerton.

* A village near Darlington.

Now would the Gods but deign to hear,
 An artless lover's prayer ;
 This lovely nymph 'bove all I'd ask,
 And scorn each other care ;
 True happiness I'd then possess,
 Her love to share alone ;
 No mortals know what pleasures flow,
 With the lass of Cockerton.

ROOKHOPE-RYDE.

A Durham Border Song, composed in 1569.

ROOKHOPE* stands in a pleasant place,
 If the false thieves wad let it be ;
 But away they steal our goods apace,
 And ever an ill death may they die !

And so is the man of Thirlwa' 'nd Willie-haver,
 And all their companies thereabout,
 That is minded to do mischief hither,
 And at their stealing stands not out.

But yet we will not slander them all,
 For there is of them good enough ;
 It is a sore consumed tree
 That on it bears not one fresh bough.

Lord God ! is not this a pitiful case,
 That men dare not drive their goods to t' fell,
 But limmer thieves drives them away,
 That fears neither heaven nor hell.

Lord, send us peace into the realm,
 That every man may live on his own !
 I trust to God, if it be his will,
 That Weardale-men may never be overthrown.

* The name of a valley in the north part of the parish of Stanhope, in Weardale.

For great troubles they've had in hand,
 With borderers pricking hither and thither,
 But the greatest fray that e'er they had,
 Was with the men of Thirlwa' 'nd Willie-haver.

They gather'd together so royally,
 The stoutest men and the best in gear;
 And he that rade not on a horse,
 I wat he rade on a weil-fed mear.

So in the morning before they came out,
 So well I wot they broke their fast,
 In the [forenoon they came] unto a bye fell,
 Where some of them did eat their last.

When they had eaten aye and done,
 They say'd, some captains here needs must be:
 Then they choos'd forth Harry Corbyl,
 And 'Symon Fell,' and Martin Ridley.

Then o'er the moss, where as they came,
 With many a brank and whew,
 One of them would to another say,
 I think this day we are men enew.

For Weardale-men are a journey ta'en,
 They are so far out o'er yon fell,
 That some ofe them's with the two earls*
 And others fast in Barnard-castell.

There we shall get gear enough,
 For there is nane but women at hame;
 The sorrowful fend that they can make,
 Is loudly cries as they were slain.

Then in at Rookhope-head they came,
 And there they thought tul a' had their prey;
 But they were 'spy'd coming over the Dry-rig,
 Soon upon Saint Nicholas' Day.

* Thomas Percy, earl of Northumberland; and Charles Nevil, earl of Westmorland.—November, 1569.

Then in at Rookhope-head they came,
 They ran the forest but a mile ;
 They gather'd together in four hours
 Six hundred sheep within a while.

And horses I trow they gat,
 But either ane or twa,
 And they gat them all but ane
 That belanged to great Rowley.

That Rowley was the first man that did them spy,
 With that he rais'd a mighty cry,
 The cry it came down Rookhope-burn,
 And spread through Weardale hastyly.

Then word came to the bailiff's house
 At the East-gate, where he did dwell,
 He had walk'd out to the Smale-burns,
 Which stands above the Hanging-well.

His wife was wae when she hear'd tell,
 So well she wist her husband wanted gear,
 She gar'd saddle him his horse in haste,
 And neither forgot sword, jack, nor spear.

The bailiff got wit before his gear came,
 That such news was in the land ;
 He was sore troubled in his heart,
 That on no earth that he could stand.

His brother was hurt three days before,
 With limmer thieves that did him prick ;
 Nineteen bloody wounds lay him upon ;
 What ferly was't that he lay sick ?

But yet the bailiff shrinked nought,
 But fast after them he did hie ;
 And so did all his neighbours near,
 That went to bear him company.

But when the bailiff was gathered,
 And all his company,
 They were number'd to never a man,
 But forty under fifty.

The thieves was number'd a hundred men,
 I wat they were not of the worst,
 That could be choosed out of Thirlwa' 'nd Willie-haver,
 I trow they were the very first.

But all that was in Rookhope-head,
 And all that was i' Nuketon-cleugh,
 Where Weardale-men o'ertook the thieves,
 And there they gave them fighting enough.

So sore they made them fain to flee,
 As many was a' out of land,
 And for tul have been at home again,
 They would have been in iron bands :

And for the space of long seven years,
 As sore they mighten a' had their lives ;
 But there was never one of them
 That ever thought to have seen their wives.

About the time the fray began,
 I trow it lasted but an hour,
 Till many a man lay weaponless,
 And was sore wounded in that stour.

Also before that hour was done,
 Four of the thieves were slain,
 Besides all those that wounded were,
 And eleven prisoners there was ta'en.

George Carrick and his brother Edie,
 Them two, I wot, they were both slain ;
 Harry Corbyl, and Lennie Carrick,
 Bore them company in their pain.

One of our Weardale-men was slain,
 Rowland Emerson his name hight;
 I trust to God his soul is well,
 Because he fought unto the right.

But thus they said, We'll not depart
 While we have one:—Speed back again!
 And when they came amongst the dead men,
 There they found George Carrick slain.

And when they found George Carrick slain,
 I wot it went well near their heart;
 Lord let them never make a better end,
 That comes to play them sicken a part.

I trust in God no more they shal,
 Except it be one for a great chance;
 For God will punish all those
 With a great heavy pestilence.

Thir limmer thieves they have good hearts,
 They never think to be o'erthrown,
 Three banners against Weardale-men they bare,
 As if the world had been all their own.

Thir Weardale-men they have good hearts,
 They are as stif as any tree,
 For, if they'd every one been slain,
 Never a foot back man would flee.

And such a storm amongst them fell,
 As I think you never heard the like;
 For he that bears his head so high,
 He oft-times falls into the dyke.

And now I do entreat you all,
 As many as are present here,
 To pray for singer of this song,
 For he sings to make blithe your cheer.

THE SEDGFIELD FROLIC.

COME all the gallant brave wenches,
 That love strong liquor so well,
 And use to fuddle your noses,
 Come, listen to what I shall tell :
 Your praises abroad I will thunder,
 'Tis pity you should go free,
 And the wanton lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

Come, landlady, fill us a bumper,
 And take no thought for the shot,
 It's a sin, as I hope to be saved,
 To part with an empty pot ;
 Let the glass go merrily round,
 Our business is jolly to be,
 And the wanton lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

Who are they that dare to oppose us,
 Since altogether we're met ?
 We'll tittle and fuddle our noses,
 Our frolic the more to complete :
 For our frolic it is begun,
 And we will end it merrily ;
 And the ranting lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

There's Middleton as brisk as a bottle,
 She merrily leads the van,
 And Crispe, the butcher's daughter,
 She'll follow as fast as she can.
 There's the sempstress and her sister,
 The rear drive merrily ;
 And the ranting lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

A a

Each one shall here take her quantum,
 Thus says brave Middleton;
 We'll drink a health to Peg Trantum,
 And merrily we'll go on;
 Let the shot be ever so great,
 I'll speak to my landlady;
 And the ranting lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

There's a brave sinking tailor,
 That hath a brisk handsome wife,
 And she will convey him the flaggon,
 To avoid all future strife:
 And the baker at the next door,
 She will be the landlady;
 And the ranting lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

There's Branson, an honest fellow,
 He hath sugar enough in store,
 If cloves and mace be wanting,
 We will boldly run on the score;
 For our wanton frolic is begun,
 And we'll end it most merrily;
 And the wanton lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

Two wives I had almost forgotten,
 Whom I must touch in the quick,
 Being merry at Mr Branson's,
 They danc'd round the candlestick;
 And the tune was "*Juice of the Barley*,"
 Which made them dance merrily,
 And long did they hold a parley,
 And made jolly company.

In the midst of this great pother,
 The backish wife came in,
 She was forc'd to be led by another,
 Thro' thick and likewise thin.

And thus they did end their frolick,
 Good fellow, I'll tell to thee,
 That the ranting lasses of Sedgfield
 Are roaring company.

BOBBY SHAFTOE.

BOBBY Shaftoe's gone to sea,
 With silver buckles at his knee ;
 He'll come home and marry me,
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair,
 Combing down his yellow hair,
 He's ma' ain for ever mair,
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's gotten a bairn,
 For to dandle in his arm ;
 In his arm, and on his knee,
 Bobby Shaftoe loves me.
 Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea, &c.

THE PLEASURES OF SUNDERLAND.

IN the fine town of Sunderland which stands on a hill,
 Which stands on a hill most noble to see,
 There's fishing and fowling all in the same town :
 Every man to his mind, but Sunderland for me.

There's dancing and singing also in the same town,
 And many hot scolds there are in the week ;
 'Tis pleasant indeed the market to see,
 And the young maids that are mild and meek.

The damsels of Sunderland would, if they could,
 Welcome brave sailors, when they come from sea,

Build a fine tower of silver and gold :
 Every man to his mind, but Sunderland for me.

The young men of Sunderland are pretty blades,
 And when they come in with these handsome maids,
 They kiss and embrace, and compliment free :
 Every man to his mind, but Sunderland for me.

In Silver-street there lives one Isabel Rod,
 She keeps the best ale the town can afford,
 For gentlemen to drink till they cannot see :
 Every man to his mind, but Sunderland for me.

Sunderland's a fine place, it shines where it stands,
 And the more I look on it the more my heart warms ;
 And if I was there I would make myself free :
 Every man to his mind, but Sunderland for me.



THE FROLICSOME OLD WOMEN OF SUNDERLAND:

Or, The Disappointed Young Maids.

Tune—They'll marry tho' threescore and ten.

YOU Sunderland lasses draw near,
 Sure you are forsaken by men ;
 But the old women, they
 Forget for to play,
 But will get married at three score and ten.

You Sunderland lasses are slow,
 And yet there's good choice of young men ;
 The old women, they
 Do shew you fair play,
 They get married at threescore and ten.

A house that's within full sea mark,
 Is very well accustomed by men ;
 But better had they
 To live honest, I say,
 Or get married at threescore and ten.

There are sailors that are clever young blades,
 And keel-bullies like unto them ;
 You maids that are fair,
 Get married this year,
 Lest you tarry till threescore and ten.

The old women carry the day,
 They beat both the maids and the men ;
 To give Sunderland the sway,
 For ever and ay,
 They'll marry tho' threescore and ten.

SUNDERLAND BRIDGE.

By M. W. of North Shields.

YE sons of Sunderland, with shouts that rival ocean's roar,
 Hail Burdon in his iron boots, who strides from shore to shore !
 O may ye firm support each leg, or much, O much I fear,
 Poor Rowland may o'erstretch himself in striding 'cross the
 Wear !

A patent quickly issue out, lest some more bold than he,
 Should put on larger iron boots, and stride across the sea !
 Then let us pray for speedy peace, lest Frenchmen should
 come over,
 And, fol'wing Burdon's iron plan, from Calais stride to Dover.

ELSIE MARLEY,

An Alewife at Picktree, near Chester-le-Street.

To its own Tune.

ELSIE Marley is grown so fine,
 She won't get up to serve her swine,
 But lies in bed till eight or nine,
 And surely she does take her time.

A a 3

And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey ?
 The wife that sells the barley, honey ;
 She's lost her pocket and all her money,
 Aback o' the bush i' th' garden, honey.

Elsie Marley is so neat,
 It is hard for one to walk the street,
 But every lad and lass they meet,
 Cries, do you ken Elsie Marley, honey ?

Elsie Marley wore a straw hat,
 Now she's got a velvet cap,
 She may thank Lambton men for that,
 Do you ken Elsie Marley, honey.

Elsie keeps wine, gin, and ale,
 In her house below the dale.
 Where every tradesman up and down,
 Does call and spend his half-a-crown.

The farmers, as they come that way,
 They drink with Elsie every day,
 And call the fiddler for to play
 The tune of "*Elsie Marley*," honey.

The pitmen and the keelmen trim,
 They drink bumbo made of gin,
 And for to dance they do begin,
 The tune of "*Elsie Marley*," honey.

The sailors they will call for flip,
 As soon as they come from the ship,
 And then begin to dance and skip,
 To the tune of "*Elsie Marley*," honey.

Those gentlemen that go so fine,
 They'll treat her with a bottle of wine,
 And freely they'll sit down and dine
 Along with Elsie Marley, honey.

So to conclude these lines I've penn'd,
 Hoping there's none I do offend,
 And thus my merry joke doth end,
 Concerning Elsie Marley, honey.
 And do you ken, &c.

CHESTER LADS FOR EVER.

THRO' Durham County, fam'd of old,
 Thro' England, be it ever told,
 That Chester lads stood forth so bold,
 And Chester lads for ever.

When Frenchmen heard of their intent,
 To Bonaparte in haste they sent,
 And said, since Chester thus is bent,
 We are ruin'd, sirs, for ever.

O dreadful news! said Bonaparte,
 Enough to break each Frenchman's heart;
 But let us try, with all our art,
 Those Chester lads to sever.

Then firmly spoke Monsieur Otto,
 The Chester lads you little know,
 If them you think to overthrow;
 For they will fight for ever.

Tho' many millions you have slain,
 Yet what you've done is all in vain;
 You'll never beat the Chester men,
 Nor cope with them—no never.

The Consul call'd a council straight,
 And long and learned the debate;
 Each Frenchman tried, with all his weight,
 How France he might deliver.

The issue of this parliament
 Was peace—the glorious grand event,
 Which gave each British heart content.
 And Chester lads for ever!!!

LUMLEY LEADS TO GLORY.

COME all ye lads who wish to shine
 Bright in Chester story,
 Haste to arms, and form the line,
 Where Lumley leads to glory.

Charge the musket, point the lance,
 Brave the worst of dangers ;
 Tell the blustering sons of France,
 That Chester fears no strangers.

Chester, when the lion's rous'd,
 And the flag is rearing,
 Always finds her sons dispos'd
 To drub the foe that's daring.
 Charge the musket, &c.

Honor for the brave to share,
 Is the noblest booty ;
 Guard the coast, protect the fair,
 For that's a Briton's duty.
 Charge the musket, &c.

Beat the drums, the music sound,
 Manly and united ;
 Danger face, maintain your ground,
 And see your country righted.
 Charge the musket, &c.

 CHESTER VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—*There's no Luck about the House.*

AND are ye sure the tale is true ?
 Again the news relate,
 That Chester is to raise a corps
 To fight for king and state.

Then let us fill a bumper full,
 To Scarborough's noble thane,
 Who under his protection has
 The men of Chester ta'en.

If Chester men are firm and true,
 And by each other stand,
 No foreign foe can venture then
 To stain our native land.
 But if they should assail our coast,
 Compell'd by want and need,
 When Chester banners are display'd,
 They'll fly from hence with speed.
 Then let us fill, &c.

In former times our Chester youths
 Their country's foes expell'd ;
 Whose conquering monarch, in those days,
 The crowns of Europe held :
 Should then the sons of France pretend
 With Chester Sons to vie,
 If they suppose they're better men,
 E'en let them come and try.
 Then let us fill, &c.

The king our noble father is,
 The queen our mother dear ;
 The prince's brothers soldiers are,
 Whom we shall here revere :
 Them we'll defend with might and main,
 Against all sorts of foes ;
 Should they command to fight like men,
 Or aim their treacherous blows.
 Then let us fill, &c.

THE DURHAM VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—*Anasreon in Heaven.*

WHEN Britannia her sons calls to aid her in arms,
 And fell war, with its horrors, our island does threat,
 The true British feeling each bosom that warms,
 Prompts away to the beach, the invader to meet.
 And along with the brave,
 Who their country will save,
 And whose only retreat is a glorious grave.
 See each son of Dunelm, and the old winding Wear,
 The patriot, the loyal, the brave Volunteer.

Let the foes of old England unite to enslave
 Her free bands, from whose fury so oft they have fled ;
 We'll prove, by their ruin who escape the wild wave,
 We can fight like our sires, who at Agincourt bled ;
 Their great deeds we'll review,
 And example pursue,
 And prove we've the blood of the same race so true.
 Determined to save what than life is more dear,
 Our country, our laws, march each brave Volunteer.

Vain boasting Monsieur always lower'd his proud flag,
 Whenever he met our bold tars on the sea ;
 And of conquest on shore let the Corsican brag ;
 Here the length of their graves their sole conquest shall be !
 Let them vapour and threat,
 Boast their armies so great,
 Old England united can never be beat :
 This often prov'd fact each loyal heart cheers,
 Of their country's best guardians, her brave Volunteers.

The proud Don, through all time, shall his madness deplore,
 When his Wealth and his Indies are conquer'd by thee ;
 And treach'rous Mynheer mourn, a vassal, once more,
 From the shackles of which, our brave sires made him free.
 Then Mynheer, Don, and Gaul,
 We here challenge you all,
 And believe British bayonets will your spirits appal ;
 For your pride to chastise, see a nation appears ;
 In the van march her loyal, her brave Volunteers !

Come the day when the foe on our shore dare descend,
 Like the lion defending his den, each will feel ;
 For the world 'gainst our safety in vain will contend,
 While fair freedom and courage support their lov'd weal :
 And along with the brave,
 Who their country will save,
 And whose only retreat is a glorious grave,
 With the first in the field, 'gainst each foe will appear,
 The loyal and patriot sons of the Wear.

February, 1805.

KING JAMES I. in the 15th year of his Reign, came to Durham on Good Friday, April, 1617, where he was kindly received by the Mayor and Corporation of that loyal City, and, on his Entrance, the Body Corporate addressed him as follows :—

DURHAM's old city thus salutes her king,
 With entertainments such as she can bring ;
 And cannot wait upon his majesty,
 With shew of greatness, but humility,
 Makes her express herself in moderate guise :
 In this deserted north, far from your eyes ;
 For your great prelate (James) of late adored,
 Her dignities, for which we oft implored
 Your highest aid, to give continuance ;
 And so confirmed by your dread sovereignty :
 But what our royal James did grant herein,
 Our bishop James hath much oppugnant been.
 Small force bears down small power, where force and might
 Hath greater strength than equity and right.
 The last are only in your breast included :
 Subjects' griefs known, are ne'er from you secluded ;
 From your most gracious grant we therefore pray,
 That the fair sunshine of your brightest day,
 Would smile upon your city, whose clear beams
 Exhale the troubles of our former streams ;
 Let not, O Powerful Prince, our ancient state,
 For one man's will, to be depopulate !

Tho' ~~one~~ seeks our undoing, yet to you,
 All our hearts pray, and all our knees shall bow;
 And this dull cell of earth, in which we live,
 Unto your name its latest praise shall give;
 Confirm our grant, good king! Durham's old city
 Will powerful be, if bless'd with James's pity.

The verses being ended, the mayor was placed in rank next before the sword borne before the king, and bearing the mace of the city all the way to the Cathedral Church.

DURHAM OLD WOMEN.

AS aw was gannin to Durham
 Aw met wi' three jolly brisk women,
 Aw ask'd what news at Durham?
 They said joyful news is coming:
 There's three sheep's heads i' the pot,
 A peck o' peasmeal in the pudding.
 They jump'd, laugh'd, and skipp'd at that,
 For the joyful days are coming.
Fal la la.

EPITAPH

On JOHN SIMPSON, of Hamsterly, Woolcomber.

BY ISAAC GARNER.

WHILE visiting this dark abode,
 Here, reader, turn thy wand'ring eyes;
 Tread light, for underneath this sod,
 SIMPSON, the *Village Poet*, lies.

The people's follies, and their vice,
 As frequently as he found leisure,
 He hunted down (as cats do mice)
 In strains of true poetic measure.

So neatly he his subject hit,
 So well he temper'd truth with sense ;
 The simple marvell'd at his wit,
 And wise men seldom took offence.

His genius and invention such,
 From each event he'd something gather ;
 For nought 'scap'd his satiric touch,
 That fairly came within his tether.

Nor 'scap'd he death ;—His race is run,
(So fall the witty and the brave !)
 His wool is comb'd, his thread is spun ;
 And daisies flourish round his grave !

~~~~~

## ODE

*To the River Darwent.*

LOV'D stream, that meanders along,  
 Where the steps of my infancy stray'd ;  
 When first I attun'd the rude song,  
 That nature all artless essay'd.

Though thy borders be stripp'd of each tree,  
 That smil'd in their vernal array ;  
 Their image still pictures to me,  
 Thy villagers gambolling gay.

Nor by fancy shall aught be unseen,  
 While thy fountains flow murmuring by ;  
 I have danc'd in the Dance on the green,  
 I have wept with the woe-begun age.

Thy blessings how many and rare !  
 Far distant the mildue of health,  
 Where guilt vainly decorates care,  
 And wickedness broods over wealth.

The dress of the body and mind,  
 For ages exactly the same :  
 No travel the manners refin'd,  
 And fashion pass'd by as it came.

Ah ! which of thy sons canst thou boast,  
 Like Maddison,\* made to explore :  
 To give to the silver girt coast,  
 The worth that was foreign before !

Each language, each humour, his own,  
 All Europe was proud to improve ;  
 Whom Belgium sits down to bemoan,  
 Whom Gallia could listening love.

Say, when will thou cease to complain ?  
 Oh Darwent, thy destiny cries ;  
 Far off, on the banks of the Seine,  
 Thy darling, thy *Maddison*—dies !

---

### THE HEXHAMSHIRE LASS.

ITS hey for the buff and the blue,  
 Hey for the cap and the feather ;  
 Hey for the bonny lassie true,  
 That lives in Hexhamshire.  
     Thro' by the Saiby Syke,  
     And o'er the moss and the mire,  
     I'll go to see my lass,  
     Who lives in Hexhamshire.

\* Mr Maddison was secretary to the English Ambassador at the French Court, about the end of the American war : his death was rather singular ; the ambassador had been invited to a large dinner party, given by some of the members of the French Government ; but being rather ill at the time, he sent his secretary as his deputy, who went accordingly, and came home extremely ill, and soon after died, with all the symptoms of being poisoned ; a mark of favour which the French had intended to have paid to the ambassador, had not fortune forbid it ! The circumstances of this curious affair, which made considerable noise at the time, were never rightly known.

Her father lov'd her well,  
 Her mother lov'd her better;  
 I love the lass mysel',  
 But, alas! I cannot get her.  
     Thro' by, &c.

Oh, this love, this love!  
 Of this love I am weary!  
 Sleep I can get none,  
 For thinking on my deary!  
     Thro' by, &c.

My heart is like to break,  
 My bosom is on fire;  
 So well I love the lass  
 That lives in Hexhamshire.  
     Thro' by, &c.

Her petticoat is silk,  
 And plaited round with siller;  
 Her shoes are tied with tape,  
 She'll wait 'til I go till her.  
     Thro' by, &c.

Were I where I would be,  
 I would be beside her;  
 But here a while I must be,  
 Whatever may betide her.  
     Thro' by, &c.

Hey for the thick and the thin,  
 Hey for the mud and the mire;  
 And hey for the bonny lass  
 That lives in Hexhamshire.  
     Thro' by, &c.

*The Northumbrian's Sigh for his native Country.*

AT home wad I be,  
 And my supper wad I see,  
 And marry with a lass  
 Of my own country.

If I were at hame,  
 I wad ne'er return agean,  
 But marry with a lass  
 In my own country.

There's the oak and the ash,  
 And the bonny ivy tree;  
 How canst thou gang away, love,  
 And leave me?

O stay, my love, stay,  
 And do not gang away;  
 O stay, my love, stay,  
 Along with me.

---

A YOU A, HINNY BURD†.

ITS O but I ken well,  
     A you, hinny burd,  
 The bonny lass of Benwell;  
     A you a.

She's lang legg'd and mother like,  
     A you, hinny burd;  
 See she's raking up the dyke,  
     A you a.

† For an explanation of this title, see Brand's *Popular Antiquities*.

The Quayside for sailors,  
     A you, hinny burd ;  
 The Castle Garth for Tailors,  
     A you a.

The Gateshead Hills for Millers,  
     A you, hinny burd ;  
 The North Shore for keelers,  
     A you a.

There's Sandgate for aud rags,  
     A you, hinny burd ;  
 And Gallowgate for trolly bags,  
     A you a.

There's Denton and Kenton,  
     A you, hinny burd ;  
 And canny Lang Benton,  
     A you a.

There's Tynemouth and Cullercoats,  
     A you, hinny burd ;  
 And Shields for the sculler boats,  
     A you a.

There's Horton and Holywell,  
     A you, hinny burd ;  
 And bonny Seaton Delaval,  
     A you a.

Hartley Pans for sailors,  
     A you, hinny burd ;  
 And Bedlington for nailors,  
     A you a.

---

### UP THE RAW.

UP the raw, ma bonny hinny,  
     Up the raw, lass, every day ;  
 For shape and colour, ma bonny hinny,  
     Thou bangs thy mother, ma canny bairn.  
     B b 3

Up the raw, ma bonny hinny,  
 Thou bangs them a', lass every day ;  
 Thou's a' *clagcanded*, ma bonny hinny,  
 Thou's dquble *jafanded*, ma canny bairn.

For hide and hue, ma bonny hinny,  
 Thou bangs the crew, my canny bairn ;  
 Up the raw, ma bonny hinny,  
 Thou bangs them a', lass, ma canny bairn.

### BROOM BUSOMS.\*

If ye want a busom,  
 For to sweep your house ;  
 Come to me, my lasses,  
 Ye ma ha' your choost.  
     Buy broom busoms,  
     Buy them when they're new ;  
     Buy broom busoms,  
     Better never grew.

If I had a horse,  
 I would have a cart ;  
 If I had a wife,  
 She would take my part.  
     Buy broom busoms, &c.

Had I but a wife,  
 I care not who she be ;  
 If she be a woman,  
 That's enough for me.  
     Buy broom busoms, &c.

If she lik'd a drop,  
 Her and I'd agree ;  
 If she did not like it,  
 There's the more for me.  
     Buy broom busoms, &c.

\* Besoms, so pronounced.

*To the foregoing Verses, BLIND WILLY (the native Minstrel of Newcastle) has added the following simple Rhymes :—*

Up the Butcher Bank,  
And down Byker Chare ;  
There you'll see the lasses,  
Selling brown ware.  
Buy broom busoms, &c.

Along the Quayside,  
Stop at Russell's Entry ;  
There you'll see the beet drawer,  
She is standing sentry.  
Buy broom busoms, &c.

If you want an oyster,  
For to taste your mouth,  
Call at Handy Walker's,  
He's a bonny youth.  
Buy broom busoms, &c.

Call at Mr Loggie's,  
He does sell good wine ;  
There you'll see the beer drawer,  
She is very fine.  
Buy broom busoms, &c.

If you want an orange,  
Ripe and full of juice ;  
Gan to Hannah Black,  
There you'll get your choose.  
Buy broom busoms, &c.

Call at Mr Turner's,  
At the Queen's Head ;  
He'll not set you away,  
Without a piece bread.  
Buy broom busoms, &c.



Down the river side,  
 As far as Dent's Hole;  
 There you'll see the cuckolds,  
 Working at the coal.  
 Buy broom busoms, &c.

---

### THE WAGGONER.

SAW ye owt o' ma' lad,  
 Gang down the waggon way?  
 His pocket full of money,  
 And his poke full of hay.

Aye but he's a bonny lad,  
 As ever ye did see;  
 Tho' he's sair pock brocken,  
 And he's blind of an e'e.

There's ne'er a lad like ma' lad,  
 Drives to a staith on Tyne;  
 Tho' coal-black on work days,  
 On holidays he's fine.

Ma' lad's a bonny lad,  
 The bonniest I see;  
 Wiv his fine posey waistcoat,  
 And buckles at his knee.

---

### BRANDLING AND RIDLEY.

BRANDLING for ever, and Ridley for aye,  
 Brandling and Ridley carries the day!  
 Brandling for ever, and Ridley for aye,  
 There's plenty of coals on our waggon way.

There's wood for to cut, and coals for to hew,  
 And the bright star of Heaton will carry us through:  
 Ridley for ever, and Brandling for aye,  
 There's plenty of coals on our waggon way.

## MY LADDIE.

MY laddie sits owre late up,  
 My laddie sits owre late up,  
 My laddie sits owre late up,  
 With the pint pot and the cup.

How Johnny cum hame to yur bairn,  
 How Johnny cum hame to yur bairn,  
 How Johnny cum hame to yur bairn,  
 Wiv a rye loaf under yur arm.

He addles three ha'pence a week,  
 That's nobbit a fardin a day;  
 He sits with a pipe in his cheek,  
 And he fuddles his money away.

My laddie is never the near,  
 My laddie is never the hear:  
 And when I cry out, "Lad, cum hame!"  
 He calls out again for mair beer.  
 My laddie sits, &c.



## THE

## SANDGATE LASSIE'S LAMENT.

BY HENRY ROBSON.

THEY'VE prest my dear Johnny,  
 Sae sprightly and bonny,—  
 Alack! I shall ne'er mair d' weel, Q:  
 The kidnapping squad,  
 Laid hold of my lad,  
 As he was unmooring the keel, O.  
 O my sweet laddie,  
 My canny keel laddie,  
 Sae handsome, sae canty, and free, O;  
 Had he staid on the Tyne,  
 Ere now he'd been mine,  
 But oh! he's far over the sea, O.

Should he fall by commotion,  
 Or sink in the ocean,  
 (May sick tidings ne'er come to the *Key*, O)  
 I could ne'er mair be glad,  
 For the loss of my lad  
 Wad break my poor heart, and I'd *dee*, O !  
 O my sweet laddie, &c.

But should my dear tar  
 Come safe from the war,  
 What heart-bounding joy wad I feel, O ;  
 To the church we wad flee,  
 And married be,  
 And again he shall row in his keel, O.  
 O my sweet laddie, &c.

O my sweet laddie,  
 My canny keel laddie,  
 Sae handsome, sae canty, and free, O :  
 Tho' far from the Tyne,  
 I still hope he'll be mine,  
 And live happy as any can be, O.  
 O my sweet laddie, &c.

---

### THE INVITATION.

NEIGHBOURS I'm come for to tell ye, our skipper and  
 Moll's to be wed,  
 And if it be true what they're saying, egad we'll be all rarely  
 fed ;  
 They've brought home a shoulder of mutton, besides two  
 thumping fat geese,  
 And when at the fire they're roasting, we're all to have sops  
 in the grease.  
 Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there'll be pies and spice dumplings, and there'll be  
 bacon and peas ;  
 Besides a great lump of beef boiled, and they may get  
 crowdies who please :

To eat such good things as these are, I'm sure ye've but  
seldom the luck ;

Beside, for to make us some pottage, there'll be a sheep's head  
and a pluck.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

Of sausages there'll be plenty, black puddings, sheep fat, and  
neats' tripes ;

Besides, for to warm all your noses, great store of tobacco  
and pipes :

A room, they say, there's provided for us at "The Old  
Jacob's Well ;"

The bridegroom he went there this morning, and spoke for a  
barrel o' yell.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

There's sure to be those things I've mention'd, and many  
things else, and I learn,

White bread and butter and sugar, there's to please every bonny  
young bairn :

Of each dish and glass you'll be welcome to eat and to drink  
'till you stare ;

I've told you what meat's to be at it, I'll tell you next who's  
to be there.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

Why there'll be Peter the hangman, who flogs folks at the  
cart tail,

And Bob, with his new sark and ruffle, made out of an old  
*keel sail !*

And Tib on the Quay, who sells oysters, whose mother oft  
strove to persuade ;

To keep her from the lads, but she would'nt, untill she got  
by them betray'd.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there'll be Sandy the cobbler, whose belly's as round as  
a cag,

And Doll, with her short petticoats, to display her white  
stockings and leg ;

And Sall, who when sung in a corner, a sixpence they say  
won't refuse,  
She curs'd when her father was drown'd, because he had on  
his new shoes.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there'll be Sam the quack doctor, of skill and profession  
he'll crack ;

And Jack who would fain be a soldier, but for a great hump  
on his back ;

And Tom in the streets for his living, who grinds razors,  
scissars, and knives ;

And two or three merry old women, that calls, "Mugs and  
dublers, wives."

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

But neighbours, I'd almost forgot, for to tell ye exactly at  
one,

The dinner will be on the table, and music will play 'till its  
done :

When you'll be all heartily welcome, of this merry feast for  
to share,

But if you won't come at this bidding, why then you may  
stay where you are.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

A SONG, *written and sung by H. F. H. at the opening  
of Jarrow Colliery, September 26th, 1803.*

OLD Jarrow, long fam'd for monastical lore,  
Where Bede, rusty manuscripts search'd o'er and o'er ;  
Now see us assembl'd, upon her green swa'd,  
With faces all smiling, and spirits full glad.

Fal lal de ral la.

No long chaunt of Friars now steals thro' her glooms,  
No lazy cowl'd monk now her viands consumes ;  
But chearful the strain which our voices upraise,  
And active the man, who partakes of our praise.

Fal lal de ral la.

Yet still in researches her sons shew their might,  
 Still labour in darkness to bring good to light :  
 Thro' legends and fables the friars explor'd,  
 Thro' strata of rubbish the miners have bor'd.

Fal lal de ral la.

The labours of both with success have been crown'd,  
 And the miner to Bede is in gratitude bound ;  
 For while ignorance reign'd from the line to the pole,  
 In convents the monks preserv'd sciences—*Coal.*

Fal lal de ral la.

By science and spirit what great deeds are done,  
 By the union of these, this rich Coal Pit is won :  
 And safe from their labours, the lads of the mine,  
 Now foot it away with the girls of the Tyne.

Fal lal de ral fa.

On ship-board soon plac'd, and impel'd by the gale,  
 For Augusta's proud towers the produce will sail ;  
 Employment it gives to th' industrious and brave,  
 And its trade's the best nurse for the sons of the wave.

Fal lal de ral la.

Hail, commerce ! thou parent of Albion's weal,  
 Let Frenchmen still brandish their threatening steel,  
 To drag thee from England, her sons will not yield,  
 They'll carry thee on, yet prepare for the field.

Fal lal de ral la.

These brave lads around us, their tools will lay down,  
 And fight for their country, their king, and his crown !  
 But the Frenchmen destroy'd, or drove back to the main,  
 They'll take up the Pick-axe and shovel again.

Fal lal de ral la.

In union thus ever be commerce and arms,  
 When a tyrant's ambition creates it alarms ;  
 And secure in their courage, let Britons still sing,  
 Britannia triumphant, and God save the king !

Fal lal de ral la.

Your glasses now fill to the lord of the mine,  
 And drink him long life in a goblet of wine :  
 On this joyous day let no bosom be sad,  
 But bumper it round to "*the bonny fit lad.*"  
Fal lal de ral la.

---

## A SOUTH SHIELDS SONG

### ON THE SAILORS,

THE sailors are all at the bar,  
 They cannot get up to Newcastle ;  
 The sailors are all at the bar,  
 They cannot get up to Newcastle.  
     Up with smoky Shields,  
     And hey for bonny Newcastle ;  
     Up with smoky Shields,  
     And hey for bonny Newcastle.

---

## A NORTH SHIELDS SONG.

WE'LL all away to the Lowlights,  
 And there we'll see the sailors come in ;  
 We'll all away to the Lowlights,  
 And there we'll see the sailors come in.

There clap your hands and give a shout,  
 And you'll see the sailors go out ;  
 Clap your hands and dance and sing,  
 And you'll see your laddie come in.

---

## MONKSEATON RACES.

*July 1st, 1812.*

BY A SPECTATOR.

SIX centuries since, some say, a son of South Seaton\*,  
 Was mulct for a monk he to mummy had beaten ;  
 The prior there pilfer'd the prow of a pig,  
 And Delaval drub'd well the pillaging prig !  
 In commemoration of that great event,  
 Each anniversary in eclat is spent :  
 Though landlords liege-legates are bound to obey,  
 That country carousal's kept up to this day.

A sum by subscription was quickly collected,  
 As none to contribute their quota objected ;  
 Half-guineas the highest, the lowest a shilling ;  
 And seamen and landmen were equally willing :  
 Hence hand-bills were pasted up in public places,  
 To state both the time and the term of these races ;  
 Explaining the prizes, and pastoral plays,  
 Prolonging these pastimes the space of three days.

The stewards instructed the cash to collect,  
 Kept debtor and creditor scrolls quite correct ;  
 To purchase such prizes as were preconcerted,  
 The coin was with consummate caution converted ;  
 To furnish out fun for friends, strangers, and neighbours,  
 These gents to gymnastics gave gratis their labours ;  
 Lest fair play, by precepts, might not be promoted,  
 From the racing calendar cases they quoted.

Quaff-cups for quadrupeds accustom'd to courses,  
 And handsome cart-harness for husbandry horses ;  
 With saddles and bridles for hunters and hacks,  
 And plate spurs for ponies that pay no *Pitt-tan* :

C c 2

\* South Seaton, so called at the time ; but afterwards Monk Seaton, where — Delaval, Esq. so completely castigated a covetous capuchin as to cause his death ; for so doing, however, great part of his possessions were forfeited.—See the *History of Tynemouth*.



Spring whips made for mules, and good armour for asses,  
 And harlequin habits for lads and for lasses ;  
 Gloves, hats, hose, and handkerchiefs, shirts, shifts, and shoes,  
 To run, gape, or grin for, as candidates choose.

With multitudes mingled, the turf was attended,  
 Like barley and beans, these the belles and beaux blended ;  
 From town and the country such numbers assembled,  
 The race-ground a Newcastle meeting resembled ;  
 Which cohorts all creeds and conditions comprised,  
 And dresses, distinctions, and deserts disguised ;  
 By vintners made vivid, their views became various,  
 Amusements were many, and mirth multifarious.

The racers (at *Watson's*) were regularly enter'd,  
 And money at booking was formally ventur'd ;  
 A Newmarket rider, rear'd in racing stables,  
 Conversant in quirks, and acquainted with cabals ;  
 Whose powers of profession were priz'd upon paction,  
 And principles privately put up to auction :  
 Some Monkseaton farmers on fraud plac'd affiance,  
 But saw in the sequel their rotten reliance.

By bribing that brigand, this son of deception  
 Receiv'd ready rhyme, yet made his election ;  
 This presto, his pupils to peasants prefer'd ;  
 In bilking his brethren, the eft would have err'd !  
 To gull'd speculators, a vulcan as vile,  
 Stak'd too with turf-students in tangible style,  
 Till duped delinquents were doom'd through the day,  
 Their debts of dishonour on peril to pay.

Corruption creeps into both commerce and courts,  
 Then who can repel it from rural resorts ?  
 As all public places are pester'd with prowlers,  
 The streets are stagnated with stigmatiz'd strollers ;  
 And some sanguine swindlers, though subtle and snug,  
 Plunge into the pit they for others had dug ;  
 The same at Monkseaton, the mass must admit,  
 (With self-satisfaction) "*The biters were bit*"!!!

## THE ALARM!!!\*

*Or, Lord Fauconberg's March.*

GOD prosper long our *warlike* king,  
And noblemen also,  
Who valiantly, with sword in hand,  
Doth guard us from each foe.

No sooner did lord Fauconberg,  
With heart undaunted, hear  
That news to Gotham had been brought,  
Which caus'd our mayor to fear.

Then up he rose, with eyes on fire,  
Most dreadful to the view ;  
To arms ! to arms ! aloud he cry'd,  
And forth his faulchion drew.

To arms ! to arms ! full long and sore,  
The rattling drums did beat ;  
To arms ! in haste ! each soldier flies,  
And scours thro' ev'ry street.

The women shriek, and wring their hands,  
Their children weep around ;  
Whilst some, more wise, fast bolt their doors,  
And hide them under ground.

The French are at our *gates*, they cry,  
And we shall all be slain ;  
For *Dumourier* is at their head,  
And that arch traitor *Paine*.

C c 3

\* On the commencement of the impress service, in March, 1793, considerable riots took place at Shields, which were represented at Newcastle, in a thousand terrific shapes ; and a false alarm having been given at the Mansion House, the drums of the York Militia beat to arms ; Lord Fauconberg marched that regiment to the house of Rendezvous in the Broad Chare, and then marched back again.

In haste draws up, in fair array,  
 Our Yorkshire guards are seen ;  
 And mounted on a jet black stud,  
 Lord Fauconberg, I ween,—

Who bravely gave the word to march,  
 And furiously did ride ;  
 And prancing first, great Brunswick like,  
 'Twas well the streets were wide.

From Newgate, down to the Broad Chare,  
 They march'd with might and main ;  
 Then gallantly they turn'd them round,  
 And so "*march'd up again.*"

Then fill a bumper to the brim,  
 And drink to Gotham's mayor ;  
 And when again he hears such news,  
 May Fauconberg be there.



## THE

## PATRIOT VOLUNTEERS :\*

OR,

*Loyalty Display'd.*

BY CLARINDA.

THERE is not in the world's terraqueous round,  
 A better king or constitution found,  
 Than lov'd Britannia's sea girt Realms can claim,  
 As rich in Blessings, as renown'd in Fame ;  
 Her laws, and Social Liberty, design'd,  
 To perfect happiness, and dignify mankind.

\* In the year 1795, a corps of volunteers were raised in Newcastle, consisting of one grenadier, one light infantry, and two battalion companies, they received their colours in the Forth, from Mrs Mayencas, August 25th, 1795.

These to preserve, through each succeeding Age,  
 Our Patriot Volunteers with zeal engage.  
 Behold them brilliant on the shores of Tyne,  
 Newcastle Heroes Gateshead Heroes join !  
 All free-born Sons, they Freedom's Rights defend,  
 And each to each secures a steady Friend !  
 Whilst snarling Disaffection slinks away,  
 These HEARTS OF GOLD true loyalty display ;  
 These HEARTS OF GOLD this Standard Truth proclaim,  
*Our King and Constitution are the same !*

Advance, Brave Men ! assert your Country's Cause,  
 Exertions only can support her Laws.  
 For Vigilance, precarious Moments call,  
 The danger's obvious, and concerns us All.  
 A cool supineness, timid hearts may try,  
 But manly courage must the means supply.  
 Sue we for Peace ? that Peace is surest found,  
 Where honest fortitude maintains its ground.

We have at home, alas ! some secret foes,  
 Which, well as Frenchmen, valour must oppose.  
 Though savage TERRORISTS their Schemes pursue,  
 And still mislead a blind ungrateful Crew ;  
 Keep ye but firm, the martial Charge to bear,  
*" Your brave Associates and yourselves reverse ?*  
 Ferocious Monsters must e'er long decline,  
 And MODERATION draw her equal Line :  
 So shall ye meet a Nation's highest praise,  
 And Love and Beauty crown your future Days ;  
 For Love and Beauty ever wait on Fame,  
 Each Hero's glory, and triumphal Claim.

*Newcastle, Forth House, }  
 1st July, 1795.*



CULL, *alias*, SILLY BILLY,*Of Newcastle upon Tyne.*

THIS well known character, William Scott, commonly called Cull Billy, a name known in most parts of the north, is a native of Newcastle, where he resided along with his mother, a poor old woman, who made her living by retailing wooden ware; she like her son was an object of distress, being not above four feet high.

Billy, poor man, oft excited compassion from his fellow creatures, while reciting (which he did with a great degree of exactness, and in such a distinct and clear manner as to surprise many) the Lord's Prayer, several other prayers, passages from scripture, &c. to a numerous audience of boys; but they generally repaid his endeavours for their welfare with a shower of dirt or stones.

Oft have they followed him around the streets, beating and hooting him, as boys hunt a cat or dog; and yet no notice was taken of this, until one, more compassionate than the rest, stepped forward and interceded for him, in the following lines, which were published in the Newcastle Chronicle of the 28th of August, 1802, with the signature of J. S.

WHENCE those *cries*, my soul that harrow?

Whence those *yells*, that wound my ear?

'Tis the hapless child of sorrow!

'Tis poor Billy's plaint I hear.

Now, in *tatter'd flight* I see him,

Teazing crowds around him press;

Ah! will none from insult free him?

None his injuries redress?

Fill'd with many a fearful notion,

Now he utters piercing cries;

Starting now, with sudden motion,

Swiftly thro' the streets he hies.

Poor, forlorn, and hapless creature,

Victim of insanity!

Sure it speaks a ruthless nature,

To oppress a wretch like thee.

When, by generous friends protected,  
 All thy actions told thee mild,  
 Tho' by *reason* undirected,  
 And the prey of fancies wild.  
 Of those friends did Heav'n deprive thee,  
 None, alas! supply'd their place?  
 And to madness now to drive thee,  
 Ceaseless strives a cruel race.

Youth forlorn! tho' crowds beside thee,  
 Gentle minds for thee must grieve;  
 Back to *reason*, wish to guide thee,  
 And thy ev'ry want relieve,  
 O from this sad state to snatch thee,  
 Why delay the *good* and *kind*?  
*Pity* calls them on to watch thee,  
 And to tranquilize thy mind.

Soon after the publication of this, the overseers of the parish of Saint John's, (in which parish Billy resided) had him conveyed to their Poor House, without the walls of Newcastle, where he was kept confined until the turbulence of his spirit was reduced.

Several persons have felt the power of Billy's wit, which on some occasions has been very severe. Once, when a person of the name of ——— (not one of the wisest beings of the world) came swaggering out of a tavern, while Bill was haranguing the mob at the door. "Stand out of the way!" cries this would-be great man, shaking his cane in the air, "Stand out of the way! I never give way to fools!" "*But I do,*" cries Billy, bowing, and instantly stepped on the pavement: Mr ——— felt the severity of this remark, and instantly made off, leaving the spectators of the transaction almost convulsed with laughter.

## CANNY NEWCASSEL.

*By T. T. of Newcastle.*

'BOUT Lunnun aw'd heard sec wonderful spokes,  
 That the streets were a' cover'd wi' guineas :  
 The houses se fine, sec grandees the folks,  
 'Te them hus i' th' north were but ninnies.  
 But aw fand ma sel blonk'd when to Lunnun I gat,  
 The folks they a' luck'd wishy washy ;  
 For gould ye may howk 'till ye're blind as a bat,  
 For their streets are like wors—brave and blashy !  
 'Bout Lunnun then div'nt ye mak sic a rout,  
 There's nouse there ma winkers to dazzle ;  
 For a' the fine things ye are gobbin about,  
 We can marra iv canny Newcassel.

A Cockney chep show'd me the Thames' druvy feace,  
 Whilk he said was the pride o' the nation ;  
 And thought at their shippin aw'd maek a haze gaze ;  
 But aw whop'd ma foot on his noration.  
 Wi' hus, mun, three hundred ships sail iv a tide,  
 We think nouse on't, aw'll maek accyday :  
 Ye're a gouck if ye din't know that the lads o' Tyne side,  
 Are the Jacks that maek famish wor navy.  
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

We went big St Paul's and Westminster to see,  
 And aw warnt ye aw thought they luck'd pretty :  
 And then we'd a keek at the Monument te,  
 Whilk ma friend ca'd the pearl o' the city.  
 Wey hinny, says aw, we've a Shot Tower se hee,  
 That biv it ye might scraffie to heaven ;  
 And if on Saint Nicholas ye once cus' an e'e,  
 Ye'd crack on't as lang as ye're livin.  
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

We trudg'd to St James's, for there the king lives,  
 Aw warn'd ye a good stare we teuck on't ;  
 By my faicks its been built up by Adam's aun neaves,  
 For it's aud as the hills, by the leuk on't :

Shem bin ye, says I, ye shou'd keep the king douse,  
 I speak it without ony malice :  
 Aw own that wor mayor rather wants a new house,  
 But then wor Infirmary's a palace.  
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

Ah hinnies ! out cum the king while we were there,  
 His leuks seem'd to say, Bairns be happy ;  
 So down o' my hunkers aw set up a blare,  
 For God to preserve him frae Nappy ;  
 For Geordy aw'd die, for my loyalty's trig,  
 And aw own he's a geud leuken mannie ;  
 But if wor Sir Matthew ye buss iv his wig,  
 By gocks, he wad just leuk as canny.  
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

Ah hinnies ! about us the lasses did loup,  
 Thick as curns in a spice singin hinnie ;  
 Some aud, and some hardly flig'd ovr the doup,  
 But aw kend what they were by their whinnie :  
 A', mannie, says aw, ye hev mony a tite girl,  
 But aw'm tell'd they're oft het i' their trappin :  
 Aw'd cuddle much rather a lass i' the Sworl,  
 Than the dolls i' the Strand, or i' Wappin.  
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

Wiv a' the stravaging aw wanted a munch,  
 An' ma thropple was ready te gizen ;  
 So we went tiv a yell house, and there teuk a lunch,  
 But the reck'ning, my saul ! was a bizon :  
 Wiv hus i' th' North, when aw'm wairsh i' my way,  
 (But te knaw wor warm hearts, ye yur sell come)  
 Aw lift the first latch, and baith man and dame say,  
 " Cruck your hough, canny man, for ye're welcome."  
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

A shillin aw thought at the Play-house aw'd ware,  
 But aw jump'd there wiv heuk-finger'd people ;  
 My pockets gat rip'd, and aw heard ne mair,  
 Nor aw could frae Saint Nicholas's steeple.



Dang Lunnun ! wor Play-house aw like just as weel,  
 And wor play-folks aw's shure are as funny :  
 A shillin's worth sarves me to laugh till aw squeel,  
 Ne hallion there thrimmels ma money.  
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

The loss o' the cotterels aw dinna regaird,  
 For aw've gotten some white-heft o' Lunnun ;  
 Aw've learn'd to prefer my awn canny calf yaird ;  
 If ye catch me mair fra't, ye'll be cannaun.  
 Aw knaw that the Cockneys crake ram-gum-shus chimes,  
 To maek gam of wor bur, and wor 'parel ;  
 But honest Blind Willy shall string this iv rhymes,  
 And aw'll sing'd for a Christmas Carol.  
 'Bout Lunnun, &c.

### CROAKUM REDIVIVUS.

*The Crow's account of Newcastle, on her return to that Town  
 in January, 1812.*

ADDRESSED TO A BROTHER CROW.

" CRONEY, its now near thirty year,  
 Since here I saw thy face ;  
 And since that time, my honest bird,  
 What change *here's* taken place.  
 Gotham, in troth, is alter'd quite ;  
 Here's nought as 'twas before :  
 People nor town should I have known,  
 Had I not heard the BURR."

Our steeple's gone,<sup>a</sup> that lov'd abode,  
 Where once we loudly croak'd  
 Advice to Gotham's aldermen ;  
 And with the freemen jok'd.

<sup>a</sup> Exchange steeple taken down, and the Exchange new fronted, 1794.

Now Gotham, London fashions ape,  
 They've every thing to tempt ye;  
 Like the city—shops with showy fronts,  
 And insides poor and empty.

And then so alter'd is the town,  
 As well as Gotham's people;  
 That not a building here's the same,  
 -Except Saint Nich'las steeple.  
 Fam'd steeple! Gotham's greatest boast,  
 Long may you here remain,  
 Whilst other churches are pull'd down,  
 And built 'gain and again.

The streets are now so num'rous grown,<sup>b</sup>  
 E'en Gothamites don't know them;  
 So signs they've painted 'gainst the walls,  
 In every nook to shew them.<sup>c</sup>  
 And such the rage, for naming streets,  
 That gaps made in th' Old Wall;  
 They Heron Street and Forster Street,  
 Unwittingly do call.

Th' old streets were next, not wide enough,  
 So th' pants they took away,<sup>d</sup>  
 To place them in some corner-dark,  
 Where th' girls could wanton play.  
 Yet for themselves, they have such fears,  
 Their road, they ne'er can see;  
 So they want lamps, from th' Barras Bridge,  
 E'en to Saint Peter's Quay.<sup>e</sup>

D d

<sup>b</sup> Dean Street and Mosley Street formed 1789, Blackett Street, Albion Street and Albion Place, , Collingwood Street, 1809-10, Forth Street, Orchard Street, Castle Street, &c. &c. 1811-12.

<sup>c</sup> Names of the streets first painted against the walls of each end of the Streets, 1786.

<sup>d</sup> The pants in Pilgrim Street removed, 1

<sup>e</sup> A new act proposed for lighting the suburbs, 1811-12.

The Crosses too, they've taken down,<sup>f</sup>  
 Tho' built the other day;  
 They too, I fancy, did impede,  
 The great folks in their way.  
 And next their nostrils delicate,  
 Can't bear the smell of meat;  
 And straight the Butcher's shops and stalls,<sup>g</sup>  
 Fly quickly from the street.

Their foolish pride there's nought can stop,  
 Improvement's *all the go*;  
 Unseemly's every thing that's old,  
 So all that's old's laid low.  
 Each relique of their sires is gone,  
 Or got a modern face on:  
 The poor old Castle,<sup>h</sup>—Gotham's pride,  
 A modern cap they place on.

The Bridge is widen'd,<sup>i</sup> the Quay enlarg'd,<sup>k</sup>  
 The old Moothall laid low;<sup>l</sup>  
 And other Court's,<sup>m</sup> like all their works,  
 They've built here all for show.  
 Show, show's the word in Gotham now,  
 And ev'ry thing that's new;  
 From th' Infirmary,<sup>n</sup> to th' Children's School,<sup>o</sup>  
 A palace is to view.

The Westgate boasts its palace now,<sup>p</sup>  
 On the Moor another's seen;<sup>q</sup>

<sup>f</sup> Scale de Cross and White Cross taken down, 1807.

<sup>g</sup> Butcher Market removed, 1807.

<sup>h</sup> New baulements placed on the Castle, 1812.

<sup>i</sup> Bridge widened

<sup>k</sup> The Quay enlarged opposite to the Exchange, 1811.

<sup>l</sup> The Moot Hall pulled down, 1809.

<sup>m</sup> New County Courts erected, 1811-12.

<sup>n</sup> Infirmary enlarged, 1806.

<sup>o</sup> Jubilee School built, 1810-11.

<sup>p</sup> Carpenter's Meeting House built at the Westgate, 1811-12.

<sup>q</sup> Grand Stand built, 1800.

And (to please the nabobs of the east)  
 A Bridge has Pandon Dean :  
 To see their Church, see they've pull'd down,  
 Many a good and bad house ;  
 There's one thing more, howe'er, they want,  
 And that's a spacious *Mad House* !

For, when these alterations end,  
 To tell I've not the pow'r ;  
 E'en now their quarreling about,  
 Th' improvement of the moor :  
 Yet like the Roman, who for want  
 Of worlds—from war refrain'd ;  
 Gotham's changes and improvements,  
 Will with th' world's limits end.

---

SOME Years ago, while the band of musicians belonging to the Newcastle Armed Association were practising in one of the apartments of the Town's Court, some person stole the Sheriff's gown, which gave rise to the following verses :—

'Tis said that in the good old times  
 One *Orpheus* liv'd, a man of rhymes,  
 And famous on the lyre :  
 Whene'er the poet sung, the trees  
 Rush'd from the mountains to the seas,  
 Or jump't into the fire.

But mark what wonders fill our land,  
 When late th' *Association-band*  
 In this illustrious town,  
 (For more than ancient fame renown'd)  
 Display'd their magic pow'rs of sound,  
 Off mov'd—the *Sheriff's gown* !!!  
 D d 2

r Bridge built over Pandon Dean, 1811-12.

s Buildings in front of St Nicholas church pulled down, 1810-11.

t The improvement of the Moor proposed, 1811-12.

## THE

## ANTIGALLICAN PRIVATEER.

THE Antigallican's safe arriv'd,  
 On board of her with speed we'll hie;  
 She'll soon be fit to sail away;  
 To the Antigallican haste away.  
     Haste away, haste away,  
     To the Antigallican haste away.

For gold we'll sail the ocean o'er,  
 From Britain's isle to the French shore;  
 No ships from us shall run away;—  
 To the Antigallican haste away.  
     Haste away, &c.

The Spaniards too, those cunning knaves,  
 We'll take their ships and make them slaves;  
 Till war's declar'd we'll never stay;  
 To the Antigallican haste away.  
     Haste away, &c.

If we should meet with a galloon,  
 Our own we'll make her very soon;  
 Then drums shall beat and music play—  
 To the Antigallican haste away.  
     Haste away, &c.

Our country calls us all to arms,  
 To keep us safe from French alarms;  
 Then let us all her voice obey,  
 To the Antigallican haste away.  
     Haste away, &c.

When we are rich, then home we'll steer,  
 And enter Shields with many a cheer;  
 To meet our friends so blythe and gay;  
 To the Antigallican haste away.  
     Haste away, &c.

To Charlotte's Head then let's repair,  
 We'll be receiv'd with welcome there ;  
 We'll enter then without delay ;  
 To the Antigallican haste away.  
 Haste away, &c.

---

### A NEW SONG,

*On the Opening of Jarrow Colliery, 1803.*

OF Temple and King, my friends, let us sing,  
 And of their Colliery at Jarrow ;  
 Of coals that are good as e'er swam the flood,  
 For home consumption or far, O.

They tell us, my friend, there's coal at Walls-End,  
 Can scarcely meet with a marrow ;  
 But let them come here, we'll make it appear,  
 Coals were not then wrought at Jarrow.

There is Heaton Main, and Walker by name,  
 Known to most near and far, O ;  
 I this will maintain in language that's plain,  
 There's none that surpasseth Jarrow ;

Above the Tyne Bridge, its often been said,  
 Few with these can compare, O ;  
 A good dog was Brag—but hold fast, my lad—  
 Nothing they knew then of Jarrow !

To Temple and King, great wealth may they bring,  
 From home consumption, or far, O ;  
 May success attend, wherever they send  
 Their coals, the produce of Jarrow.

May overmen all, with great and the small,  
 Ne'er have occasion to sorrow !  
 May heart, hand, and head, procure them bread,  
 For wives and children at Jarrow !

D d 3

Call another bowl to enliven our soul,  
 Temple we'll drink and his marrow;  
 Three cheers we will give, cry, Long may they live!  
 The prosp'rous owners of Jarrow.  
 Call another bowl, &c.

*East Rainton.*

L—

### THE PEACOCK AND THE HEN.

ALL the night over and over,  
 And all the night over again—  
 All the night over and over,  
 The peacock follows the hen.

A hen's a hungry dish,  
 A goose is hollow within;  
 There's no deceit in a pudding;  
 A pye's a dainty thing.

### THE TYNE,

*A FRAGMENT.*

BY J. L.

O lovely Tyne, thy beauty's seen;  
 Meand'ring sweet thy liquid stream—  
 Thy banks are woody, fertile, green,  
 Enliven'd by the solar beam.

Thy sons are healthy, blooming, strong;  
 Thy daughters lovely as the spring;  
 They joyful trip the meads along,  
 Such joys doth sweet industry bring.

Adieu, sweet Tyne—a long adieu;  
 I now must leave thee far behind;  
 Yet tho' secluded from my view,  
 Thoul't dwell for ever in my mind.

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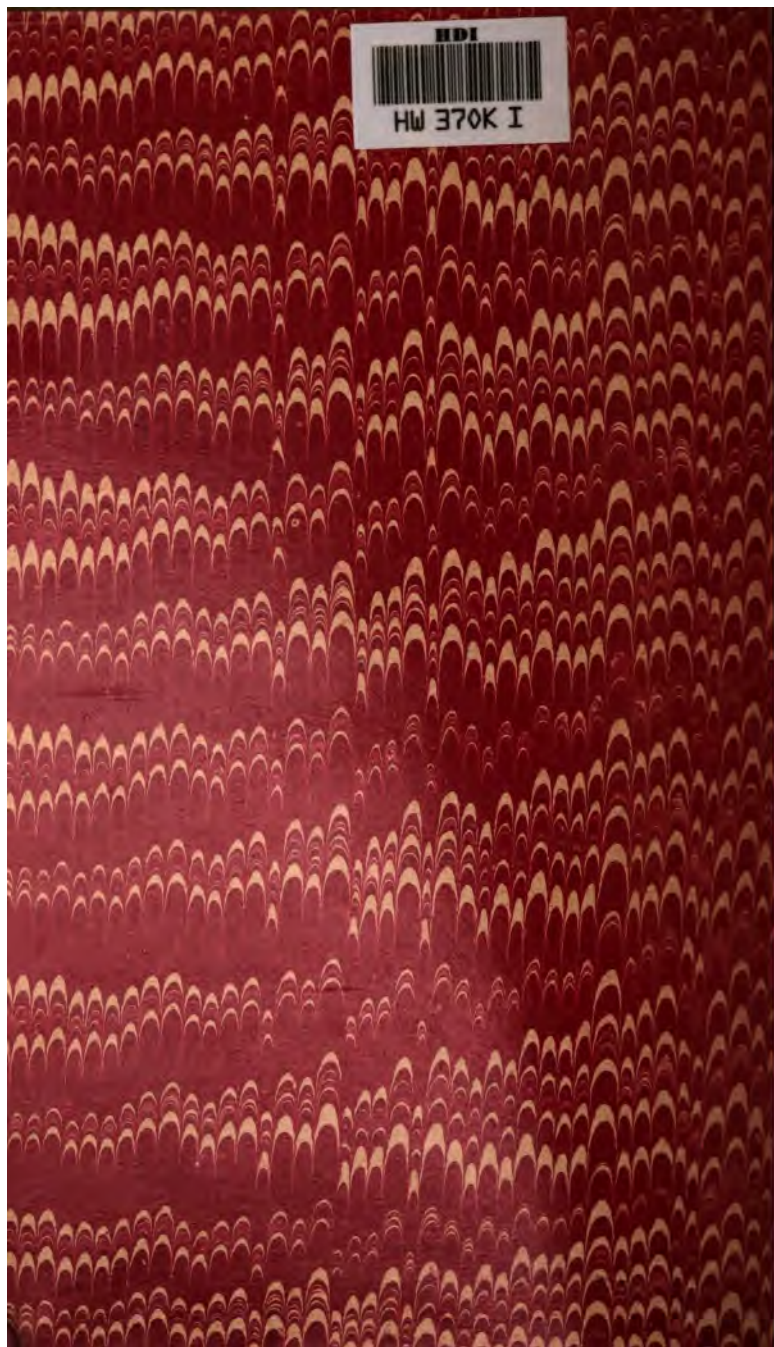


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